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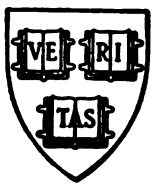

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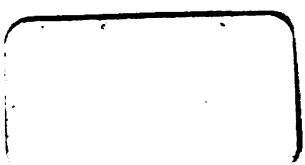

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Poetical Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

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Walker & Cockerell sc.

From drawing by J. Holmes formerly in the possession of the late Hugh Trevanion Esq.

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The Works

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The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Poetry. Vol. VI.

EDITED BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A.,
HON. F.R.S.L.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.
1903.

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THIS EDITION

OF A GREAT POEM

IS DEDICATED

WITH HIS PERMISSION

TO

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MDCCCCII.

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PREFACE TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE text of this edition of *Don Juan* has been collated with original MSS. in the possession of the Lady Dorchester and Mr. John Murray. The fragment of a Seventeenth Canto, consisting of fourteen stanzas, is now printed and published for the first time.

I have collated with the original authorities, and in many instances retranscribed, the numerous quotations from Sir G. Dalzell's *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea* (1812, 8vo) [Canto II. stanzas xxiv.–civ. pp. 87–112], and from a work entitled *Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne et Moderne de la Nouvelle Russie*, par le Marquis Gabriel de Castelnau (1827, 8vo) [Canto VII. stanzas ix.–liii. pp. 304–320, and Canto VIII. stanzas vi.–cxxvii. pp. 331–368], which were first included in the notes to the fifteenth and sixteenth volumes of the edition of 1833, and have been reprinted in subsequent issues of Lord Byron's *Poetical Works*.

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A note (pp. 495–497) illustrative of the famous description of Newstead Abbey (Canto XIII. stanzas lv.–lxxii.) contains particulars not hitherto published. My thanks and acknowledgments are due to Lady Chermside and Miss Ethel Webb, for the opportunity afforded me of visiting Newstead Abbey, and for invaluable assistance in the preparation of this and other notes.

The proof-sheets of this volume have been read by Mr. Frank E. Taylor. I am indebted to his care and knowledge for many important corrections and emendations.

I must once more record my gratitude to Dr. Garnett, C.B., for the generous manner in which he has devoted time and attention to the solution of difficulties submitted to his consideration.

I am also indebted, for valuable information, to the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.; to Mr. J. Willis Clark, Registrar of the University of Cambridge; to Mr. W. P. Courtney; to my friend Mr. Thomas Hutchinson; to Miss Emily Jackson, of Hucknall Torkard; and to Mr. T. E. Page, of the Charterhouse.

On behalf of the publisher, I beg to acknowledge the kindness of the Lady Frances Trevanion, Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., and Baron Dimsdale, in permitting the originals of portraits and drawings in their possession to be reproduced in this volume.

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NOTE.

It was intended that the whole of Lord Byron's Poetical Works should be included in six volumes, corresponding to the six volumes of the Letters, and announcements to this effect have been made; but this has been found to be impracticable. The great mass of new material incorporated in the Introductions, notes, and variants, has already expanded several of the published volumes to a disproportionate size, and *Don Juan* itself occupies 612 pages.

Volume Seven, which will complete the work, will contain Occasional Poems, Epigrams, etc., a Bibliography more complete than has ever hitherto been published, and an exhaustive Index.

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INTRODUCTION TO *DON JUAN.*

BYRON was a rapid as well as a voluminous writer. His *Tales* were thrown off at lightning speed, and even his dramas were thought out and worked through with unhesitating energy and rapid achievement. Nevertheless, the composition of his two great poems was all but coextensive with his poetical life. He began the first canto of *Childe Harold* in the autumn of 1809, and he did not complete the fourth canto till the spring of 1818. He began the first canto of *Don Juan* in the autumn of 1818, and he was still at work on a seventeenth canto in the spring of 1823. Both poems were issued in parts, and with long intervals of unequal duration between the parts; but the same result was brought about by different causes and produced a dissimilar effect. *Childe Harold* consists of three distinct poems descriptive of three successive travels or journeys in foreign lands. The adventures of the hero are but the pretext for the shifting of the diorama; whereas in *Don Juan* the story is continuous, and the scenery is exhibited as a background for the dramatic evolution of the personality of the hero. *Childe Harold* came out at intervals, because there were periods when the author was stationary; but the interruptions in the composition and publication of *Don Juan* were due to the disapproval and discouragement of friends, and the very natural hesitation and procrastination of the publisher. Canto I. was written in September, 1818; Canto II. in December—January, 1818–1819. Both cantos were published on July 15, 1819. Cantos III., IV. were written in the winter of 1819–1820; Canto V., after an interval of nine months, in October—November, 1820, but the publication of Cantos III., IV., V. was delayed till August 8, 1821. The next interval was longer still, but it was the last. In June, 1822, Byron began to work at a sixth, and by the end of March, 1823, he had completed a sixteenth canto. But the

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publication of these later cantos, which had been declined by Murray, and were finally entrusted to John Hunt, was spread over a period of several months. Cantos VI., VII., VIII., with a Preface, were published July 15; Cantos IX., X., XI., August 29; Cantos XII., XIII., XIV., December 17, 1823; and, finally, Cantos XV., XVI., March 26, 1824. The composition of *Don Juan*, considered as a whole, synchronized with the composition of all the dramas (except *Manfred*) and the following poems: *The Prophecy of Dante*, (the translation of) *The Morgante Maggiore*, *The Vision of Judgment*, *The Age of Bronze*, and *The Island*.

There is little to be said with regard to the "Sources" of *Don Juan*. Frere's *Whistlecraft* had suggested *Beppo*, and, at the same time, had prompted and provoked a sympathetic study of Frere's Italian models, Berni and Pulci (see "Introduction to *Beppo*," *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 155–158; and "Introduction to *The Morgante Maggiore*," *ibid.*, pp. 279–281); and, again, the success of *Beppo*, and, still more, a sense of inspiration and the conviction that he had found the path to excellence, suggested another essay of the *ottava rima*, a humorous poem "*à la Beppo*," on a larger and more important scale. If Byron possessed more than a superficial knowledge of the legendary "Don Juan," he was irresponsive and unimpressed. He speaks (letter to Murray, February 16, 1821) of "the Spanish tradition;" but there is nothing to show that he had read or heard of Tirso de Molina's (Gabriel Tellez) *El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra* (*The Deceiver of Seville and the Stone Guest*), 1626, which dramatized the "ower true tale" of the actual Don Juan Tenorio; or that he was acquainted with any of the Italian (*e.g. Convitato di Pietra*, del Dottor Giacinto Andrea Cicognini, Fiorentino [see L. Allacci *Drammaturgia*, 1755, 4°, p. 862]) or French adaptations of the legend (*e.g. Le Festin de Pierre, ou le fils criminel*, Tragi-comédie de De Villiers, 1659; and Molière's *Dom Juan, ou Le Festin de Pierre*, 1665). He had seen (*vide post*, p. 11, *note* 2) Delpini's pantomime, which was based on Shadwell's *Libertine*, and he may have witnessed, at Milan or Venice, a performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni;* but in taking Don Juan for his "hero," he took the name only, and disregarded the "terrible figure" "of the Titan of embodied evil, the likeness of sin made flesh" (see *Selections from the Works of Lord Byron*, by A. C. Swinburne, 1885, p. xxvi.), "as something to his purpose nothing"!

Why, then, did he choose the name, and what was the scheme or *motif* of his poem? Something is to be gathered from his own remarks and reflections; but it must be borne

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in mind that he is on the defensive, and that his half-humorous paradoxes were provoked by advice and opposition. Writing to Moore (September 19, 1818), he says, "I have finished the first canto . . . of a poem in the style and manner of *Beppo*, encouraged by the good success of the same. It is . . . meant to be a little quietly facetious upon every thing. But I doubt whether it is not—at least as far as it has gone—too free for these very modest days." The critics before and after publication thought that *Don Juan was* "too free," and, a month after the two first cantos had been issued, he writes to Murray (August 12, 1819), "You ask me for the plan of Donny Johnny; I *have* no plan—I *had* no plan; but I had or have materials. . . . You are too earnest and eager about a work never intended to be serious. Do you suppose that I could have any intention but to giggle and make giggle?—a playful satire, with as little poetry as could be helped, was what I meant." Again, after the completion but before the publication of Cantos III., IV., V., in a letter to Murray (February 16, 1821), he writes, "The Fifth is so far from being the last of *Don Juan*, that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as Anacharsis Cloots in the French Revolution. . . . I meant to have made him a *Cavalier Servente* in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a Sentimental 'Werther-faced' man in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of these countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé*, as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in Hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest."

Byron meant what he said, but he kept back the larger truth. Great works, in which the poet speaks *ex animo*, and the man lays bare the very pulse of the machine, are not conceived or composed unconsciously and at haphazard. Byron did not "whistle" *Don Juan* "for want of thought." He had found a thing to say, and he meant to make the world listen. He had read with angry disapproval, but he had read, Coleridge's *Critique on* [Maturin's] *Bertram* (*vide post*, p. 4, *note* 1), and, it may be, had caught an inspiration from one brilliant sentence which depicts the Don Juan of the legend somewhat after the likeness of Childe Harold, if not of Lord Byron: "Rank, fortune, wit, talent, acquired knowledge, and liberal accomplishments, with beauty of person, vigorous health, . . . all these advantages, elevated by the habits and sympathies of noble birth and natural character, are . . . combined in Don Juan, so as to

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give him the means of carrying into all its practical consequences the doctrine of a godless nature. . . . Obedience to nature is the only virtue." Again, "It is not the wickedness of Don Juan . . . which constitutes the character an abstraction, . . . but the rapid succession of the correspondent acts and incidents, his intellectual superiority, and the splendid accumulation of his gifts and desirable qualities as coexistent with entire wickedness in one and the same person." Here was at once a suggestion and a challenge.

Would it not be possible to conceive and to depict an ideal character, gifted, gracious, and delightful, who should "carry into all its practical consequences" the doctrine of a mundane, if not godless doctrine, and, at the same time, retain the charities and virtues of uncelestial but not devilish manhood? In defiance of monition and in spite of resolution, the primrose path is trodden by all sorts and conditions of men, sinners no doubt, but not necessarily abstractions of sin, and to assert the contrary makes for cant and not for righteousness. The form and substance of the poem were due to the compulsion of Genius and the determination of Art, but the argument is a vindication of the natural man. It is Byron's "criticism of life." *Don Juan* was *taboo* from the first. The earlier issues of the first five cantos were doubly anonymous. Neither author nor publisher subscribed their names on the title-page. The book was a monster, and, as its maker had foreseen, "all the world" shuddered. Immoral, in the sense that it advocates immoral tenets, or prefers evil to good, it is not, but it is unquestionably a dangerous book, which (to quote Kingsley's words used in another connection) "the young and innocent will do well to leave altogether unread." It is dangerous because it ignores resistance and presumes submission to passion; it is dangerous because, as Byron admitted, it is "now and then voluptuous;" and it is dangerous, in a lesser degree, because, here and there, the purport of the quips and allusions is gross and offensive. No one can take up the book without being struck and arrested by these violations of modesty and decorum; but no one can master its contents and become possessed of it as a whole without perceiving that the mirror is held up to nature, that it reflects spots and blemishes which, on a survey of the vast and various orb, dwindle into *natural* and so comparative insignificance. Byron was under no delusion as to the grossness of *Don Juan*. His plea or pretence, that he was sheltered by the superior grossness of Ariosto and La Fontaine, of Prior and of Fielding, is *nihil ad rem*, if it is not insincere. When Murray (May 3, 1819) charges him with "approximations to indelicacy,"

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he laughs himself away at the euphemism, but when Hobhouse and "the Zoili of Albemarle Street" talked to him "about morality," he flames out, "I maintain that it is the most moral of poems." He looked upon his great work as a whole, and he knew that the "*raison d'être* of his song" was not only to celebrate, but, by the white light of truth, to represent and exhibit the great things of the world—Love and War, and Death by sea and land, and Man, half-angel, half-demon—the comedy of his fortunes, and the tragedy of his passions and his fate.

Don Juan has won great praise from the great. Sir Walter Scott (*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, May 19, 1824) maintained that its creator "has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string of the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones." Goethe (*Kunst und Alterthum*, 1821 [ed. Weimar, iii. 197, and *Sämmtliche Werke*, xiii. 637]) described *Don Juan* as "a work of boundless genius." Shelley (letter to Byron, October 21, 1821), on the receipt of Cantos III., IV., V., bore testimony to his "wonder and delight:" "This poem carries with it at once the stamp of originality and defiance of imitation. Nothing has ever been written like it in English, nor, if I may venture to prophesy, will there be, unless carrying upon it the mark of a secondary and borrowed light. . . . You are building up a drama," he adds, "such as England has not yet seen, and the task is sufficiently noble and worthy of you." Again, of the fifth canto he writes (Shelley's *Prose Works*, ed. H. Buxton Forman, iv. 219), "Every word has the stamp of immortality. . . . It fulfils, in a certain degree, what I have long preached of producing—something wholly new and relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful." Finally, a living poet, neither a disciple nor encomiast of Byron, pays eloquent tribute to the strength and splendour of *Don Juan*: "Across the stanzas . . . we swim forward as over the 'broad backs of the sea;' they break and glitter, hiss and laugh, murmur and move like waves that sound or that subside. There is in them a delicious resistance, an elastic motion, which salt water has and fresh water has not. There is about them a wide wholesome air, full of vivid light and constant wind, which is only felt at sea. Life undulates and Death palpitates in the splendid verse. . . . This gift of life and variety is the supreme quality of Byron's chief poem" (*A Selection*, *etc.*, by A. C. Swinburne, 1885, p. x.).

Cantos I., II. of *Don Juan* were reviewed in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, August, 1819, vol. v. pp. 512–518; Cantos III., IV., V., August, 1821, vol. x. pp. 107–115; and

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Cantos VI., VII., VIII., July, 1823, vol. xiv. pp. 88–92 : in the *British Critic*, Cantos I., II. were reviewed August, 1819, vol. xii. pp. 195–205 ; and Cantos III., IV., V., September, 1821, vol. xvi. pp. 251–256 : in the *British Review*, Cantos I., II. were reviewed August, 1819, vol. xiv. pp. 266–268 ; and Cantos III., IV., V., December, 1821, vol. xviii. pp. 245–265 : in the *Examiner*, Cantos I., II. were reviewed October 31, 1819 ; Cantos III., IV., V., August 26, 1821 ; and Cantos XV., XVI., March 14 and 21, 1824 : in the *Literary Gazette*, Cantos I., II. were reviewed July 17 and 24, 1819 ; Cantos III., IV., V., August 11 and 18, 1821 ; Cantos VI., VII., VIII., July 19, 1823 ; Cantos IX., X., XI., September 6, 1823 ; Cantos XII., XIII., XIV., December 6, 1823 ; and Cantos XV., XVI., April 3, 1824 : in the *Monthly Review*, Cantos I., II. were reviewed July, 1819, Enlarged Series, vol. 89, p. 309 ; Cantos III., IV., V., August, 1821, vol. 95, p. 418 ; Cantos VI., VII., VIII., July, 1823, vol. 101, p. 316 ; Cantos IX., X., XI., October, 1823, vol. 102, p. 217 ; Cantos XII., XIII., XIV., vol. 103, p. 212 ; and Cantos XV., XVI., April, 1824, vol. 103, p. 434 : in the *New Monthly Magazine*, Cantos I., II. were reviewed August, 1819, vol. xii. p. 75. See, too, an article on the "Morality of *Don Juan*," *Dublin University Magazine*, May, 1875, vol. lxxxv. pp. 630–637.

Neither the *Quarterly* nor the *Edinburgh Review* devoted separate articles to *Don Juan ;* but Heber, in the *Quarterly Review* (Lord Byron's *Dramas*), July, 1822, vol. xxvii. p. 477, and Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review* (Lord Byron's *Tragedies*), February, 1822, vol. 36, pp. 446–450, took occasion to pass judgment on the poem and its author.

For the history of the legend, see *History of Spanish Literature*, by George Ticknor, 1888, vol. ii. pp. 380, 381 ; and *Das Kloster*, von J. Scheible, 1846, vol. iii. pp. 663–765. See, too, *Notes sur le Don Juanisme*, par Henri de Bruchard, *Mercure de France*, Avril, 1898, vol. xxvi. pp. 58–73 ; and *Don Juan*, par Gustave Kahn, *Revue Encyclopédique*, 1898, tom. viii. pp. 326–329.

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DON JUAN.

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FRAGMENT

ON THE BACK OF THE MS. OF CANTO I.

I WOULD to Heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were passed away,
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

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DEDICATION.[1]

I.

Bob Southey! You 're a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race;
Although 't is true that you turned out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case;
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

II.

"Which pye being opened they began to sing,"
(This old song and new simile holds good),
"A dainty dish to set before the King,"
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumbered with his hood,—

1. ["As the Poem is to be published anonymously, *omit* the Dedication. I won't attack the dog in the dark. Such things are for scoundrels and renegadoes like himself" [*Revise*]. See, too, letter to Murray, May 6, 1819 (*Letters*, 1900, iv. 294); and Southey's letter to Bedford, July 31, 1819 (*Selections from the Letters, etc.*, 1856, iii. 137, 138). According to the editor of the *Works of Lord Byron*, 1833 (xv. 101), the existence of the Dedication "became notorious" in consequence of Hobhouse's article in the *Westminster Review*, 1824. He adds, for Southey's consolation and encouragement, that "for several years the verses have been selling in the streets as a broadside," and that "it would serve no purpose to exclude them on the present occasion." But Southey was not appeased. He tells Allan Cunningham (June 3, 1833) that "the new edition of Byron's works is . . . one of the very worst symptoms of these bad times" (*Life and Correspondence*, 1850, vi. 217).]

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Explaining Metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.[1]

III.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture, quite a-dry, Bob![2]

IV.

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion,"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system[3] to perplex the sages;

1. [In the "Critique on *Bertram*," which Coleridge contributed to the *Courier*, in 1816, and republished in the *Biographia Literaria*, in 1817 (chap. xxiii.), he gives a detailed analysis of "the old Spanish play, entitled *Atheista Fulminato* [*vide ante*, the 'Introduction to *Don Juan*'] . . . which under various names (*Don Juan*, the *Libertine*, etc.) has had its day of favour in every country throughout Europe. . . . Rank, fortune, wit, talent, acquired knowledge, and liberal accomplishments, with beauty of person, vigorous health, and constitutional hardihood, —all these advantages, elevated by the habits and sympathies of noble birth and national character, are supposed to have combined in Don Juan, so as to give him the means of carrying into all its practical consequences the doctrine of a godless nature, as the sole ground and efficient cause not only of all things, events, and appearances, but likewise of all our thoughts, sensations, impulses, and actions. Obedience to nature is the only virtue." It is possible that Byron traced his own lineaments in this too life-like portraiture, and at the same time conceived the possibility of a new Don Juan, "made up" after his own likeness. His extreme resentment at Coleridge's just, though unwise and uncalled-for, attack on Maturin stands in need of some explanation. See letter to Murray, September 17, 1817 (*Letters*, 1900, iv. 172).]

2. ["Have you heard that *Don Juan* came over with a dedication to me, in which Lord Castlereagh and I (being hand in glove intimates) were coupled together for abuse as 'the two Roberts'? A fear of persecution (*sic*) from the *one* Robert is supposed to be the reason why it has been suppressed" (Southey to Rev. H. Hill, August 13, 1819, *Selections from the Letters, etc.*, 1856, iii. 142). For "Quarrel between Byron and Southey," see Introduction to *The Vision of Judgment*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 475-480; and *Letters*, 1901, vi. 377-399 (Appendix I.).]

3. [The reference must be to the detailed enumeration of "the powers requisite for the production of poetry," and the subsequent

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William Wordsworth.

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'T is poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

V.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your own
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
Of one another's minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you 'd change your lakes for Ocean.

VI.

I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its price.
You have your salary; was 't for that you wrought?
And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise.[1]
You 're shabby fellows—true—but poets still,
And duly seated on the Immortal Hill.

VII.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your brows—
Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go—

antithesis of Imagination and Fancy contained in the Preface to the collected *Poems of William Wordsworth*, published in 1815. In the Preface to the *Excursion* (1814) it is expressly stated that "it is not the author's intention formally to announce a system."]

1. Wordsworth's place may be in the Customs—it is, I think, in that or the Excise—besides another at Lord Lonsdale's table, where this poetical charlatan and political parasite licks up the crumbs with a hardened alacrity; the converted Jacobin having long subsided into the clownish sycophant [*despised retainer,—MS. erased*] of the worst prejudices of the aristocracy.

[Wordsworth obtained his appointment as Distributor of Stamps for the county of Westmoreland in March, 1813, through Lord Lonsdale's "patronage" (see his letter, March 6, 1813). *The Excursion* was dedicated to Lord Lonsdale in a sonnet dated July 29, 1814—

> "Oft through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer,
> In youth I roamed . . .
> Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
> Before thee, Lonsdale, and this Work present."

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To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
And for the fame you would engross below,
The field is universal, and allows
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
'Gainst you the question with posterity.

VIII.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muses,
Contend not with you on the wingéd steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,
The fame you envy, and the skill you need;
And, recollect, a poet nothing loses
In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit—and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.

IX.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
(Who does not often claim the bright reversion)
Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious rarity
Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,
The major part of such appellants go
To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

X.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,[1]
Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "*Sublime*,"
He deigned not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

XI.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old Man—arise
Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more

1. [*Paradise Lost*, vii. 25, 26.]

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The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again—again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
And heartless daughters—worn—and pale[1]—and poor;
Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey
The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?[2]

XII.

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferred to gorge upon a sister shore,
The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could want,
With just enough of talent, and no more,
To lengthen fetters by another fixed,
And offer poison long already mixed.

XIII.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineffably—legitimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile,—
Nor even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,

1. "Pale, but not cadaverous:"—Milton's two elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his books, besides cheating and plaguing him in the economy of his house, etc., etc. His feelings on such an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar, must have been singularly painful. Hayley compares him to Lear. See part third, *Life of Milton*, by W. Hayley (or Hailey, as spelt in the edition before me).

[*The Life of Milton*, by William Hailey (*sic*), Esq., Basil, 1799, p. 186.]

2. Or—

"Would *he* subside into a hackney Laureate—
A scribbling, self-sold, soul-hired, scorned Iscariot?"

I doubt if "Laureate" and "Iscariot" be good rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to Sylvester, who challenged him to rhyme with—

"I, John Sylvester,
Lay with your sister."

Jonson answered—"I, Ben Jonson, lay with your wife." Sylvester answered,—"That is not rhyme."—"No," said Ben Jonson; "but it is *true*."

[For Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, see *The Age of Bronze*, line 538, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 568, *note* 2; and *Letters*, 1900, iv. 108, *note* 1.]

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That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
And botching, patching, leaving still behind
Something of which its masters are afraid—
States to be curbed, and thoughts to be confined,
Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—
A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
With God and Man's abhorrence for its gains.

XV.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
Emasculated to the marrow *It*
Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
Eutropius of its many masters,[1]—blind
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.[2]

XVI.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,
For I will never *feel* them?—Italy!
Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed o'er thee[3]—

1. For the character of Eutropius, the eunuch and minister at the court of Arcadius, see Gibbon, [*Decline and Fall*, 1825, ii. 307, 308].

2. ["Mr. John Murray,—As publisher to the Admiralty and of various Government works, if the five stanzas concerning Castlereagh should risk your ears or the Navy List, you may omit them in the publication—in that case the two last lines of stanza 10 [*i.e.* 11] must end with the couplet (lines 7, 8) inscribed in the margin. The stanzas on Castlerighi (as the Italians call him) are 11, 12, 13, 14, 15."—*MS. M.*]

3. [Commenting on a "pathetic sentiment" of Leoni, the author of the Italian translation of *Childe Harold* ("Sciagurata condizione di questa mia patria!"), Byron affirms that the Italians execrated Castlereagh "as the cause, by the conduct of the English at Genoa." "Surely," he exclaims, "that man will not die in his bed: there is no spot of the earth where his name is not a hissing and a curse. Imagine what must be the man's talent for Odium, who has contrived to spread his infamy like a pestilence from Ireland to Italy, and to make his name an execration in all languages."—Letter to Murray, May 8, 1820, *Letters*, 1901, v. 22, *note* 1.]

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Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,
Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armies still—
And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

XVII.

Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to dedicate,
In honest simple verse, this song to you.
And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
'T is that I still retain my "buff and blue;" [1]
My politics as yet are all to educate:
Apostasy 's so fashionable, too,
To keep *one* creed 's a task grown quite Herculean;
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian? [2]

Venice, Sept. 16, 1818.

1. [Charles James Fox and the Whig Club of his time adopted a uniform of blue and buff. Hence the livery of the *Edinburgh Review*.]
2. I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the traitor Count Julian, but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly yclept "The Apostate."

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DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FIRST.[1]

I.

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I 'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan—
We all have seen him, in the pantomime,[2]
Sent to the Devil somewhat ere his time.

1. [Begun at Venice, September 6; finished November 1, 1818.]

2. [The pantomime which Byron and his readers "all had seen," was an abbreviated and bowdlerized version of Shadwell's *Libertine*. "First produced by Mr. Garrick on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre," it was recomposed by Charles Anthony Delpini, and performed at the Royalty Theatre, in Goodman's Fields, in 1787. It was entitled *Don Juan; or, The Libertine Destroyed:* A Tragic Pantomimical Entertainment, In Two Acts. Music Composed by Mr. Gluck. "Scaramouch," the "Sganarelle" of Molière's *Festin de Pierre*, was a favourite character of Joseph Grimaldi. He was cast for the part, in 1801, at Sadler's Wells, and, again, on a memorable occasion, November 28, 1809, at Covent Garden Theatre, when the O. P. riots were in full swing, and (see the *Morning Chronicle*, November 29, 1809) "there was considerable tumult in the pit." According to "Boz" (*Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, 1846, ii. 81, 106, 107), Byron patronized Grimaldi's "benefits at Covent Garden," was repeatedly in his company, and when he left England, in 1816, "presented him with a valuable silver snuff-box." At the end of the pantomime "the Furies gather round him [Don Juan], and the Tyrant being bound in chains is hurried away and thrown into flames." The Devil is conspicuous by his absence.]

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II.

Vernon,[1] the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And filled their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,
Followers of Fame, "nine farrow"[2] of that sow:
France, too, had Buonaparté[3] and Dumourier[4]
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

1. [Edward Vernon, Admiral (1684–1757), took Porto Bello in 1739.
William Augustus, second son of George II. (1721–1765), fought at the battles of Dettingen, 1743; Fontenoy, 1745; and at Culloden, 1746. For the "severity of the Duke of Cumberland," see Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, *Prose Works*, 1830, vii. 852, *sq.*
James Wolfe, General, born January 2, 1726, was killed at the siege of Quebec, September 13, 1759.
Edward, Lord Hawke, Admiral (1715–1781), totally defeated the French fleet in Quiberon Bay, November 20, 1759.
Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick (1721–1792), gained the victory at Minden, August 1, 1759.
John Manners, Marquess of Granby (1721–1790), commanded the British forces in Germany (1766–1769).
John Burgoyne, General, defeated the Americans at Germantown, October 3, 1777, but surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga, October 17, 1778. He died in 1792.
Augustus, Viscount Keppel, Admiral (1725–1786), was tried by court-martial, January–February, 1779, for allowing the French fleet off Ushant to escape, July, 1778. He was honourably acquitted.
Richard, Earl Howe, Admiral (1725–1799), known by the sailors as "Black Dick," defeated the French off Ushant, June 1, 1794.]

2. [Compare *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1, line 65.]

3. ["In the eighth and concluding lecture of Mr. Hazlitt's canons of criticism, delivered at the Surrey Institution (*The English Poets*, 1870, pp. 203, 204), I am accused of having 'lauded Buonaparte to the skies in the hour of his success, and then peevishly wreaking my disappointment on the god of my idolatry.' The first lines I ever wrote upon Buonaparte were the 'Ode to Napoleon,' after his abdication in 1814. All that I have ever written on that subject has been done since his decline;—I never 'met him in the hour of his success.' I have considered his character at different periods, in its strength and in its weakness: by his zealots I am accused of injustice—by his enemies as his warmest partisan, in many publications, both English and foreign.

"For the accuracy of my delineation I have high authority. A year and some months ago, I had the pleasure of seeing at Venice my friend the honourable Douglas Kinnaird. In his way through Germany, he told me that he had been honoured with a presentation to, and some interviews with, one of the nearest family connections of Napoleon (Eugène Beauharnais). During one of these, he read and translated the lines alluding to Buonaparte, in the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*. He informed me, that he was authorized by the illustrious personage—(still recognized as such by the Legitimacy in Europe)—to whom they

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III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Clootz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette [5]

were read, to say, *that 'the delineation was complete,'* or words to this effect. It is no puerile vanity which induces me to publish this fact;—but Mr. Hazlitt accuses my inconsistency, and infers my inaccuracy. Perhaps he will admit that, with regard to the latter, one of the most intimate family connections of the Emperor may be equally capable of deciding on the subject. I tell Mr. Hazlitt that I never flattered Napoleon on the throne, nor maligned him since his fall. I wrote what I think are the incredible antitheses of his character.

"Mr. Hazlitt accuses me further of delineating *myself* in *Childe Harold*, etc., etc. I have denied this long ago—but, even were it true, Locke tells us, that all his knowledge of human understanding was derived from studying his own mind. From Mr. Hazlitt's opinion of my poetry I do not appeal; but I request that gentleman not to insult me by imputing the basest of crimes,—viz. 'praising publicly the same man whom I wished to depreciate in his adversity:'—the *first* lines I ever wrote on Buonaparte were in his dispraise, in 1814,—the *last*, though not at all in his favour, were more impartial and discriminative, in 1818. Has he become more fortunate since 1814?" For Byron's various estimates of Napoleon's character and career, see *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza xxxvi. line 7, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 238, *note* 1.]

4. [Charles François Duperier Dumouriez (1739–1823) defeated the Austrians at Jemappes, November 6, 1792, etc. He published his *Mémoires* (Hamburg et Leipsic), 1794. For the spelling, see *Memoirs of General Dumourier*, written by himself, translated by John Fenwick, London, 1794. See, too, *Lettre de Joseph Servan*, Ex-ministre de la Guerre, *Sur le mémoire lu par M. Dumourier le 13 Juin à l'Assemblée Nationale; Bibliothèque Historique de la Révolution*, "Justifications," 7, 8, 9.]

5. [Antoine Pierre Joseph Barnave, born 1761, was appointed President of the Constituent Assembly in 1790. He was guillotined November 30, 1793.

Jean Pierre Brissot de Warville, philosopher and politician, born January 14, 1754, was one of the principal instigators of the revolt of the Champ de Mars, July, 1789. He was guillotined October 31, 1793.

Marie Jean Antoine, Marquis de Condorcet, born September 17, 1743, was appointed President of the Legislative Assembly in 1792. Proscribed by the Girondins, he poisoned himself to escape the guillotine, March 28, 1794.

Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, born March 9, 1749, died April 2, 1791.

Jérôme Petion de Villeneuve, born 1753, Mayor of Paris in 1791, took an active part in the imprisonment of the king. In 1793 he fell under Robespierre's displeasure, and to escape proscription took refuge in the department of Calvados. In 1794 his body was found in a field, half eaten by wolves.

Jean Baptiste, Baron de Clootz (better known as Anacharsis Clootz), was born in 1755. In 1790, at the bar of the National Convention, he described himself as the "Speaker of Mankind." Being suspected by

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Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Desaix, Moreau,[1]
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of War,
And still should be so, but the tide is turned;
There 's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'T is with our hero quietly inurned;
Because the army 's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concerned;
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

Robespierre, he was condemned to death, March 24, 1794. On the scaffold he begged to be executed last, "in order to establish certain principles." (See Carlyle's *French Revolution*, 1839, iii. 315.)

Georges Jacques Danton, born October 28, 1759, helped to establish the Revolutionary Tribunal, March 10, and the Committee of Public Safety, April 6, 1793; agreed to proscription of the Girondists, June, 1793; was executed with Camille Desmoulins and others, April 5, 1794.

Jean Paul Marat, born May 24, 1744, physician and man of science, proposed and carried out the wholesale massacre of September 2–5, 1792; was denounced to, but acquitted by, the Revolutionary Tribunal, May, 1793; assassinated by Charlotte Corday, July 13, 1793.

Marie Jean Paul, Marquis de La Fayette, born September 6, 1757, died May 19, 1834.

With the exception of La Fayette, who outlived Byron by ten years, and Lord St. Vincent, all "the famous persons" mentioned in stanzas ii.–iv. had passed away long before the First Canto of *Don Juan* was written.]

1. [Barthélemi Catherine Joubert, born April 14, 1769, distinguished himself at the engagements of Cava, Montebello, Rivoli, and in the Tyrol. He was afterwards sent to oppose Suvóroff, and was killed at Novi, August 15, 1799.

For Hoche and Marceau, *vide ante*, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 296.

Jean Lannes, Duke of Montebello, born April 11, 1769, distinguished himself at Lodi, Aboukir, Acre, Austerlitz, Jena and, lastly, at Essling, where he was mortally wounded. He died May 31, 1809.

Louis Charles Antoine Desaix de Voygoux, born August 27, 1768, won the victory at the Pyramids, July 21, 1798. He was mortally wounded at Marengo, June 14, 1800.

Jean Victor Moreau, born August 11, 1763, was victorious at Engen, May 3, and at Hohenlinden, December 3, 1800. He was struck by a cannon-ball at the battle of Dresden, August 27, and died September 2, 1813.]

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V.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon [1]
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;
But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,
But can't find any in the present age
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);
So, as I said, I 'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI.

Most epic poets plunge "*in medias res*" [2]
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),
And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII.

That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning;
The regularity of my design
Forbids all wandering as the worst of sinning,
And therefore I shall open with a line
(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning),
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you 'd rather.

VIII.

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women,—he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb [3]—and I quite agree;

1. [Hor., *Od.*, iv. c. ix. l. 25—
"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," etc.]
2. [Hor., *Epist. Ad Pisones*, lines 148, 149—
"Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit——"]
3. ["Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla."]

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Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz perhaps—but that you soon may see;—
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and called the Guadalquivir.

IX.

His father's name was José—*Don*, of course,—
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,
Than José, who begot our hero, who
Begot—but that 's to come——Well, to renew:

X.[1]

His mother was a learnéd lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equalled by her wit alone:
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded,
In their own way, by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
So, that if any actor missed his part,
She could have served him for the prompter's copy;
For her Feinagle's were an useless art,[2]
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he

1. [In his reply to *Blackwood* (No. xxix. August, 1819), Byron somewhat disingenuously rebuts the charge that *Don Juan* contained "an elaborate satire on the character and manners of his wife." "If," he writes, "in a poem by no means ascertained to be my production there appears a disagreeable, casuistical, and by no means respectable female pedant, it is set down for my wife. Is there any resemblance? If there be, it is in those who make it—I can see none."—*Letters*, 1900, iv. 477. The allusions in stanzas xii.-xiv., and, again, in stanzas xxvii.-xxix., are, and must have been meant to be, unmistakable.]

2. [Gregor von Feinagle, born ? 1765, was the inventor of a system of mnemonics, "founded on the topical memory of the ancients," as described by Cicero and Quinctilian. He lectured, in 1811, at the Royal Institution and elsewhere. When Rogers was asked if he

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Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorned the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;[i]
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

XIII.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's prayer,"
And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure;
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she deemed that mystery would ennoble 'em.

XIV.

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was analogy between 'em;
She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
But I must leave the proofs to those who 've seen 'em;
But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,
And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,
"'T is strange—the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'
The English always use to govern d—n."

XV.

Some women use their tongues—she *looked* a lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
An all-in-all sufficient self-director,
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly,[1]

i. *Little she spoke—but what she spoke was Attic all,*
With words and deeds in perfect unanimity.—[*MS.*]

attended the lectures, he replied, "No; I wished to learn the Art of Forgetting" (*Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, 1856, p. 42).]

1. [Sir Samuel Romilly, born 1757, lost his wife on the 29th of

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The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector,
Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—
One sad example more, that "All is vanity,"—
(The jury brought their verdict in "Insanity!")

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,[1]
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,[2]
Or "Cœlebs' Wife"[3] set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let "female errors fall,"[4]
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;

October, and committed suicide on the 2nd of November, 1818.—"But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen Romilly shivered, who was one of the assassins. When that felon or lunatic . . . was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them [see *Letters*, 1899, iii. 324]—when he was bringing desolation . . . on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—a severe, domestic, but an unexpected and common calamity—would lay his carcase in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a verdict of Lunacy! Did he (who in his drivelling sexagenary dotage had not the courage to survive his Nurse—for what else was a wife to him at his time of life?)—reflect or consider what *my* feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar,—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But the wretch is in his grave," etc.—Letter to Murray, June 7, 1819, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 316.]

1. [Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849) published *Castle Rackrent*, etc., etc., etc., in 1800. "In 1813," says Byron, "I recollect to have met them [the Edgeworths] in the fashionable world of London. . . . She was a nice little unassuming 'Jeannie Deans-looking body,' as we Scotch say; and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking" (*Diary*, January 19, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 177–179.]

2. [Sarah Trimmer (1741–1810) published, in 1782, *Easy Introduction to the Study of Nature; History of the Robins* (dedicated to the Princess Sophia) in 1786, etc.]

3. [Hannah More (1745–1833) published *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife* in 1809.]

4. [Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, Canto II. line 17.]

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So far above the cunning powers of Hell,
Her Guardian Angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:[1]
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar![2]

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learned to kiss
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss,[i]
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning, or the learned,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dreamed his lady was concerned;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturned,
Whispered he had a mistress, some said *two*.
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;

i. *Where all was innocence and quiet bliss.*—[*MS.*]

1. [John Harrison (1693-1776), known as "Longitude" Harrison, was the inventor of watch compensation. He received, in slowly and reluctantly paid instalments, a sum of £20,000 from the Government, for producing a chronometer which should determine the longitude within half a degree. A watch which contained his latest improvements was worn by Captain Cook during his three years' circumnavigation of the globe.]

2. "Description des *vertus incomparables* de l'Huile de Macassar." See the Advertisement. [*An Historical, Philosophical and Practical Essay on the Human Hair*, was published by Alexander Rowland, jun., in 1816. It was inscribed, "To her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Cobourg."]

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Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities; [i.]
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mixed up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might "brain them with their lady's fan;" [1]
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'T is pity learnéd virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I 'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?

XXIII.

Don José and his lady quarrelled—*why*,
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'T was surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
I loathe that low vice—curiosity;
But if there 's anything in which I shine,
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

i. *And so she seemed, in all outside formalities.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan."—1 *Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 3, lines 19, 20.]

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XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
I think the foolish people were possessed,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their porter afterwards confessed—
But that 's no matter, and the worst 's behind,
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
Their senses, they 'd have sent young master forth
To school, or had him soundly whipped at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don José and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;[1]
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez called some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*,[1]

1. *Wishing each other damned, divorced, or dead.*—[*MS.*]

1. [According to Medwin (*Conversations*, 1824, p. 55), Byron "was surprised one day by a Doctor and a Lawyer almost forcing themselves at the same time into my room. I did not know," he adds, "till afterwards the real object of their visit. I thought their questions singular, frivolous, and somewhat importunate, if not impertinent: but what should I have thought, if I had known that they were sent to provide proofs of my insanity?" Lady Byron, in her *Remarks on Mr. Moore's Life, etc.* (*Life*, pp. 661–663), says that Dr. Baillie (*vide post*, p. 412,

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But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad;*
Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God [1]
Required this conduct—which seemed very odd.[2]

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
And opened certain trunks of books and letters,[3]
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses killed, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more—
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaimed, "What magnanimity!"

note 2), whom she consulted with regard to her husband's supposed insanity, "not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on this point." It appears, however, that another doctor, a Mr. Le Mann (see *Letters*, 1899, iii. 293, *note* 1, 295, 299, etc.), visited Byron professionally, and reported on his condition to Lady Byron. Hence, perhaps, the mention of "druggists."]

1. ["I deem it *my duty to God* to act as I am acting."—Letter of Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, February 14, 1816, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 311.]

2. ["This is so very pointed."—[? Hobhouse.] "If people make application, it is their own fault."—[B.].—[*Revise.*]]

3. ["There is some doubt about this."—[H.] "What has the 'doubt' to do with the poem? it is, at least, poetically true. Why apply everything to that absurd woman? I have no reference to living characters."—[B.].—[*Revise.*] Medwin (*Conversations*, 1824, p. 54) attributes the "breaking open my writing-desk" to Mrs. Charlmont (*i.e.* Mrs. Clermont) the original of "A Sketch," *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 540–544). It is evident from Byron's reply to Hobhouse's remonstrance that Medwin did not invent this incident, but that some one, perhaps Fletcher's wife, had told him that his papers had been overhauled.]

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XXX.

No doubt this patience, when the world is damning us,
Is philosophic in our former friends;
'T is also pleasant to be deemed magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the lawyers call a "*malus animus*"
Conduct like this by no means comprehends:
Revenge in person 's certainly no virtue,
But then 't is not *my* fault, if *others* hurt you.

XXXI.

And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
I 'm not to blame, as you well know—no more is
Any one else—they were become traditional;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all:
And Science profits by this resurrection—
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

XXXII.

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,[i]
Then their relations, who made matters worse.
('T were hard to tell upon a like occasion
To whom it may be best to have recourse—
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,[ii]
But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Before, unluckily, Don José died.

XXXIII.

He died: and most unluckily, because,
According to all hints I could collect
From Counsel learnéd in those kinds of laws,
(Although their talk 's obscure and circumspect)
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
A thousand pities also with respect
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

i. *First their friends tried at reconciliation.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *The lawyers recommended a divorce.*—[*MS.*]

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XXXIV.

But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say:
I asked the doctors after his disease—
He died of the slow fever called the tertian,
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.

Yet José was an honourable man,
That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his frailties I 'll no further scan,
Indeed there were not many more to tell:
And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),[i.]
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.

XXXVI.

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him.
Let 's own—since it can do no good on earth[ii.]—
It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household gods lay shivered round him:[1]

i. *He had been ill brought up,* {*besides was* / *besides being*} *bilious.*
or, *The reason was, perhaps, that he was bilious.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *And we may own—since he is* {*now but* / *laid in*} *earth.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl,—any thing but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me. . . . Do you suppose I have forgotten it? It has, comparatively, swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth till a tenfold opportunity offers."—Letter to Moore, September 19, 1818, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 262, 263. Compare, too—

"I had one only fount of quiet left,
And *that* they poisoned! My pure household gods
Were shivered on my hearth, and o'er their shrine
Sate grinning Ribaldry and sneering Scorn."
Marino Faliero, act iii. sc. 11, lines 361-364.]

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No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save Death or Doctors' Commons—so he died.[i]

XXXVII.

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
To a chancery suit, and messuages, and lands,
Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands:
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,
And answered but to Nature's just demands;
An only son left with an only mother
Is brought up much more wisely than another.

XXXVIII.

Sagest of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigree,
(His Sire was of Castile, his Dam from Aragon):
Then, for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our Lord the King should go to war again,
He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

XXXIX.

But that which Donna Inez most desired,
And saw into herself each day before all
The learnéd tutors whom for him she hired,
Was, that his breeding should be strictly moral:
Much into all his studies she inquired,
And so they were submitted first to her, all,
Arts, sciences—no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these he was much and deeply read:
But not a page of anything that 's loose,

i. *Save death or* {*litigation—* / *banishment—*} *so he died.*—[*MS.*]

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Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffered, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.

His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;[1]
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their Æneids, Iliads, and Odysseys,[i.]
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

XLII.

Ovid 's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although Longinus[2] tells us there is no hymn
Where the Sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "*Formosum Pastor Corydon.*"[3]

i. *Defending still their Iliads and Odysseys.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Leigh Hunt on the illustrations to Andrew Tooke's *Pantheon:* "I see before me, as vividly now as ever, his Mars and Apollo . . . and Venus very handsome, we thought, and not looking too modest in a 'light cymar.'"—*Autobiography*, 1860, p. 75.]

2. See Longinus, Section 10, "*Ἵνα μὴ ἓν τι περὶ αὐτὴν πάθος φαίνηται, παθῶν δὲ σύνοδος.*"

["The effect desired is that not one passion only should be seen in her, but a concourse of passions" (*Longinus on the Sublime*, by W. Rhys Roberts, 1899, pp. 70, 71).

The Ode alluded to is the famous *Φαίνεταί μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν, κ.τ.λ.*

"Him rival to the gods I place;
Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
Who listens and who looks on thee."
W. E. Gladstone.

"I do not think you are quite held out by the quotation. Longinus says the circumstantial assemblage of the passions makes the sublime; he does not talk of the sublime being soaring and ample."—[H.] "I do not care for this—it must stand."—[B.]—[*Marginal notes in Revise.*]]

3. [*Bucol.*, Ecl. ii. "Alexis."]

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XLIII.

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much indeed as to be downright rude;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
Expurgated by learnéd men, who place,
Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's vision,
The grosser parts; but, fearful to deface
Too much their modest bard by this omission,[1]
And pitying sore his mutilated case,
They only add them all in an appendix,[1]
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

XLV.

For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"
Instead of being scattered through the pages;
They stand forth marshalled in a handsome troop,
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring all together,
Like garden gods—and not so decent either.

XLVI.

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
Was ornamented in a sort of way
Which ancient mass-books often are, and this all
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they,

1. *Too much their* { *antique* / *modest* / *downright* } *bard by the* { *elision* / *omission* }.—[*MS.*]

1. Fact! There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

[In the Delphin *Martial* (Amsterdam, 1701) the *Epigrammata Obscæna* are printed as an Appendix (pp. 2–56), "[Ne] quicquam desideraretur a morosis quibusdam hominibus."]

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Who saw those figures on the margin kiss all,
Could turn their optics to the text and pray,
Is more than I know—But Don Juan's mother
Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

XLVII.

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,
He did not take such studies for restraints;
But how Faith is acquired, and then insured,
So well not one of the aforesaid paints
As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,
Which make the reader envy his transgressions.[1]

XLVIII.

This, too, was a sealed book to little Juan—
I can't but say that his mamma was right,
If such an education was the true one.
She scarcely trusted him from out her sight;
Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,
You might be sure she was a perfect fright;
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.

Young Juan waxed in goodliness and grace;
At six a charming child, and at eleven
With all the promise of as fine a face
As e'er to Man's maturer growth was given:
He studied steadily, and grew apace,
And seemed, at least, in the right road to Heaven,
For half his days were passed at church, the other
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

1. See his *Confessions*, lib. i. cap. ix.; [lib. ii. cap. ii., *et passim*]. By the representation which Saint Augustine gives of himself in his youth, it is easy to see that he was what we should call a rake. He avoided the school as the plague; he loved nothing but gaming and public shows; he robbed his father of everything he could find; he invented a thousand lies to escape the rod, which they were obliged to make use of to punish his irregularities.

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L.

At six, I said, he was a charming child,
At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;
Although in infancy a little wild,
They tamed him down amongst them: to destroy
His natural spirit not in vain they toiled,
At least it seemed so; and his mother's joy
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
Her young philosopher was grown already.

LI.

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
But what I say is neither here nor there:
I knew his father well, and have some skill
In character—but it would not be fair
From sire to son to augur good or ill:
He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
But scandal 's my aversion—I protest
Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

LII.

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but
This I will say—my reasons are my own—
That if I had an only son to put
To school (as God be praised that I have none),
'T is not with Donna Inez I would shut
Him up to learn his catechism alone,
No—no—I 'd send him out betimes to college,
For there it was I picked up my own knowledge.

LIII.

For there one learns—'t is not for me to boast,
Though I acquired—but I pass over *that*,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:
I say that there 's the place—but "*Verbum sat*,"
I think I picked up too, as well as most,
Knowledge of matters—but no matter *what*—
I never married—but, I think, I know
That sons should not be educated so.

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LIV.

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seemed
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
And everybody but his mother deemed
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage [1]
And bit her lips (for else she might have screamed)
If any said so—for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

LV.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to Ocean,
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid,
(But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

LVI.

The darkness of her Oriental eye
Accorded with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish; by the by,
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin;)
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
Boabdil wept: [2] of Donna Julia's kin
Some went to Africa, some stayed in Spain—
Her great great grandmamma chose to remain.

1. [Byron's early letters are full of complaints of his mother's violent temper. See, for instance, letter to the Hon. Augusta Byron, April 23, 1805. In another letter to John M. B. Pigot, August 9, 1806, he speaks of her as "Mrs. Byron '*furiosa*'" (*Letters*, 1898, i. 60, 101).]

2. ["Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. . . . Having ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada, the Moors paused involuntarily to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. . . . The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears."—*Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, by Washington Irving, 1829, ii. 379-381.]

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LVII.

She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be;
At such alliances his sires would frown,
In that point so precise in each degree
That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts, and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

LVIII.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again,
Ruined its blood, but much improved its flesh;
For from a root the ugliest in Old Spain
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain:
But there 's a rumour which I fain would hush,[i]
'T is said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

LIX.

However this might be, the race went on
Improving still through every generation,
Until it centred in an only son,
Who left an only daughter; my narration
May have suggested that this single one
Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion
I shall have much to speak about), and she
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

LX.

Her eye (I 'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul
Which struggled through and chastened down the whole.

i. *I'll tell you too a secret—* { *silence! hush!* / *which you 'll hush* }.—[*MS.*]

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LXI.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aërial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possessed an air and grace by no means common:
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

LXII.

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE
'T were better to have TWO of five-and-twenty,
Especially in countries near the sun:
And now I think on 't, "*mi vien in mente*,"
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.[i]

LXIII.

'T is a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,
And all the fault of that indecent sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,
But will keep baking, broiling, burning on,
That howsoever people fast and pray,
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:
What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,
Is much more common where the climate 's sultry.

LXIV.

Happy the nations of the moral North!
Where all is virtue, and the winter season
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth
('T was snow that brought St. Anthony [1] to reason);

i. *Spouses from twenty years of age to thirty*
Are most admired by women of {*strict* / *staid*} *virtue.*—[*MS.*]

1. For the particulars of St. Anthony's recipe for hot blood in cold weather, see Mr. Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.
["I am not sure it was not St. Francis who had the wife of snow—in that case the line must run, 'St. Francis back to reason.'"—[*MS. M.*]

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Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,
By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they please on
The lover, who must pay a handsome price,
Because it is a marketable vice.

LXV.

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,
A man well looking for his years, and who
Was neither much beloved nor yet abhorred:
They lived together as most people do,
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,
And not exactly either *one* or *two*;
Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For Jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

LXVI.

Julia was—yet I never could see why—
With Donna Inez quite a favourite friend;
Between their tastes there was small sympathy,
For not a line had Julia ever penned:
Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they lie,
For Malice still imputes some private end)
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's marriage,
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

LXVII.

And that still keeping up the old connection,
Which Time had lately rendered much more chaste,
She took his lady also in affection,
And certainly this course was much the best:
She flattered Julia with her sage protection,
And complimented Don Alfonso's taste;
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandal,
At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair
With other people's eyes, or if her own

For the seven snow-balls, of which "the greatest" was his wife, see Life of "St. Francis of Assisi" (*The Golden Legend* (edited by F. S. Ellis), 1900, v. 221). See, too, the *Lives of the Saints, etc.*, by the Rev. Alban Butler, 1838, ii. 574.]

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Discoveries made, but none could be aware
Of this, at least no symptom e'er was shown;
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,
Indifferent from the first, or callous grown:
I 'm really puzzled what to think or say,
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,
Caressed him often—such a thing might be
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled,
When she had twenty years, and thirteen he;
But I am not so sure I should have smiled
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three;
These few short years make wondrous alterations,
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.

Whate'er the cause might be, they had become
Changed; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy,
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,
And much embarrassment in either eye;
There surely will be little doubt with some
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,
But as for Juan, he had no more notion
Than he who never saw the sea of Ocean.

LXXI.

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
'T was but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand
Wrought change with all Armida's [1] fairy art
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

LXXII.

And if she met him, though she smiled no more,
She looked a sadness sweeter than her smile,

1. [The sorceress in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The story of Armida and Rinaldo forms the plot of operas by Glück and Rossini.]

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As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherished more the while
For that compression in its burning core;
Even Innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And Love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.

But Passion most dissembles, yet betrays
Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 't is still the same hypocrisy;
Coldness or Anger, even Disdain or Hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left;
All these are little preludes to possession,
Of which young Passion cannot be bereft,
And merely tend to show how greatly Love is
Embarrassed at first starting with a novice.

LXXV.

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state;
She felt it going, and resolved to make
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
For Honour's, Pride's, Religion's, Virtue's sake:
Her resolutions were most truly great,
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake:
She prayed the Virgin Mary for her grace,
As being the best judge of a lady's case.[1]

LXXVI.

She vowed she never would see Juan more,
And next day paid a visit to his mother,

1. *Thinking God might not understand the case.*—[*MS. M., Revise.*]

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And looked extremely at the opening door,
Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
Again it opens, it can be no other,
'T is surely Juan now—No! I 'm afraid
That night the Virgin was no further prayed.[1]

LXXVII.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
Should rather face and overcome temptation,
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
Should ever give her heart the least sensation,
That is to say, a thought beyond the common
Preference, that we must feel, upon occasion,
For people who are pleasanter than others,
But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.

And even if by chance—and who can tell?
The Devil 's so very sly—she should discover
That all within was not so very well,
And, if still free, that such or such a lover
Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
Such thoughts, and be the better when they 're over;
And if the man should ask, 't is but denial:
I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.

And, then, there are such things as Love divine,
Bright and immaculate, unmixed and pure,
Such as the angels think so very fine,
And matrons, who would be no less secure,
Platonic, perfect, "just such love as mine;"
Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure;
And so I 'd have her think, were *I* the man
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
Between young persons without any danger.

1. ["Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."
Dante, *Inferno*, canto v. line 138.]

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A hand may first, and then a lip be kissed;
For my part, to such doings I 'm a stranger,
But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger:
If people go beyond, 't is quite a crime,
But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love, then, but Love within its proper limits,
Was Julia's innocent determination
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
Exertion might be useful on occasion;
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
He might be taught, by Love and her together—
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
In mail of proof—her purity of soul [1]—
She, for the future, of her strength convinced,
And that her honour was a rock, or mole,[1]
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
With any kind of troublesome control;
But whether Julia to the task was equal
Is that which must be mentioned in the sequel.

LXXXIII.

Her plan she deemed both innocent and feasible,
And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen
Not Scandal's fangs could fix on much that 's seizable,
Or if they did so, satisfied to mean
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable—
A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

i. *Deemed that her thoughts no more required control.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Conscienzia m'assicura,
La buona compagnia che l'uom francheggia
Sotto l'osbergo del sentirsi pura."
Inferno, canto xxviii. lines 115-117.]

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LXXXIV.

And if in the mean time her husband died,
But Heaven forbid that such a thought should cross
Her brain, though in a dream! (and then she sighed)
Never could she survive that common loss;
But just suppose that moment should betide,
I only say suppose it—*inter nos*:
(This should be *entre nous*, for Julia thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought.)

LXXXV.

I only say, suppose this supposition:
Juan being then grown up to man's estate
Would fully suit a widow of condition,
Even seven years hence it would not be too late;
And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
The mischief, after all, could not be great,
For he would learn the rudiments of Love,
I mean the *seraph* way of those above.

LXXXVI.

So much for Julia! Now we 'll turn to Juan.
Poor little fellow! he had no idea
Of his own case, and never hit the true one;
In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,[1]
He puzzled over what he found a new one,
But not as yet imagined it could be a
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

LXXXVII.

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude:
I 'm fond myself of solitude or so,
But then, I beg it may be understood,
By solitude I mean a Sultan's (not
A Hermit's), with a haram for a grot.

1. [See Ovid, *Metamorph.*, vii. 9, *sq.*]

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LXXXVIII.

"Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where Transport and Security entwine,
Here is the Empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a God indeed divine." [1]
The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,
With the exception of the second line,
For that same twining "Transport and Security"
Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.

The Poet meant, no doubt, and thus appeals
To the good sense and senses of mankind,
The very thing which everybody feels,
As all have found on trial, or may find,
That no one likes to be disturbed at meals
Or love.—I won't say more about "entwined"
Or "Transport," as we knew all that before,
But beg "Security" will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wandered by the glassy brooks,
Thinking unutterable things; he threw
Himself at length within the leafy nooks
Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;
There poets find materials for their books,
And every now and then we read them through,
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,
Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unintelligible.

XCI.

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth), so pursued
His self-communion with his own high soul,
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,
Had mitigated part, though not the whole
Of its disease; he did the best he could
With things not very subject to control,
And turned, without perceiving his condition,
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.[2]

1. Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*—(I think)—the opening of Canto Second [Part III. stanza i. lines 1–4]—but quote from memory.
2. [See Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, chap. i. (ed. 1847, i. 14, 15); and *Dejection: An Ode*, lines 86–93.]

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XCII.

He thought about himself, and the whole earth,
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
And then he thought of earthquakes, and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the boundless skies;—
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true Wisdom may discern
Longings sublime, and aspirations high,
Which some are born with, but the most part learn
To plague themselves withal, they know not why:
'T was strange that one so young should thus concern
His brain about the action of the sky;[1]
If *you* think 't was Philosophy that this did,
I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

XCIV.

He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
And heard a voice in all the winds; and then
He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal bowers,
And how the goddesses came down to men:
He missed the pathway, he forgot the hours,
And when he looked upon his watch again,
He found how much old Time had been a winner—
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turned to gaze upon his book,
Boscan,[1] or Garcilasso;[2]—by the wind

1. *I say this by the way—so don't look stern,*
But if you're angry, reader, pass it by.—[*MS.*]

1. [Juan Boscan, of Barcelona (1500–1544), in concert with his friend Garcilasso, Italianized Castilian poetry. He was the author of the *Leandro*, a poem in blank verse, of canzoni, and sonnets after the model of Petrarch, and of *The Allegory.*—*History of Spanish Literature*, by George Ticknor, 1888, i. 513.]

2. [Garcias Lasso or Garcilasso de la Vega (1503–1536), of a noble family at Toledo, was a warrior as well as a poet, "now seizing on the

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Even as the page is rustled while we look,
So by the poesy of his own mind
Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,
As if 't were one whereon magicians bind
Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,
According to some good old woman's tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away
Dissatisfied, not knowing what he wanted;
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,
Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,
And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,
With——several other things, which I forget,
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reveries,
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;
But that which chiefly may, and must surprise,
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease
Her only son with question or surmise;
Whether it was she did not see, or would not,
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 't is very common;
For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of Woman,
And break the——Which commandment is 't they break?
(I have forgot the number, and think no man
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake;)
I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,
They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

sword and now the pen." After serving with distinction in Germany, Africa, and Provence, he was killed at Muy, near Frejus, in 1536, by a stone, thrown from a tower, which fell on his head as he was leading on his battalion. He was the author of thirty-seven sonnets, five canzoni, and three pastorals.—*Vide ibidem*, pp. 522–535.]

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XCIX.

A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place,[i]
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,
By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious;
The last indeed 's infallibly the case:
And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly,
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times short-sighted:
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er discover,
The while the wicked world beholds delighted,
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover,
Till some confounded escapade has blighted
The plan of twenty years, and all is over;
And then the mother cries, the father swears,
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear
Of sight, that I must think, on this occasion,
She had some other motive much more near
For leaving Juan to this new temptation,
But what that motive was, I sha'n't say here;
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,
In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—
Summer 's indeed a very dangerous season,
And so is spring about the end of May;
The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason;
But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,
And stand convicted of more truth than treason,
That there are months which nature grows more merry in,—
March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

i. *A real wittol always is suspicious,*
But always also hunts in the wrong place.—[*MS.*]

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CIII.

'T was on a summer's day—the sixth of June:
I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;
They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making History change its tune,[i.]
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,
Leaving at last not much besides chronology,
Excepting the post-obits of theology.[ii.]

CIV.

'T was on the sixth of June, about the hour
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven—
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower
As e'er held houri in that heathenish heaven
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon Moore,[1]
To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

CV.

She sate, but not alone; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any case;
No matter how or why the thing befell,
But there were she and Juan, face to face—
When two such faces are so, 't would be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.

How beautiful she looked! her conscious heart
Glowed in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong:

i. *Change horses every hour from night till noon.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Except the promises of true theology.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Oh, Susan! I've said, in the moments of mirth,
What's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that *that* heaven's in *thee*."
"The Catalogue," *Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little*, 1803, p. 128.]

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Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong!
How self-deceitful is the sagest part
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along!—
The precipice she stood on was immense,
So was her creed in her own innocence.[i]

CVII.

She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious Virtue, and domestic Truth,
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
I wish these last had not occurred, in sooth,
Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CVIII.

When people say, "I 've told you *fifty* times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do;
When poets say, "I 've written *fifty* rhymes,"
They make you dread that they 'll recite them too;
In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes;
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 't is true,
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

CIX.

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love
For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,
By all the vows below to Powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might reprove;
And while she pondered this, besides much more,
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own;

CX.

Unconsciously she leaned upon the other,
Which played within the tangles of her hair;

i. *She stood on Guilt's steep brink, in all the sense*
And full security of Innocence.—[*MS.*]

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And to contend with thoughts she could not smother
She seemed by the distraction of her air.
'T was surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,[i]
She who for many years had watched her son so—
I 'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

CXI.

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably confirmed its grasp,
As if it said, "Detain me, if you please;"
Yet there 's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did, is much what you would do;
His young lip thanked it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abashed at its own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—
Love is so very timid when 't is new:
She blushed, and frowned not, but she strove to speak,
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

CXIII.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
The Devil 's in the moon for mischief; they
Who called her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way,
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while!

CXIV.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul

i. *To leave these two young people then and there.*—[*MS.*]

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To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.

CXV.

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 't was placed;
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,
Or else 't were easy to withdraw her waist;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then——God knows what next—I can't go on;
I 'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

CXVI.

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers:—You 're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion;
But who, alas! can love, and then be wise?
Not that Remorse did not oppose Temptation;
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—consented.

CXVIII.

'T is said that Xerxes offered a reward[1]
To those who could invent him a new pleasure:

1. ["Age Xerxes . . . eo usque luxuria gaudens, ut edicto præmium ei proponeret, qui novum voluptatis genus reperisset."—Val. Max, *De Dictis, etc.*, lib. ix. cap. 1, ext. 3.]

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Methinks the requisition 's rather hard,
And must have cost his Majesty a treasure:
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX.

Oh Pleasure! you 're indeed a pleasant thing,[1]
Although one must be damned for you, no doubt:
I make a resolution every spring
Of reformation, ere the year run out,
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I 'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaimed.

CXX.

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—
Start not! still chaster reader—she 'll be nice hence-
Forward, and there is no great cause to quake;
This liberty is a poetic licence,
Which some irregularity may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 't is fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI.

This licence is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,
Without whose epoch my poetic skill
For want of facts would all be thrown away),
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have passed; we 'll say
'T was in November, but I'm not so sure
About the day—the era 's more obscure.

CXXII.

We 'll talk of that anon.—'T is sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep

1. ["You certainly will be damned for all this scene."—[H.]]

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The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,[1]
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

CXXIII.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;[i]
'T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXXIV.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women—
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet[ii]
The unexpected death of some old lady,
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who 've made "us youth"[2] wait too—too long already,
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,

i. *Our coming, nor look brightly till we come.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Sweet is a lawsuit to the attorney—sweet, etc.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza iii. line 2, *Poetical Works*, ii. 329, *note* 3.]
2. [So, too, Falstaff, 1 *Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 2, lines 79, 80.]

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That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damned post-obits.[1]

CXXVI.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 't is sweet to put an end
To strife; 't is sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend:
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy spot [1]
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

CXXVII.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate Love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The Tree of Knowledge has been plucked—all 's known—
And Life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from Heaven.

CXXVIII.

Man 's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature, and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts;
This is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents find their different marts;
You 'd best begin with truth, and when you 've lost your
Labour, there 's a sure market for imposture.

i. *Who 've made us wait—God knows how long already,*
For an entailed estate, or country-seat,
Wishing them not exactly damned, but dead—he
Knows nought of grief, who has not so been worried—
'T is strange old people don't like to be buried.—[MS.]

1. [Byron has not been forgotten at Harrow, though it is a bend of the Cam (Byron's Pool), not his favourite Duck Pool (now "Ducker") which bears his name.]

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CXXIX.

What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets.)
One makes new noses,[1] one a guillotine,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets;
But Vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,[2]
With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,
By borrowing a new one from an ox.[3]

CXXX.

Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes:
And Galvanism has set some corpses grinning,[4]
But has not answered like the apparatus
Of the Humane Society's beginning,
By which men are unsuffocated gratis:
What wondrous new machines have late been spinning!
I said the small-pox has gone out of late;
Perhaps it may be followed by the great.[5]

CXXXI.

'T is said the great came from America;
Perhaps it may set out on its return,—
The population there so spreads, they say
'T is grown high time to thin it in its turn,
With war, or plague, or famine—any way,
So that civilisation they may learn;

1. [The reference is to the metallic tractors of Benjamin Charles Perkins, which were advertised as a "cure for all disorders, Red Noses," etc. Compare *English Bards, etc.*, lines 131, 132—

"What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The Cow-pox, Tractors, Galvanism, and Gas."
See *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 307, *note* 3.]

2. [Edward Jenner (1749–1823) made his first experiments in vaccination, May 14, 1796. Napoleon caused his soldiers to be vaccinated, and imagined that the English would be gratified by his recognition of Jenner's discovery.
Sir William Congreve (1772–1828) invented "Congreve rockets" or shells in 1804. They were used with great effect at the battle of Leipzig, in 1813.]

3. ["Mon cher ne touchez pas à la petite Vérole."—[H.]—[*Revise.*]]

4. [Experiments in galvanism were made on the body of Forster the murderer, by Galvani's nephew, Professor Aldini, January and February, 1803.]

5. ["Put out these lines, and keep the others."—[H.]—[*Revise.*]]

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And which in ravage the more loathsome evil is—
Their real *lues*, or our pseudo-syphilis?

CXXXII.

This is the patent age of new inventions
For killing bodies, and for saving souls,
All propagated with the best intentions;
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern,[1] by which coals
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions,
Tombuctoo travels,[2] voyages to the Poles[3]
Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXIII.

Man 's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'T is pity though, in this sublime world, that
Pleasure 's a sin, and sometimes Sin 's a pleasure;[i]
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether Glory, Power, or Love, or Treasure,
The path is through perplexing ways, and when
The goal is gained, we die, you know—and then——

CXXXIV.

What then?—I do not know, no more do you—
And so good night.—Return we to our story:
'T was in November, when fine days are few,
And the far mountains wax a little hoary,

i. *Not only pleasure 's sin, but sin 's a pleasure.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Sir Humphry Davy, P.R.S. (1778–1829), invented the safety-lamp in 1815.]

2. [In a critique of *An Account of the Empire of Marocco. . . . To which is added an . . . account of Tombuctoo, the great Emporium of Central Africa*, by James Grey Jackson, London, 1809, the reviewer comments on the author's pedantry in correcting "the common orthography of African names." "We do not," he writes, "greatly object to . . . *Fas* for *Fes*, or even *Timbuctoo* for *Tombuctoo*, but *Marocco* for *Morocco* is a little too much."—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1809 vol. xiv. p. 307.]

3. [Sir John Ross (1777–1856) published *A Voyage of Discovery . . . for the purpose of Exploring Baffin's Bay, etc.*, in 1819; Sir W. E. Parry (1790–1855) published his *Journal of a Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions between 4th April and 18th November*, 1818, in 1820.]

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And clap a white cape on their mantles blue;[i]
And the sea dashes round the promontory,
And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.

'T was, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;[ii]
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;
There 's something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:
I 'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,[iii. 1]
A lobster salad,[2] and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.

'T was midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awoke before,
And that they have been so we all have read,
And are to be so, at the least, once more;—
The door was fastened, but with voice and fist
First knocks were heard, then "Madam—Madam—hist!

CXXXVII.

"For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here 's my master,[3]
With more than half the city at his back—

i. *And lose in shining snow their summits blue.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *'T was midnight—dark and sombre was the night, etc.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *And supper, punch, ghost-stories, and such chat.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["'All that,' Egad,' as Bayes says" [in the Duke of Buckingham's play *The Rehearsal*].—Letter to Murray, September 28, 1820, *Letters*, 1901, v. 80.]

2. ["Lobster-sallad, *not* a lobster-salad. Have you been at a London *ball*, and not known a Lobster-*sallad*?"—[H.]—[*Revise.*]]

3. ["To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over *Don Juan*, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the First Canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her, 'Nothing,—but your husband is coming.' As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, '*Oh, my God, is* he *coming?*' thinking it was *her own*. . . . You may suppose we laughed when she found out the mistake. You will be amused, as I was;—it happened not three hours ago."—Letter to Murray, November 8, 1819, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 374.
It should be borne in mind that the loves of Juan and Julia, the

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Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!
'T is not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!
Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—
They 're on the stair just now, and in a crack
Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
Surely the window 's not so *very* high!"

CXXXVIII.

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends, and servants in great number;
The major part of them had long been wived,
And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband's temples to encumber:
Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were *one* not punished, *all* would be outrageous.

CXXXIX.

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;
But for a cavalier of his condition
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
Without a word of previous admonition,
To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
And summon lackeys, armed with fire and sword,
To prove himself the thing he most abhorred.

CXL.

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep,
(Mind—that I do not say—she had not slept),
Began at once to scream, and yawn, and weep;
Her maid, Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept:[i]
I can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

i. *And thus as 'twere herself from out them crept.*—[*MS. M.*]

irruption of Don Alfonso, etc., were rather of the nature of prophecy than of reminiscence. The First Canto had been completed before the Countess Guiccioli appeared on the scene.]

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CXLI.

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
Appeared like two poor harmless women, who
Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterred by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of absence should run through,
And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear,—I was the first who came away."

CXLII.

Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
"In Heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what d' ye mean?
Has madness seized you? would that I had died
Ere such a monster's victim I had been![1]
What may this midnight violence betide,
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill?
Search, then, the room!"—Alfonso said, "I will."

CXLIII.

He searched, *they* searched, and rummaged everywhere,
Closet and clothes' press, chest and window-seat,
And found much linen, lace, and several pair
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:
Arras they pricked and curtains with their swords,
And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they searched, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not that they sought;
They opened windows, gazing if the ground
Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought;
And then they stared each others' faces round:
'T is odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

1. *Ere I the wife of such a man had been!*—[*MS.*]

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CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue[1]
Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried,
"Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
It was for this that I became a bride!
For this in silence I have suffered long
A husband like Alfonso at my side;
But now I 'll bear no more, nor here remain,
If there be law or lawyers in all Spain.

CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,
If ever you indeed deserved the name,
Is 't worthy of your years?—you have threescore—
Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—
Is 't wise or fitting, causeless to explore
For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
How dare you think your lady would go on so?

CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdained to hold
The common privileges of my sex?
That I have chosen a confessor so old
And deaf, that any other it would vex,
And never once he has had cause to scold,
But found my very innocence perplex
So much, he always doubted I was married—
How sorry you will be when I 've miscarried!

CXLVIII.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo[1] e'er
I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?
Is it for this I scarce went anywhere,
Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?
Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
I favoured none—nay, was almost uncivil?

1. *But while this search was making, Julia's tongue.*—[*MS.*]

1. The Spanish "Cortejo" is much the same as the Italian "Cavalier Servente."

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Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers,[1] declares I used him vilely?

CXLIX.

"Did not the Italian *Musico* Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,[2]
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
Who killed himself for love (with wine) last year.

CL.

"Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez;
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
Me also, since the time so opportune is—
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cocked trigger,
Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

CLI.

"Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
Under pretence of business indispensable
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
Of having played the fool? though both I spurn, he
Deserves the worst, his conduct 's less defensible,
Because, no doubt, 't was for his dirty fee,
And not from any love to you nor me.

1. Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 1775.

[Alexander O'Reilly, born 1722, a Spanish general of Irish extraction, failed in an expedition against Algiers in 1775, in which the Spaniards lost four thousand men. In 1794 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces equipped against the army of the French National Convention. He died March 23, 1794.]

2. [The Italian names have an obvious signification.]

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CLII.

" If he comes here to take a deposition,
By all means let the gentleman proceed;
You 've made the apartment in a fit condition:—
There 's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
Let everything be noted with precision,
I would not you for nothing should be fee'd—
But, as my maid 's undressed, pray turn your spies out."
" Oh!" sobbed Antonia, " I could tear their eyes out."

CLIII.

" There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover.[1]
I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
And make no further noise, till you discover
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
And when 't is found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

CLIV.

" And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
Pray have the courtesy to make it known
Who is the man you search for? how d' ye call
Him? what 's his lineage? let him but be shown—
I hope he 's young and handsome—is he tall?
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

CLV.

" At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
They are unworthy of my father's daughter;
My mother dreamed not in my natal hour,
That I should fall into a monster's power.

1. *The chimney—fit retreat for any lover!*—[*MS.*]

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CLVI.

"Perhaps 't is of Antonia you are jealous,
You saw that she was sleeping by my side,
When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
Look where you please—we 've nothing, sir, to hide;
Only another time, I trust, you 'll tell us,
Or for the sake of decency abide
A moment at the door, that we may be
Dressed to receive so much good company.

CLVII.

"And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
The little I have said may serve to show
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er[i]
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—
I leave you to your conscience as before,
'T will one day ask you *why* you used me so?
God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!—
Antonia! where 's my pocket-handkerchief?"

CLVIII.

She ceased, and turned upon her pillow; pale
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,
Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek, appears
Her streaming hair; the black curls strive, but fail
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

CLIX.

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;
Antonia bustled round the ransacked room,
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused
Her master, and his myrmidons, of whom
Not one, except the attorney, was amused;
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

i. —— *may deplore.*—[*Alternative reading. MS. M.*]

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CLX.

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes, he stood,
Following Antonia's motions here and there,
With much suspicion in his attitude;
For reputations he had little care;
So that a suit or action were made good,
Small pity had he for the young and fair,
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

CLXI.

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,
He gained no point, except some self-rebukes,
Added to those his lady with such vigour
Had poured upon him for the last half-hour,
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower.

CLXII.

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,
To which the sole reply was tears, and sobs,
And indications of hysterics, whose
Prologue is always certain throes, and throbs,
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;[1]
He saw too, in perspective, her relations,
And then he tried to muster all his patience.

CLXIII.

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,
But sage Antonia cut him short before
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more,
Or madam dies."—Alfonso muttered, "D—n her,"[2]
But nothing else, the time of words was o'er;
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,
He knew not wherefore, that which he was bid.

1. ["Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh" (*Job* ii. 10).]
2. ["Don't be read aloud."—[H.]—[*Revise.*]]

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CLXIV.

With him retired his "*posse comitatus*,"
The attorney last, who lingered near the door
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as
Antonia let him—not a little sore
At this most strange and unexplained "*hiatus*"
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he revolved the case,
The door was fastened in his legal face.

CLXV.

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh Shame!
Oh Sin! Oh Sorrow! and Oh Womankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this world, and t' other too, be blind?
Nothing so dear as an unfilched good name!
But to proceed—for there is more behind:
With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan slipped, half-smothered, from the bed.

CLXVI.

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and packed easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compass, round or square;
But pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'T were better, sure, to die so, than be shut
With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.[i]

CLXVII.

And, secondly, I pity not, because
He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws;—
At least 't was rather early to begin,
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accompts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the Devil.[ii]

i. —— *than be put*
To drown with Clarence in his Malmsey butt.—[*MS.*]
ii. *And reckon up our balance with the devil.*—[*MS.*]

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CLXVIII.

Of his position I can give no notion:
'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answered very well;
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

CLXIX.

What 's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his fools away.
Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play—
And how to parry the renewed attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:
Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,
But pressed her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.

He turned his lip to hers, and with his hand
Called back the tangles of her wandering hair;
Even then their love they could not all command,
And half forgot their danger and despair:
Antonia's patience now was at a stand—
"Come, come, 't is no time now for fooling there,"
She whispered, in great wrath—"I must deposit
This pretty gentleman within the closet:

CLXXI.

"Pray, keep your nonsense for some luckier night—
Who can have put my master in this mood?
What will become on 't—I 'm in such a fright,
The Devil 's in the urchin, and no good—
Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?
Why, don't you know that it may end in blood?
You 'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place,
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

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CLXXII.

"Had it but been for a stout cavalier [1]
Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make haste)
But for a child, what piece of work is here!
I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be near:
There, for the present, at the least, he 's fast,
And if we can but till the morning keep
Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not sleep.)"

CLXXIII.

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
Closed the oration of the trusty maid:
She loitered, and he told her to be gone,
An order somewhat sullenly obeyed;
However, present remedy was none,
And no great good seemed answered if she staid:
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She snuffed the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun
Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;
He would not justify what he had done,
To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding;
But there were ample reasons for it, none
Of which he specified in this his pleading:
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learned call "*rigmarole.*"

CLXXV.

Julia said nought; though all the while there rose
A ready answer, which at once enables

1. ["Carissimo, do review the whole scene, and think what you would say of it, if written by another."—[H.] "I would say, read 'The Miracle' ['A Tale from Boccace'] in Hobhouse's poems, and 'January and May,' and 'Paulo Purganti,' and 'Hans Carvel,' and 'Joconde.' *These* are laughable: it is the *serious*—Little's poems and *Lalla Rookh*—that affect seriously. Now Lust is a serious passion, and cannot be excited by the ludicrous."—[B.]—*Marginal Notes in Revise.*]

For the "Miracle," see *Imitations and Translations*, 1809, pp. 111–128. "January and May" is Pope's version of Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale.* "Paulo Purganti" and "Hans Carvel" are by Matthew Prior; and for "Joconde" (*Nouvelle Tirée de L'Ariosto*, canto xxviii.) see *Contes et Nouvelles en Vers*, de Mr. de la Fontaine, 1691, i. 1–19.]

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A matron, who her husband's foible knows,
By a few timely words to turn the tables,
Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,—
Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;
'T is to retort with firmness, and when he
Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with *three*.

CLXXVI.

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,—
Alfonso's loves with Inez were well known;
But whether 't was that one's own guilt confounds—
But that can't be, as has been often shown,
A lady with apologies abounds;—
It might be that her silence sprang alone
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,
To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.

There might be one more motive, which makes two;
Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,—
Mentioned his jealousy, but never who
Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
Concealed amongst his premises; 't is true,
His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;
Silence is best: besides, there is a *tact*[1]—
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)—
Which keeps, when pushed by questions rather rough,
A lady always distant from the fact:

1. [Compare "The use made in the French tongue of the word *tact*, to denote that delicate sense of propriety, which enables a man to *feel his way* in the difficult intercourse of polished society, seems to have been suggested by similar considerations (*i.e.* similar to those which suggested the use of the word *taste*)."—*Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, by Dugald Stewart, Part I. sect. x. ed. 1855, p. 48. For D'Alembert's use of *tact*, to denote "that peculiar delicacy of perception (which, like the nice touch of a blind man) arises from habits of close attention to those slighter feelings which escape general notice," see *Philosophical Essays*, by Dugald Stewart, 1818, p. 603.]

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The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
There 's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.

They blush, and we believe them; at least I
Have always done so; 't is of no great use,
In any case, attempting a reply,
For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;
And when at length they 're out of breath, they sigh,
And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
A tear or two, and then we make it up;
And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup.

CLXXX.

Alfonso closed his speech, and begged her pardon,
Which Julia half withheld, and then half granted,
And laid conditions he thought very hard on,
Denying several little things he wanted:
He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,
With useless penitence perplexed and haunted;[i]
Beseeching she no further would refuse,
When, lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

CLXXXI.

A pair of shoes![1]—what then? not much, if they
Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
Were masculine; to see them, and to seize,
Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well-a-day!
My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze!

i. *With base suspicion now no longer haunted.*—[*MS.*]

1. [For the incident of the shoes, Lord Byron was probably indebted to the Scottish ballad—

"Our goodman came hame at e'en, and hame came he;
He spy'd a pair of jack-boots, where nae boots should be,
What 's this now, goodwife? What 's this I see?
How came these boots there, without the leave o' me!
Boots! quo' she:
Ay, boots, quo' he.
Shame fa' your cuckold face, and ill mat ye see,
It 's but a pair of water stoups the cooper sent to me," etc.
See James Johnson's *Musical Museum*, 1787, etc., v. 466.]

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Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
And then flew out into another passion.

CLXXXII.

He left the room for his relinquished sword,
And Julia instant to the closet flew.
"Fly, Juan, fly! for Heaven's sake—not a word—
The door is open—you may yet slip through
The passage you so often have explored—
Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!
Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
Day has not broke—there 's no one in the street."

CLXXXIII.

None can say that this was not good advice,
The only mischief was, it came too late;
Of all experience 't is the usual price,
A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:
Juan had reached the room-door in a trice,
And might have done so by the garden-gate,
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
Who threatened death—so Juan knocked him down.

CLXXXIV.

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light;
Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!"
But not a servant stirred to aid the fight.
Alfonso, pommelled to his heart's desire,
Swore lustily he 'd be revenged this night;
And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;
His blood was up: though young, he was a Tartar,
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

CLXXXV.

Alfonso's sword had dropped ere he could draw it,
And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,
Alfonso's days had not been in the land
Much longer.—Think of husbands', lovers' lives!
And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

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CLXXXVI.

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,
And Juan throttled him to get away,
And blood ('t was from the nose) began to flow;
At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,
Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,
And then his only garment quite gave way;
He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,
I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

CLXXXVII.

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found
An awkward spectacle their eyes before;
Antonia in hysterics, Julia swooned,
Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;
Some half-torn drapery scattered on the ground,
Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more:
Juan the gate gained, turned the key about,
And liking not the inside, locked the out.

CLXXXVIII.

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,
How Juan, naked, favoured by the night,
Who favours what she should not, found his way,[i]
And reached his home in an unseemly plight?
The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
Were in the English newspapers, of course.

CLXXXIX.

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,
The depositions, and the Cause at full,
The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
Of Counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,
There 's more than one edition, and the readings
Are various, but they none of them are dull:
The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney,[1]
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.[2]

i. *Found—heaven knows how—his solitary way.*—[*MS.*]

1. [William Brodie Gurney (1777-1855), the son and grandson of

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CXC.

But Donna Inez, to divert the train
Of one of the most circulating scandals

eminent shorthand writers, "reported the proceedings against the Duke of York in 1809, the trials of Lord Cochrane in 1814, and of Thistlewood in 1820, and the proceedings against Queen Caroline."—*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, art. "Gurney."]

2. ["Venice, December 7, 1818.

"After *that stanza* in the first canto of *Don Juan* (sent by Lord Lauderdale) towards the *conclusion* of the canto—I speak of the stanza whose two last lines are—

"'The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney,
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey,'

insert the following stanzas, 'But Donna Inez,' etc."—[B.]

The text is based on a second or revised copy of stanzas cxc.-cxcviii. Many of the corrections and emendations which were inserted in the first draft are omitted in the later and presumably improved version. Byron's first intention was to insert seven stanzas after stanza clxxxix., descriptive and highly depreciatory of Brougham, but for reasons of "fairness" (*vide infra*) he changed his mind. The casual mention of "blundering Brougham" in *English Bards, etc.* (line 524, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 338, *note* 2), is a proof that his suspicions were not aroused as to the authorship of the review of *Hours of Idleness* (*Edin. Rev.*, January, 1808), and it is certain that Byron's animosity was due to the part played by Brougham at the time of the Separation. (In a letter to Byron, dated February 18, 1817, Murray speaks of a certain B. "as your incessant persecutor—the source of all affected public opinion respecting you.") The stanzas, with the accompanying notes, are not included in the editions of 1833 or 1837, and are now printed for the first time.

I.

"'Twas a fine cause for those in law delighting—
'Tis pity that they had no Brougham in Spain,
Famous for always talking, and ne'er fighting,
For calling names, and taking them again;
For blustering, bungling, trimming, wrangling, writing,
Groping all paths to power, and all in vain—
Losing elections, character, and temper,
A foolish, clever, fellow—*Idem semper!*

II.

"Bully in Senates, skulker in the Field,*
The Adulterer's advocate when duly feed,
The libeller's gratis Counsel, dirty shield
Which Law affords to many a dirty deed;
A wondrous Warrior against those who yield—
A rod to Weakness, to the brave a reed—
The People's sycophant, the Prince's foe,
And serving him the more by being so.

[* For Brougham's Fabian tactics with regard to duelling, *vide post*, Canto XIII. stanza lxxxiv. line 1, p. 506, *note* 1.]

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That had for centuries been known in Spain,
At least since the retirement of the Vandals,

III.

"Tory by nurture, Whig by Circumstance,
A Democrat some once or twice a year,
Whene'er it suits his purpose to advance
His vain ambition in its vague career:
A sort of Orator by sufferance,
Less for the comprehension than the ear;
With all the arrogance of endless power,
Without the sense to keep it for an hour.

IV.

"The House-of-Commons Damocles of words—
Above him, hanging by a single hair,
On each harangue depend some hostile Swords;
And deems he that we *always* will forbear?
Although Defiance oft declined affords
A blotted shield no Shire's true knight would wear:
Thersites of the House, Parolles * of Law,
The double Bobadill † takes Scorn for Awe.

V.

"How noble is his language—never pert—
How grand his sentiments which ne'er run riot!
As when he swore 'by God he'd sell his shirt
To head the poll!' I wonder who would buy it
The skin has passed through such a deal of dirt
In grovelling on to power—such stains now dye it—
So black the long-worn Lion's hide in hue,
You'd swear his very heart had sweated through.

VI.

"Panting for power—as harts for cooling streams—
Yet half afraid to venture for the draught;
A go-between, yet blundering in extremes,
And tossed along the vessel fore and aft;
Now shrinking back, now midst the first he seems,
Patriot by force, and courtisan ‡ by craft;
Quick without wit, and violent without strength—
A disappointed Lawyer, at full length.

VII.

"A strange example of the force of Law,
And hasty temper on a kindling mind—
Are these the dreams his young Ambition saw?
Poor fellow! he had better far been blind!

[* *Vide post*, Canto XIII. stanza lxxxiv. line 1, p. 506, *note* 1.]

[† For "Captain Bobadill, a Paul's man," see Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act iv. sc. 5, *et passim*.]

‡ [The *N. Eng. Dict.* quotes a passage in *Phil. Trans.*, iv. 986 (1669), as the latest instance of "courtisan" for "courtier."]

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First vowed (and never had she vowed in vain)
To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;

I'm sorry thus to probe a wound so raw—
But, then, as Bard my duty to Mankind,
For warning to the rest, compels these raps—
As Geographers lay down a Shoal in Maps."

NOTE TO THE ANNEXED STANZAS ON BROUGHAM.

"Distrusted by the Democracy, disliked by the Whigs, and detested by the Tories, too much of a lawyer for the people, and too much of a demagogue for Parliament, a contestor of counties, and a Candidate for cities, the refuse of half the Electors of England, and representative at last upon sufferance of the proprietor of some rotten borough, which it would have been more independent to have purchased, a speaker upon all questions, and the outcast of all parties, his support has become alike formidable to all his enemies (for he has no friends), and his vote can be only valuable when accompanied by his Silence. A disappointed man with a bad temper, he is endowed with considerable but not first-rate abilities, and has blundered on through life, remarkable only for a fluency, in which he has many rivals at the bar and in the Senate, and an eloquence in which he has several Superiors. 'Willing to wound and *not* afraid to strike,' until he receives a blow in return, he has not yet betrayed any illegal ardour, or Irish alacrity, in accepting the defiances, and resenting the disgraceful terms which his proneness to evil-speaking have (*sic*) brought upon him. In the cases of Mackinnon and Manners,* he sheltered himself behind those parliamentary privileges, which Fox, Pitt, Canning, Castlereagh, Tierney, Adam, Shelburne, Grattan, Corry, Curran, and Clare disdained to adopt as their buckler. The House of Commons became the Asylum of his Slander, as the Churches of Rome were once the Sanctuary of Assassins.

"His literary reputation (with the exception of one work of his early career) rests upon some anonymous articles imputed to him in a celebrated periodical work; but even these are surpassed by the Essays of others in the same Journal. He has tried every thing and succeeded in nothing; and he may perhaps finish as a Lawyer without practice, as he has already been occasionally an orator without an audience, if not soon cut short in his career.

"The above character is *not* written impartially, but by one who has had occasion to know some of the baser parts of it, and regards him accordingly with shuddering abhorrence, and just so much fear as he deserves. In him is to be dreaded the crawling of the centipede, not the spring of the tiger—the venom of the reptile, not the strength of the animal—the rancour of the miscreant, not the courage of the Man.

"In case the prose or verse of the above should be actionable, I put

* [Possibly George Manners (1778–1853), editor of *The Satirist*, whose appointment to a foreign consulate Brougham sharply criticized in the House of Commons, July 9, 1817 (*Parl. Deb.*, vol. xxxvi. pp. 1320, 1321); and Daniel Mackinnon (1791–1836), the nephew of Henry Mackinnon, who fell at Ciudad Rodrigo. Byron met "Dan" Mackinnon at Lisbon in 1809, and (Gronow, *Reminiscences*, 1889, ii. 259, 260) was amused by his "various funny stories."]

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And then, by the advice of some old ladies,
She sent her son to be shipped off from Cadiz.

CXCI.

She had resolved that he should travel through
All European climes, by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy—
(At least this is the thing most people do.)
Julia was sent into a convent—she

my name, that the man may rather proceed against me than the publisher—not without some faint hope that the brand with which I blast him may induce him, however reluctantly, to a manlier revenge."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MURRAY.

"I enclose you the stanzas which were intended for 1st Canto, after the line

"'Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey:'

but I do not mean them for present publication, because I will not, at this distance, publish *that* of a Man, for which he has a claim upon another too remote to give him redress.

"With regard to the Miscreant Brougham, however, it was only long after the fact, and I was made acquainted with the language he had held of me on my leaving England (with regard to the Ds of D.'s house),* and his letter to Mo de Staël, and various matters for all of which the first time he and I foregather—be it in England, be it on earth—he shall account, and one of the two be carried home.

"As I have no wish to have mysteries, I merely prohibit the *publication* of these stanzas in *print*, for the reasons of fairness mentioned; but I by no means wish *him not* to *know* their existence or their tenor, nor my intentions as to himself: he has shown no forbearance, and he shall find none. You may show them to *him* and to all whom it may concern, with the explanation that the only reason that I have not had satisfaction of this man has been, that I have never had an opportunity since I was aware of the facts, which my friends had carefully concealed from me; and it was only by slow degrees, and by piecemeal, that I got at them. I have not sought him, nor gone out of my way for him; but I will *find* him, and then we can have it out: he has shown so little courage, that he *must* fight at last in his absolute necessity to escape utter degradation.

"I send you the stanzas, which (except the last) have been written nearly two years, merely because I have been lately copying out most of the MSS. which were in my drawers."

---

* [Byron's town-house, in 1815-1816, No. 13, Piccadilly, belonged to the Duchess of Devonshire. When he went abroad in April, 1816, the rent was still unpaid. The duchess, through her agent, distrained, but was unable to recover the debt. See Byron's "Letter to Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire," November 3, 1817, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 178.]

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Grieved—but, perhaps, her feelings may be better[i.]
Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

CXCII.

"They tell me 't is decided you depart:
'T is wise—'t is well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim, and would be again:
To love too much has been the only art
I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 't is not what it appears;
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

CXCIII.

"I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, Heaven, Mankind's, my own esteem,
And yet can not regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream;
Yet, if I name my guilt, 't is not to boast,
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—
I 've nothing to reproach, or to request.

CXCIV.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,[ii.]
'T is a Woman's whole existence; Man may range
The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and the Mart;
Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory, offer in exchange
Pride, Fame, Ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these can not estrange;
Men have all these resources, We but one,[1]
To love again, and be again undone.[iii.]

i. *Julia was sent into a nunnery,*
And there, perhaps, her feelings may be better.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Man's love is of his life* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *To mourn alone the love which has undone.*
or, *To lift our fatal love to God from man.*
Take that which, of these three, seems the best prescription.—B.

1. ["Que les hommes sont heureux d'aller à la guerre, d'exposer leur vie, de se livrer à l'enthousiasme de l'honneur et du danger! Mais il n'y a rien au-dehors qui soulage les femmes."—*Corinne, ou L'Italie*, Madame de Staël, liv., xviii. chap. v. ed. 1835, iii. 209.]

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CXCV.

"You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,[i.]
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core:
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now—but let it go.[ii.]

CXCVI.

"My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still I think I can collect my mind;[iii.]
My blood still rushes where my spirit 's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind;
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind;
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul.[iv.]

CXCVII.

"I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
My misery can scarce be more complete;
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,
And I must even survive this last adieu,
And bear with life, to love and pray for you!"

CXCVIII.

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new;[v.]

i. *You will proceed in beauty and in pride,*
You will return ——.—[*MS. M.*]

ii. Or, *That word is* {*fatal now* / *lost for me* / *deadly now*}*—but let it go.*—[*MS. M.*]

iii. *I struggle, but can not collect my mind.*—[*MS.*]

iv. *As turns the needle trembling to the pole*
It ne'er can reach—so turns to you my soul.—[*MS.*]

v. *With a neat crow-quill, rather hard, but new.*—[*MS.*]

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Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
The seal a sun-flower; "*Elle vous suit partout*," [1]
The motto cut upon a white cornelian;
The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

CXCIX.

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependent on the public altogether;
We 'll see, however, what they say to this:
Their favour in an author's cap 's a feather,
And no great mischief 's done by their caprice;
And if their approbation we experience,
Perhaps they 'll have some more about a year hence.

CC.

My poem 's epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books; each book containing,
With Love, and War, a heavy gale at sea,
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters; the episodes are three: [i]
A panoramic view of Hell 's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic 's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets, and some fools:
Prose poets like blank-verse, I 'm fond of rhyme,
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;
I 've got new mythological machinery,
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

i. *And there are other incidents remaining*
Which shall be specified in fitting time,
With good discretion, and in current rhyme.—[*MS.*]

1. [Byron had a seal bearing this motto.]

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CCII.

There 's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before,
And here the advantage is my own, I ween
(Not that I have not several merits more,
But this will more peculiarly be seen);
They so embellish, that 't is quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story 's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To History, Tradition, and to Facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;[i]
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the Devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
I 'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch:
I 'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,"[ii]
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk,[1] the third so quaint and mouthy:

i. *To newspapers, to sermons, which the zeal*
Of pious men have published on his acts.—[*MS.*]
ii. *I'll call the work "Reflections o'er a Bottle."*—[*MS.*]

1. [Here, and elsewhere in *Don Juan*, Byron attacked Coleridge fiercely and venomously, because he believed that his *protégé* had accepted patronage and money, and, notwithstanding, had retailed scandalous statements to the detriment and dishonour of his advocate

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With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy:
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
His Pegasus, nor anything that 's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like "the Blues"—
(There 's *one*, at least, is very fond of this);
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—
Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod;
But if you don't, I 'll lay it on, by G—d!

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray,
That they will not cry out before they 're hurt,
Then that they 'll read it o'er again, and say
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay:
Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.

CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of mind,
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they "the moral cannot find,"
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.

and benefactor (see letter to Murray, November 24, 1818, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 272; and "Introduction to the *Vision of Judgment*," *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 475). Byron does not substantiate his charge of ingratitude, and there is nothing to show whether Coleridge ever knew why a once friendly countenance was changed towards him. He might have asked, with the Courtenays, *Ubi lapsus, quid feci?* If Byron had been on his mind or his conscience he would have drawn up an elaborate explanation or apology; but nothing of the kind is extant. He took the abuse as he had taken the favours—for the unmerited gifts of the blind goddess Fortune. (See, too, *Letter* . . ., by John Bull, 1821, p. 14.)]

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CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they 'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime they 'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I 've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the British.[1]

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thanked me duly by return of post—
I 'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that with this holy *new* alliance
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly; I
Have not essayed to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 't were in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

1. [Compare Byron's "Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review," *Letters*, 1900, iv. Appendix VII. 465-470; and letter to Murray, August 24, 1819, *ibid.*, p. 348: "I wrote to you by last post, enclosing a buffooning letter for publication, addressed to the buffoon Roberts, who has thought proper to tie a canister to his own tail. It was written off-hand, and in the midst of circumstances not very favourable to facetiousness, so that there may, perhaps, be more bitterness than enough for that sort of small acid punch." The letter was in reply to a criticism of *Don Juan* (Cantos I., II.) in the *British Review* (No. xxvii., 1819, vol. 14, pp. 266–268), in which the Editor assumed, or feigned to assume, that the accusation of bribery was to be taken *au grand sérieux*.]

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CCXII.

"*Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventâ*
Consule Planco," [1] Horace said, and so
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a
Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)
I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth—when George the Third was King.

CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is grey—
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought of a peruke the other day—)[i]
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I
Have squandered my whole summer while 't was May,
And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deemed—my soul invincible.

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived [2] in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee.
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 't was not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion 's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,

i. *I thought of dyeing it the other day.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Hor., *Od.* III. C. xiv. lines 27, 28.]
2. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza cvii. line 2.]

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And in thy stead I 've got a deal of judgment,
Though Heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over; me no more [1]
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before,—
In short, I must not lead the life I did do;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXVII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure;
And the two last have left me many a token
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure:
Now, like Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, I 've spoken,
"Time is, Time was, Time 's past:" [2]—a chymic treasure
Is glittering Youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CCXVIII.

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour; [3]

1. "Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero;
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus."
Hor., *Od.* IV. i. 30.

[In the revise the words *nec puer Jam* were omitted. On this Hobhouse comments, "Better add the whole or scratch out all after *femina*."—"Quote the whole then—it was only in compliance with your *settentrionale* notions that I left out the remnant of the line."—[B.]]

2. [For "How Fryer Bacon made a Brazen head to speak," see *The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon* (Reprint, London, 1815, pp. 13–18; see, too, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, ed. Rev. Alexander Dyce, 1861, pp. 153–181.]

3. ["Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?" etc.
Beattie's *Minstrel*, Bk. I. stanza i. lines 1, 2.]

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For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture and worse bust.[i, 1]

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King
Cheops erected the first Pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
But somebody or other rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.[2]

CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself, "Alas!
All things that have been born were born to die,
And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass;
You 've passed your youth not so unpleasantly,
And if you had it o'er again—'t would pass—
So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

i. *A book—a damned bad picture—and worse bust.*[3]—[*MS.*]

1. [Byron sat for his bust to Thorwaldsen, in May, 1817.]

2. [This stanza appears to have been suggested by the following passage in the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1818, vol. xix. p. 203: "[It was] the opinion of the Egyptians, that the soul never deserted the body while the latter continued in a perfect state. To secure this union, King Cheops is said, by Herodotus, to have employed three hundred and sixty thousand of his subjects for twenty years in raising over the 'angusta domus' destined to hold his remains, a pile of stone equal in weight to six millions of tons, which is just three times that of the vast Breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound; and, to render this precious dust still more secure, the narrow chamber was made accessible only by small, intricate passages, obstructed by stones of an enormous weight, and so carefully closed externally as not to be perceptible.—Yet, how vain are all the precautions of man! Not a bone was left of Cheops, either in the stone coffin, or in the vault, when Shaw entered the gloomy chamber."]

3. ["Don't swear again—the third 'damn.'"—[H.]—[*Revise.*]]

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CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader! and
Still gentler purchaser! the Bard—that 's I—
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,[i]
And so—"your humble servant, and Good-bye!"
We meet again, if we should understand
Each other; and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample—
'T were well if others followed my example.

CCXXII.

"Go, little Book, from this my solitude!
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The World will find thee after many days."[1]
When Southey 's read, and Wordsworth understood,
I can't help putting in my claim to praise—
The four first rhymes are Southey's every line:
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine.

Nov. 1, 1818.

i. *Must bid you both farewell in accents bland.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Lines 1–4 are taken from the last stanza of the *Epilogue to the Lay of the Laureate*, entitled "L'Envoy." (See *Poetical Works* of Robert Southey, 1838, x. 174.)]

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CANTO THE SECOND.[1]

I.

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions—
It mends their morals, never mind the pain:
The best of mothers and of educations
In Juan's case were but employed in vain,
Since, in a way that 's rather of the oddest, he
Became divested of his native modesty.[1]

II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
At least, had he been nurtured in the North;
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth—
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be considered: first, there was
His lady-mother, mathematical,
A —— never mind;—his tutor, an old ass;

1. *Lost that most precious stone of stones—his modesty.*—[*MS.*]

1. Begun at Venice, December 13, 1818,—finished January 20, 1819.

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A pretty woman—(that 's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass)
A husband rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well; the World must turn upon its axis,
And all Mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The King commands us, and the Doctor quacks us,
The Priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

V.

I said that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'T is there the mart of the colonial trade is,
(Or was, before Peru learned to rebel),
And such sweet girls![1]—I mean, such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like:[1]

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
New broke, a camelopard, a gazelle,
No—none of these will do;—and then their garb,
Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell
Upon such things would very near absorb
A canto—then their feet and ankles,—well,
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,
(And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse!—well,—if you must, you must)—the veil
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,

1. *But d——n me if I ever saw the like.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare "The Girl of Cadiz," *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 1, and *note* 1.]

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While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart:—All sunny land
Of Love! when I forget you, may I fail
To——say my prayers—but never was there planned
A dress through which the eyes give such a volley,
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.[1]

VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;
To stay there had not answered her intent,
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
'T was for a voyage the young man was meant,
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a Dove of Promise forth.

IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
He was to travel; and though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed:
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school
For naughty children, who would rather play
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool;
Infants of three years old were taught that day,
Dunces were whipped, or set upon a stool:
The great success of Juan's education
Spurred her to teach another generation.[1]

1. *Their manners mending, and their morals curing,*
She taught them to suppress their vice—and urine.—[*MS.*]

1. *Fazzioli*—literally, little handkerchiefs—the veils most availing of St. Mark.

["*I fazzioli*, or kerchiefs (a white kind of veil which the lower orders wear upon their heads)."—Letter to Rogers, March 3, 1818, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 208.]

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XI.

Juan embarked—the ship got under way,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who 've crossed it oft, know well enough;
And, standing on the deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough:
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new:
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,[1]
But almost every other country 's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood, bewildered on the deck:
The wind sung, cordage strained, and sailors swore,
And the ship creaked, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness: try it, Sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Spain receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war;

1. [Compare—

"And fast the white rocks faded from his view
. . . . . .
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he."

Childe Harold, Canto I. stanza xii. lines 3–6, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 24.]

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There is a sort of unexpressed concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar,
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places—one keeps looking at the steeple.

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
Than many persons more advanced in life:
And if we now and then a sigh must heave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

XVI.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion:
I'd weep,—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

XVII.

And Juan wept, and much he sighed and thought,
While his salt tears dropped into the salt sea,
"Sweets to the sweet;" (I like so much to quote;
You must excuse this extract,—'t is where she,
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the grave;) and, sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

XVIII.

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,
"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide!
Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er,

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Farewell, too, dearest Julia!—(here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

XIX.

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that 's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue Ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall Earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of anything, excepting thee;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

XX.

"Sooner shall Heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—
(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor;
Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
Julia, my love!—(you rascal, Pedro, quicker)—
Oh, Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches so)—
Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

XXI.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of Love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends:
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

XXII.

Love 's a capricious power: I 've known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
Against all noble maladies he 's bold,
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

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XXIII.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,[1]
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else[i]
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

XXIV.

The ship, called the most holy "Trinidada,"[2]
Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;
For there the Spanish family Moncada
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born:
They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

XXV.

His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow
And, rocking in his hammock, longed for land,
His headache being increased by every billow;
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

i. *Sea-sickness death; then pardon Juan—how else*
Keep down his stomach ne'er at sea before?—[*MS. M.*]

1. ["To breathe a vein . . . to lance it so as to let blood." Compare—

"*Rosalind.* Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood."
Love's Labour's Lost, act ii. sc. 1, line 185.]

2. ["With regard to the charges about the Shipwreck, I think that I told you and Mr. Hobhouse, years ago, that there was not a *single circumstance* of it *not* taken from *fact*; not, indeed, from any *single* shipwreck, but all from *actual* facts of different wrecks."—Letter to Murray, August 23, 1821. In the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. liii. (August, 1821, pp. 19–22, and September, 1821, pp. 105–109), Byron's indebtedness to Sir G. Dalzell's *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea* (1812, 8vo) is pointed out, and the parallel passages are printed in full.]

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XXVI.

'T was not without some reason, for the wind
Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
And though 't was not much to a naval mind,
Some landsmen would have looked a little pale,
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky showed it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

XXVII.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shattered the
Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The rudder tore away: 't was time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

XXVIII.

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not;
But they could not come at the leak as yet;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet:
The water rushed through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,

XXIX.

Into the opening; but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
But for the pumps: I 'm glad to make them known
To all the brother tars who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone,
But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.[1]

1. ["Night came on worse than the day had been; and a *sudden shift of wind*, about midnight, *threw the ship into the trough of the sea*,

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XXX.

As day advanced the weather seemed to abate,
And then the leak they reckoned to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand—and one chain-pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

XXXI.

There she lay, motionless, and seemed upset;
The water left the hold, and washed the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks:
Thus drownings are much talked of by the divers,
And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,
The main-mast followed: but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.

which struck her aft, tore away the rudder, started the stern-post, and shattered the whole of her stern-frame. The pumps were *immediately sounded*, and in the course of a few minutes the water had increased to *four feet*. . . .

"*One gang was instantly put on them, and the remainder of the people employed in getting up* rice from the run of the ship, and heaving it over, *to come at the leak*, if possible. After three or four hundred bags were thrown into the sea, *we did get at it*, and found *the water rushing* into the ship with astonishing rapidity; therefore we *thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin*, and everything of the like description that could be got, *into the opening*.

"Notwithstanding the pumps *discharged fifty tons of water an hour*, the ship certainly *must have gone down*, had not our *expedients* been attended with some success. *The pumps*, to the excellent construction of which I owe the preservation of my life, *were made by Mr. Mann of London. As the next day advanced, the weather appeared to moderate*, the men continued incessantly at the pumps, and every exertion was made to *keep the ship afloat*."—See "Loss of the American ship *Hercules*, Captain Benjamin Stout, June 16, 1796," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 316, 317.]

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Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.[1]

XXXIII.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

XXXIV.

There 's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion: thus it was,
Some plundered, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamoured in chorus to the roaring Ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for[i.]
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,

i. *Perhaps the whole would have got drunk, but for.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Scarce was this done, when *a gust, exceeding in violence everything of the kind I had ever seen, or could conceive, laid the ship on her beam ends.* . . .

"The ship *lay motionless*, and, to all appearance, irrevocably overset. . . . *The water forsook the hold*, and appeared between decks. . . .

"Immediate directions were given *to cut away the main and mizen masts*, trusting when the ship righted, to be able to wear her. On cutting one or two lanyards, the *mizen-mast went first over*, but without producing the smallest effect on the ship, and, on cutting the lanyard of one shroud, the *main-mast followed*. I had next the mortification to see the *foremast and bowsprit also go over*. On this, *the ship immediately righted with great violence*."—"Loss of the *Centaur* Man-of-War, 1782, by Captain Inglefield," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 41.]

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Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols;[1] and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
All one an hour hence." Juan answered, "No!
'T is true that Death awaits both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
And none liked to anticipate the blow;
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XXXVII.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind lulled: the masts were gone
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.[2]

1. ["A midshipman was appointed to guard the spirit-room, to repress that unhappy desire of a devoted crew *to die in a state of intoxication*. The sailors, though in other respects orderly in conduct, here pressed eagerly upon him.

"'*Give us some grog*,' they exclaimed, '*it will be all one an hour hence*.'—'*I know we must die*,' replied the gallant officer, coolly, '*but let us die like men!*'—*Armed with a brace of pistols*, he kept his post, even while the ship was sinking."—"Loss of the *Earl of Abergavenny*, February 5, 1805," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 418. John Wordsworth, the poet's brother, was captain of the *Abergavenny*. See *Life of William Wordsworth*, by Professor Knight, 1889, i. 370–380; see, too, Coleridge's *Anima Poetæ*, 1895, p. 132. For a contemporary report, see a Maltese paper, *Il Cartaginense*, April 17, 1805.]

2. ["However, by great exertions of the chain-pumps, we *held our*

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They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seemed all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pumped, the weaker thrummed a sail.

XXXIX.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was passed,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 't is best to struggle to the last,
'T is never too late to be wholly wrecked:
And though 't is true that man can only die once,
'T is not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.[1]

XL.

There winds and waves had hurled them, and from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
But the ship laboured so, they scarce could hope

1. *'T is ugly dying in the Gulf of Lyons.*—[*MS.*]

own. . . . All who were not seamen by profession, had been employed in *thrumming a sail which was passed under the ship's bottom, and I thought* had some effect. . . .

"*The Centaur laboured so much*, that I *could scarce hope she would swim* till morning: . . . our sufferings *for want of water* were very great . . . .

"*The weather again threatened*, and by noon *it blew a storm*. The ship laboured greatly; *the water appeared in the fore and after-hold*. I was informed by the carpenter also that *the leathers* were nearly consumed, and the *chains of the pumps*, by constant exertion, and friction of the coils, were rendered almost useless. . . .

"At this period the carpenter acquainted me that the well was stove in, . . . and the chain-pumps displaced and totally useless. . . . Seeing their efforts useless, many of them [the people] burst into tears, and wept like children. . . .

"I perceived *the ship settling by the head*."—"Loss of the *Centaur*," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. pp. 45-49.]

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To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appeared in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLII.

Again the weather threatened,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appeared; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she rolled,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLIII.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,—
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints [1]—but there were none
To pay them with; and some looked o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begged Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damned—in his confusion.[2]

1. [Byron may have had in mind the story of the half-inaudible vow of a monster wax candle, to be offered to St. Christopher of Paris, which Erasmus tells in his *Naufragium*. The passage is scored with a pencil-mark in his copy of the *Colloquies*.]

2. [Stanza xliv. recalls Cardinal de Retz's description of the storm at sea in the Gulf of Lyons: "Everybody were at their prayers, or

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XLV.

Some lashed them in their hammocks; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the Sun,
And gnashed their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.[1]

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'T was difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;[i]
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress:
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;

i. *Men will prove hungry, even when next perdition.*—[*MS.*]

were confessing themselves. . . . The private captain of the galley caused, in the greatest height of the danger, *his embroidered coat and his red scarf* to be brought to him, saying, that a true Spaniard ought to die bearing his King's Marks of distinction. He sat himself down in a great elbow chair, and with his foot struck a poor Neapolitan in the chops, who, not being able to stand upon the Coursey of the Galley, was crawling along, crying out aloud, '*Sennor Don Fernando, por l'amor de Dios, Confession.*' The captain, when he struck him, said to him, '*Inimigo de Dios piedes Confession!* And as I was representing to him, that his inference was not right, he said that that old man gave offence to the whole galley. You can't imagine the horror of a great storm; you can as little imagine the Ridicule mixed with it. A Sicilian Observantine monk was preaching at the foot of the great mast, that St. Francis had appeared to him, and had assured him that we should not perish. I should never have done, should I undertake to describe all the ridiculous frights that are seen on these occasions."—*Memoirs of Cardinal de Rets*, 1723, iii. 353.]

1. ["Some appeared perfectly resigned, *went to their hammocks*, and desired their messmates *to lash them in;* others were securing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most predominant idea was that *of putting on their best* and *cleanest clothes.* The boats . . . were got over the side."—"Loss of the *Centaur*," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 49, 50.]

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Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,[1]
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;[2]
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,[3]
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown.[i]
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear[ii]
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,

i. *Which being withdrawn, discloses but the frown.*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *Of one who hates us, so the night was shown*
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate ——.—[*MS.*]

1. ["Eight bags of rice, *six casks of water*, and a *small quantity of salted beef and pork*, were put into the long-boat, as provisions for the whole."—"Wreck of the *Sidney*, 1806," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 434.]

2. ["The *yawl was stove* alongside and sunk."—"Loss of the *Centaur*," *ibid.*, iii. 50.]

3. ["*One oar* was erected for a *main-mast*, and the other broke to the breadth of the *blankets for a yard*."—"Loss of the *Duke William* Transport, 1758," *ibid.*, ii. 387.]

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A sort of thing at which one would have laughed,[1]
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaffed,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,[2]
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.[3]

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,[4]
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud Ocean, like a crash

1. ["As *rafts* had been mentioned by the carpenter, I thought it right *to make the attempt*. . . . It was impossible for any man to deceive himself with the hopes of being saved on a raft in such a sea."—"Loss of the *Centaur*," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 50, 51.]

2. ["*Spars*, *booms*, *hencoops*, and *every thing* buoyant, was therefore *cast loose*, that the men might have some chance to save themselves."—"Loss of the *Pandora*," *ibid.*, iii. 197.]

3. ["We had scarce quitted the ship, when she gave a heavy *lurch to port*, and *then went down*, *head foremost*."—"Loss of the *Lady Hobart*," *ibid.*, iii. 378.]

4. ["At this moment, one of the officers told the captain that she was going down, . . . and bidding him farewell, leapt overboard: . . . the crew had just time to *leap overboard*, which they did, uttering *a most dreadful yell*."—"Loss of the *Pandora*," *ibid.*, iii. 198.]

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Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied by a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perished; near two hundred souls
Had left their bodies; and what 's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the Ocean rolls,
They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
Because, till people know what 's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that 's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seemed as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case:
Battista, though, (a name called shortly Tita),
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jumped into the wave,
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,

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And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don José's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepped
Off threw him in, then after him he leaped.[1]

LIX.

He also stuffed his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
As every rising wave his dread renewed;
But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embarked his tutor and his spaniel.

LX.

'T was a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalmed between the seas,[2]
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze:

1. ["The boat, being fastened to the rigging, was no sooner cleared of the greatest part of the water, than a dog of mine came to me running along the gunwale. *I took him in.*"—"Shipwreck of the Sloop *Betsy*, on the Coast of Dutch Guiana, August 5, 1756 (Philip Aubin, Commander)," *Remarkable Shipwrecks*, Hartford, 1813, p. 175.]

2. [Qy. "My good Sir! when the sea runs very high this is the case, as *I know*, but if *my authority* is not enough, see Bligh's account of his run to Timor, after being cut adrift by the mutineers headed by Christian."—[B.]

"Pray tell me who was the Lubber who put the query? surely not *you*, Hobhouse! We have both of us seen too much of the sea for that. You may rely on my using no nautical word not founded on authority, and no circumstances not grounded in reality."]

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Each sea curled o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,[1]
So that themselves as well as hopes were damped,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamped.

LXI.

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitched together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast;
Though every wave rolled menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpassed,[2]
They grieved for those who perished with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done:
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun[3]
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numbed with the immersion,

1. ["It blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, so that between the seas the sail was becalmed; and when *on the top of the sea, it was too much to have set*, but I was obliged to carry it, for we were now in very imminent danger and distress; *the sea curling over the stern* of the boat, which obliged us *to bale with all our might*."—*A Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty*, by William Bligh, 1790, p. 23.]

2. ["Before it was dark, *a blanket* was discovered in the boat. This was immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it, *as a sail*, we scudded all night, in expectation of being *swallowed up by every wave*."—"Loss of the *Centaur*," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 52.]

3. ["*The sun rose very fiery and red, a sure indication of a severe gale of wind.*—We could do nothing more than keep before the sea.—*I now served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person*, . . . with a quarter of a bread-fruit, which was scarce eatable, for dinner."—*A Narrative, etc.*, by W. Bligh, 1790, pp. 23, 24.]

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While t' other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they filled their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.[1]

LXIV.

'T is very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's misery of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'T is said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
That some, I really think, *do* never die:
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And *that* 's their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.[2]

LXVI.

'T is thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of Life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

1. ["[As] our lodgings were very miserable and confined, I had only in my power to remedy the latter defect, by putting ourselves *at watch and watch;* so that *one half* always sat up, while the other half *lay down* on the boat's bottom, with *nothing to cover us but the heavens.*"—*A Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty*, by William Bligh, 1790, p. 28.]

2. [For Byron's debts to Mrs. Massingberd, "Jew" King, etc., and for money raised on annuities, see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 174, *note* 2, and letter to Hanson, December 11, 1817, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 187, "The list of annuities sent by Mr. Kinnaird, including Jews and Sawbridge, amounts to twelve thousand eight hundred and some odd pounds."]

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LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your labouring people think, beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And lying on their weariness like balm,
Lulled them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of Ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!
And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And Ocean slumbered like an unweaned child:
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and Hunger's rage grew wild:
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was killed, and portioned out for present eating.[1]

1. ["The third day we began to suffer exceedingly . . . from hunger and thirst. I then seized my dog, and plunged the knife in his throat.

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LXXI.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,[1]
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devoured it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blistered and scorched, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not: savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whispered his companion, who
Whispered another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'T was but his own, suppressed till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

We caught his blood in the hat, receiving in our hands and drinking what ran over; we afterwards drank in turn out of the hat, and felt ourselves refreshed."—"Shipwreck of the *Betsy*," *Remarkable Shipwrecks*, Hartford, 1813, p. 177.]

1. ["One day, when I was at home in my hut with my Indian dog, a party came to my door, and told me their necessities were such that they must eat the creature or starve. Though their plea was urgent, I could not help using some arguments to endeavour to dissuade them from killing him, as his faithful services and fondness deserved it at my hands; but, without weighing my arguments, they took him away by force and killed him. . . . Three weeks after that I was glad to make a meal of his paws and skin which, upon recollecting the spot where they had killed him, I found thrown aside and rotten."—*The Narrative of the Honourable John Byron, etc.*, 1768, pp. 47, 48.]

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LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remained of shoes;
And then they looked around them, and despaired,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
At length the lots were torn up,[1] and prepared,
But of materials that must shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

LXXV.

The lots were made, and marked, and mixed, and handed,
In silent horror,[2] and their distribution
Lulled even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or planned it,
'T was Nature gnawed them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

LXXVI.

He but requested to be bled to death:
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled[3]
Pedrillo, and so gently ebbed his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.

1. [Being driven to distress for want of food, "they *soaked their shoes*, and two *hairy caps* in water; and when sufficiently softened ate portions of the leather." But day after day having passed, and the cravings of hunger pressing hard upon them, they fell upon the horrible and dreadful expedient of eating each other; and in order to prevent any contention about who should become the food of the others, "they cast lots to determine the sufferer."—"Sufferings of the Crew of the *Thomas* [Twelve Men in an Open Boat, 1797]," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 356.]

2. ["*The lots were drawn:* 'the captain, summoning all his strength, wrote upon slips of paper the name of each man, folded them up, put them into a hat, and shook them together. The crew, meanwhile, preserved *an awful silence;* each eye was fixed and each mouth open, while terror was strongly impressed upon every countenance.' The unhappy person, with manly fortitude, resigned himself to his miserable associates."—"Famine in the American Ship *Peggy*, 1765," *Remarkable Shipwrecks*, Hartford, 1813, pp. 358, 359.]

3. ["*He requested to be bled to death, the surgeon* being with them, and having *his case of instruments* in his pocket when he quitted the vessel."—"Sufferings of the Crew of the *Thomas*," *Shipwrecks, etc.*, 1812, iii. 357.]

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He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they 're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kissed,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferred a draught from the fast-flowing veins:[1]
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains
Regaled two sharks, who followed o'er the billow—
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
'T was not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.

'T was better that he did not; for, in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme;
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
Went raging mad[2]—Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam, and roll, with strange convulsions racked,
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.

Their numbers were much thinned by this infliction,
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knows;

1. ["Yet scarce was the vein divided when the operator, applying his own parched lips, *drank the stream as it flowed*, and his comrades anxiously watched the last breath of the victim, that they might prey upon his flesh."—*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 357.]

2. ["Those who indulged their cannibal appetite to excess speedily perished in *raging madness*," etc.—*Ibid.*]

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And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
But others pondered on a new dissection,
As if not warned sufficiently by those
Who had already perished, suffering madly,
For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.

And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fattest; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons: the first was,
He had been rather indisposed of late;
And—that which chiefly proved his saving clause—
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.

Of poor Pedrillo something still remained,
But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
And others still their appetites constrained,
Or but at times a little supper made;
All except Juan, who throughout abstained,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:[1]
At length they caught two Boobies, and a Noddy,[2]
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino[3] condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends

1. ["Another expedient we had frequent recourse to, on finding it supplied our mouths with temporary moisture, was *chewing* any substance we could find, generally a bit of canvas, or even *lead*."—"The Shipwreck of the *Juno* on the Coast of Aracan," 1795, *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 270.]

2. ["At noon, some noddies came so near to us that one of them was caught by hand. . . . I divided it into eighteen portions. In the evening we saw several *boobies*."—*A Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty*, by William Bligh, 1790, p. 41.]

3. ["Quand' ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti
Riprese il teschio misero coi denti,
Che furo all' osso, come d'un can forti."
Dante, *Inferno*, canto xxxiii. lines 76–78.]

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His tale: if foes be food in Hell, at sea
'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When Shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV.

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water 's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famished boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You 'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

LXXXV.

It poured down torrents, but they were no richer
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deemed its moisture was complete,
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher [1]
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,[2]
Sucked in the moisture, which like nectar streamed;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
As the rich man's in Hell, who vainly screamed
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seemed
To taste of Heaven—If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

1. ["Whenever a heavy shower afforded us a few mouthfuls of fresh water, either by catching the drops as they fell or by squeezing them out of our clothes, it infused new life and vigour into us, and for a while we had almost forgot our misery."—*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 270. Compare *The Island*, Canto I. stanza ix. lines 193, 194, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 595.]

2. [Compare—

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked."
Ancient Mariner, Part III. line 157.]

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LXXXVII.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.[1]

LXXXVIII.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;[2]
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

LXXXIX.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.[3]

1. ["Mr. Wade's boy, a *stout healthy lad, died early*, and almost without a groan; while another, of the same age, but of a less promising appearance, held out much longer. Their fathers were both in the fore-top, when the boys were taken ill. [Wade], hearing of his son's illness, answered, with indifference, that *he could do nothing for him*, and left him to his fate."—"Narrative of the Shipwreck of the *Juno*, 1795," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 273.]

2. ["*The other* [*father*] hurried down. . . . By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the quarter gallery. To this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail, to prevent his being washed away."—*Ibid.*]

3. ["Whenever the *boy was seized* with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and *wiped away the foam from his lips*; and if a *shower came*, he made him open his mouth to *receive the drops*, or gently *squeezed them into it from a rag*."—*Ibid.*]

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XC.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;[1]
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Waxed broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that 's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwrecked men.

XCII.

It changed, of course; a heavenly Chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

XCIII.

Our shipwrecked seamen thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then;
'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when

1. ["In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till *the boy expired*. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, looked *wistfully* at it, and when he could no *longer entertain any doubt*, watched it in silence *until* it was carried *off by sea;* then wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, *sunk down*, and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the *quivering of his limbs* when a wave broke over him."—"Narrative of the Shipwreck of the *Juno*, 1795," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, p. 274.]

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Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow looked like Hope—
Quite a celestial Kaleidoscope.

XCIV.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have erred
Upon its course), passed oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and fluttered round them till
Night fell:—this seemed a better omen still.[1]

XCV.

But in this case I also must remark,
'T was well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shattered bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVI.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence; the stars shone out,
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said "No!"
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,[2]
And all mistook about the latter once.

1. ["*About this time a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage*, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter, and, notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, frequently *attempted to perch on it*, and continued *fluttering there till dark*. Trifling as such an incident may appear, we all considered it a *propitious omen*."—"Loss of the *Lady Hobart*, 1803," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 389.]

2. ["I found it necessary to caution the people against being deceived by the *appearance of land*, or calling out till we were quite convinced of

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XCVII.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
If 't was not land that rose with the Sun's ray,
He wished that land he never might see more;[1]
And the rest rubbed their eyes and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,[2]
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seemed as if they had no further care;
While a few prayed—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep: they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,[3]
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind

its reality, more especially as *fog-banks* are often mistaken for land: several of the poor fellows nevertheless repeatedly exclaimed *they heard breakers*, and some the *firing of guns*."—"Loss of the *Lady Hobart*," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 391.]

1. ["*At length one of them broke out into a most immoderate swearing fit of joy*, which I could not restrain, and declared, that *he had never seen land in his life, if what he now saw was not so*."—"Loss of the *Centaur*," *ibid.*, p. 55.]

2. ["The joy at a speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many *burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful* of the reality of what they saw; while several were in such a lethargic condition, that no animating words could rouse them to exertion. At this affecting period, I proposed offering up our solemn thanks to Heaven for the miraculous deliverance."—"Loss of the *Lady Hobart*," *ibid.*, p. 391.]

3. [After having suffered the horrors of hunger and thirst for many days, "they accidentally descried a *small* turtle *floating on the surface of the water asleep*."—"Sufferings of the Crew of the *Thomas*," *ibid.*, p. 356.]

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Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

C.

The land appeared a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

CI.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale:
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still followed them, and dashed
The spray into their faces as they splashed.

CII.

Famine—despair—cold—thirst and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinned them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew;[1]
By night chilled, by day scorched, thus one by one
They perished, until withered to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

1. ["An indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire; the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags."—*Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty*, by William Bligh, 1790, p. 80. Compare *The Siege of Corinth*, lines 1048, 1049, *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 494, *note* 3.]

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CIII.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smoothed the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seemed any object that should sweep
Away the vast—salt—dread—eternal Deep.

CIV.

The shore looked wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.[1]

CV.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turned the art to some account:
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.[2]

CVI.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoyed his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry:

1. ["They discovered land *right ahead*, and steered for it. There being a very *heavy surf*, they endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it, which, from weakness, they were unable to accomplish, and soon afterwards *the boat upset*."—"Sufferings of Six Deserters from St. Helena, 1799," *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, 1812, iii. 371.]

2. [Compare lines "Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos," *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 13, *note* 1; see, too, *Letters*, 1898, i. 262, 263, *note* 1.]

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The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was washed
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelmed him as 't was dashed
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lashed;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Rolled on the beach, half-senseless, from the sea:

CVIII.

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

CIX.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he looked for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appeared to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the famished three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses passed:
He fell upon his side, and his stretched hand
Drooped dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a withered lily, on the land

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His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was formed of clay.

CXI.

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay[1]
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness passed away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seemed throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquished, still retired with strife.

CXII.

His eyes he opened, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wished it Death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.

'T was bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seemed almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recalled his answering spirits back from Death:
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,

1. [Compare—

"How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare."

The Ancient Mariner, Part V. lines 393, 394.]

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Pillowed his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drenched by every storm;
And watched with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

CXV.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roofed them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appeared distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair—
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a Lady in the land.

CXVII.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as Death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'T is as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one[i]

i. —— *in short she 's one.*—[*MS.*]

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Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all 's done—
I 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).[i.] [1]

CXIX.

I 'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady,[2] to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compassed, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

CXX.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquiña and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.[3]

CXXI.

But with our damsel this was not the case:
Her dress was many-coloured, finely spun;
Her locks curled negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone:

i. *A set of humbug rascals, when all 's done—*
I 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their d——d ideal.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza l. lines 6–9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 366, *note* 1.]

2. [Probably that "Alpha and Omega of Beauty," Lady Adelaide Forbes (daugher of George, sixth Earl of Granard), whom Byron compared to the Apollo Belvidere. See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 230, *note* 3.]

3. ["The *saya* or *basquiña* . . . the outer petticoat . . . is always black, and is put over the indoor dress on going out." Compare *Μελανείμονες ἅπαντες τὸ πλέον ἐν σάγοις*, Strabo, lib. iii. ed. 1807, i. 210. Ford's *Handbook for Spain*, 1855, i. 111.]

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Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flowed in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flashed on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

CXXII.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she
Had not so many ornaments to strike,
Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.

And these two tended him, and cheered him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
Which are—as I must own—of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions:
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cooked since Homer's
Achilles ordered dinner for new comers.[1]

CXXIV.

I 'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lest they should seem Princesses in disguise;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

CXXV.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;

1. ["When Ajax, Ulysses, and Phœnix stand before Achilles, he rushes forth to greet them, brings them into the tent, directs Patroclus to mix the wine, cuts up the meat, dresses it, and sets it before the ambassadors" (*Iliad*, ix. 193, *sq.*).—*Study of the Classics*, by H. N. Coleridge, 1830, p. 71.]

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But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle, and he fished
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wished;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and dished
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please;
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.

He had an only daughter, called Haidée,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.

And walking out upon the beach, below
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
Don Juan, almost famished, and half drowned;

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But being naked, she was shocked, you know,
Yet deemed herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
A stranger" dying—with so white a skin.

CXXX.

But taking him into her father's house
Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much "*vous*,"
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest:
And when, at last, he opened his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest;
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It opened half the turnpike-gates to Heaven—
(St. Paul says, 't is the toll which must be given).

CXXXII.

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they
Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,—
Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since, so long they lay,
A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnished twenty.

CXXXIII.

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,[i]
For Haidée stripped her sables off to make
His couch; and, that he might be more at ease,
And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece,
She and her maid,—and promised by daybreak

i. *And such a bed of furs, and a pelisse.*—[*MS.*]

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To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

CXXXIV.

And thus they left him to his lone repose:
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),
Just for the present; and in his lulled head
Not even a vision of his former woes
Throbbed in accurséd dreams, which sometimes spread[i]
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

CXXXV.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the maid,
Who smoothed his pillow, as she left the den
Looked back upon him, and a moment stayed,
And turned, believing that he called again.
He slumbered; yet she thought, at least she said
(The heart will slip, even as the tongue and pen),
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.

And pensive to her father's house she went,
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
She being wiser by a year or two:
A year or two 's an age when rightly spent,
And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in Nature's good old college.

CXXXVII.

The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
Fast in his cave, and nothing clashed upon
His rest; the rushing of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beams of the excluded Sun,

i. —— *which often spread,*
And come like opening Hell upon the mind,
No "baseless fabric," but "a wrack behind."—[*MS.*]

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Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffered more—his hardships were comparative[i.]
To those related in my grand-dad's "Narrative."[1]

CXXXVIII.

Not so Haidée: she sadly tossed and tumbled,
And started from her sleep, and, turning o'er,
Dreamed of a thousand wrecks, o'er which she stumbled,
And handsome corpses strewed upon the shore;
And woke her maid so early that she grumbled,
And called her father's old slaves up, who swore
In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek—
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.

But up she got, and up she made them get,
With some pretence about the Sun, that makes
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;
And 't is, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
And night is flung off like a mourning suit
Worn for a husband,—or some other brute.[ii.]

CXL.

I say, the Sun is a most glorious sight,
I 've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,[iii.][2]
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;

i. *Had e'er escaped more dangers on the deep;—*
And those who are not drowned, at least may sleep.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Wore for a husband—or some such like brute.*—[*MS.*]
iii. —— *although of late*
I've changed, for some few years, the day to night.—[*MS.*]

1. [Entitled *A Narrative of the Honourable John Byron* (Commodore in a late expedition round the world), containing an account of the great distresses suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia, from the year 1740, till their arrival in England, 1746. Written by Himself," London, 1768, 4o. For the Hon. John Byron, 1723-86, younger brother of William, fifth Lord Byron, see *Letters*, 1898, i. 3.]

2. [The second canto of *Don Juan* was finished in January, 1819, when the Venetian Carnival was at its height.]

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And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffined at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

CXLI.

And Haidée met the morning face to face;
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
From heart to cheek is curbed into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.[1]

CXLII.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the Sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.[1]

CXLIII.

And when into the cavern Haidée stepped
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopped, and stood as if in awe

i. —— *just the same*
As at this moment I should like to do;—
But I have done with kisses—having kissed
All those that would—regretting those I missed.—[*MS.*]

1. [Strabo (lib. xvi. ed. 1807, p. 1106) gives various explanations of the name, assigning the supposed redness to the refraction of the rays of the vertical sun; or to the shadow of the scorched mountain-sides which form its shores; or, as Ctesias would have it, to a certain fountain which discharged red oxide of lead into its waters. "Abyssinian" Bruce had no doubt that "large trees or plants of coral spread everywhere over the bottom," made the sea "red," and accounted for the name. But, according to Niebuhr, the Red Sea is the Sea of Edom, which, being interpreted, is "Red."]

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(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapped him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as Death
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

CXLIV.

And thus like to an Angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast—and, betimes, lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,
And that a shipwrecked youth would hungry be;
Besides, being less in love, she yawned a little,
And felt her veins chilled by the neighbouring sea;
And so, she cooked their breakfast to a tittle;
I can't say that she gave them any tea,
But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would fain have wakened Juan;
But Haidée stopped her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand;
And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seemed as it would ne'er awake.

CXLVII.

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
A purple hectic played like dying day
On the snow-tops of distant hills; the streak
Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
Where the blue veins looked shadowy, shrunk, and weak;
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,

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Which weighed upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mixed with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hushed as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Drooped as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lulled like the depth of Ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;[i]
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turned him rather yellow.

CXLIX.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
Had further sleep a further pleasure made:
For Woman's face was never formed in vain
For Juan, so that even when he prayed
He turned from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
And looked upon the lady, in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
As with an effort she began to speak;
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CLI.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
And her voice was the warble of a bird,[1]
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,

i. *Fair as the rose just plucked to crown the wreath,*
Soft as the unfledged birdling when at rest.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *Mazeppa*, lines 829, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 232.]

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That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;[i]
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence Melody descends as from a throne.

CLII.

And Juan gazed as one who is awoke
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's curséd knock ;
At least it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLIII.

And Juan, too, was helped out from his dream,
Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling
A most prodigious appetite ; the steam
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up, kneeling,
To stir her viands, made him quite awake
And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these oxless isles ;
Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,
And, when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on :
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on ;
Others are fair and fertile, among which
This, though not large, was one of the most rich.

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—

i. *That finer melody was never heard,*
The kind of sound whose echo is a tear,
Whose accents are the steps of Music's throne.[1]—[*MS.*]

1. ["To the Publisher. Take of these varieties which is thought best. I have no choice."]

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From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who wore
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (sinking
The allegory) a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
Because 't is liquor only, and being far
From this my subject, has no business here;
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
So were the Cretans—from which I infer,
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
As all his latter meals had been quite raw,
Three or four things, for which the Lord he praised,
And, feeling still the famished vulture gnaw,
He fell upon whate'er was offered, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

CLVIII.

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she,
Who watched him like a mother, would have fed
Him past all bounds, because she smiled to see
Such appetite in one she had deemed dead:
But Zoe, being older than Haidée,
Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had read)
That famished people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.

CLIX.

And so she took the liberty to state,
Rather by deeds than words, because the case
Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose fate
Had made her mistress quit her bed to trace

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The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his plate,
Unless he wished to die upon the place—
She snatched it, and refused another morsel,
Saying, he had gorged enough to make a horse ill.

CLX.

Next they—he being naked, save a tattered
Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to work,
And in the fire his recent rags they scattered,
And dressed him, for the present, like a Turk,
Or Greek—that is, although it not much mattered,
Omitting turban, slippers, pistol, dirk,—
They furnished him, entire, except some stitches,
With a clean shirt, and very spacious breeches.

CLXI.

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listened so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

CLXII.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
The answer eloquent, where the Soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus in every look she saw expressed
A world of words, and things at which she guessed.

CLXIII.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book,

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Thus Juan learned his *alpha beta* better
From Haidée's glance than any graven letter.

CLXIV.

'T is pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been;[1]
They smile so when one 's right, and when one 's wrong
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—[i.]
I learned the little that I know by this:

CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,
Italian not at all, having no teachers;[ii.]
Much English I cannot pretend to speak,
Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,
Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week
I study, also Blair—the highest reachers
Of eloquence in piety and prose—
I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
A wanderer from the British world of Fashion,[2]
Where I, like other "dogs, have had my day,"
Like other men, too, may have had my passion—
But that, like other things, has passed away,
And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on:
Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.[iii.];

i. *Pressure of hands, et cetera—or a kiss.*—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]
ii. *Italian rather more, having more teachers.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Foes, friends, sex, kind, are nothing more to me*
Than a mere dream of something o'er the sea.—[*MS.*]

1. [Moore, quoting from memory from one of Byron's MS. journals, says that he speaks of "making earnest love to the younger of his fair hostesses at Seville, with the help of a dictionary."—*Life*, p. 93. See, too, letter to his mother, August 11, 1809, *Letters*, 1898, i. 240.]

2. ["In 1813 . . . in the fashionable world of London, of which I then formed an item, a fraction, the segment of a circle, the unit of a million, the nothing of something. . . . I had been the lion of 1812."—Extracts from a Diary, January 19, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 177, 178.]

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CLXVII.

Return we to Don Juan. He begun [1]
To hear new words, and to repeat them; but
Some feelings, universal as the Sun,
Were such as could not in his breast be shut
More than within the bosom of a nun:
He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,
With a young benefactress,—so was she,
Just in the way we very often see.

CLXVIII.

And every day by daybreak—rather early
For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—
She came into the cave, but it was merely
To see her bird reposing in his nest;[2]
And she would softly stir his locks so curly,
Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,
Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,[i]
As o'er a bed of roses the sweet South.

CLXIX.

And every morn his colour freshlier came,
And every day helped on his convalescence;
'T was well, because health in the human frame
Is pleasant, besides being true Love's essence,
For health and idleness to Passion's flame
Are oil and gunpowder; and some good lessons
Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.[3]

CLXX.

While Venus fills the heart, (without heart really
Love, though good always, is not quite so good,)
Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—
For Love must be sustained like flesh and blood,—

i. *Holding her sweet breath o'er his cheek and mouth,*
As o'er a bed of roses, etc.—[*MS.*]

1. [For the same archaism or blunder, compare *Manfred*, act i. sc. 4, line 19, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 132.]
2. [Compare *The Prisoner of Chillon*, line 78, *ibid.*, p. 16.]
3. [*Vide post*, Canto XVI. stanza lxxxvi. line 6, p. 598, *note* 1.]

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While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food;[i]
But who is their purveyor from above
Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan, or Jove.

CLXXI.

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,
A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes
That ever made a youthful heart less steady,
Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size;
But I have spoken of all this already—
A repetition 's tiresome and unwise,—
Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,
Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

CLXXII.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing passed for nothing; Juan seemed
To her, as 't were, the kind of being sent,
Of whom these two years she had nightly dreamed,
A something to be loved, a creature meant
To be her happiness, and whom she deemed
To render happy; all who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a Twin.

CLXXIII.

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake:
To live with him for ever were too much;
But then the thought of parting made her quake;
He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.[ii]

i. *For without heart Love is not quite so good;*
Ceres is commissary to our bellies,
And Love, which also much depends on food:
While Bacchus will provide with wine and jellies—
Oysters and eggs are also living food.—[*MS.*]

ii. *He was her own, her Ocean-lover, cast*
To be her soul's first idol, and its last.—[*MS.*]

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CLXXIV.

And thus a moon rolled on, and fair Haidée
Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
Such plentiful precautions, that still he
Remained unknown within his craggy nook;
At last her father's prows put out to sea,
For certain merchantmen upon the look,
Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
But three Ragusan vessels, bound for Scio.

CLXXV.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
So that, her father being at sea, she was
Free as a married woman, or such other
Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
Without even the encumbrance of a brother,
The freest she that ever gazed on glass:
I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison.

CLXXVI.

Now she prolonged her visits and her talk
(For they must talk), and he had learnt to say
So much as to propose to take a walk,—
For little had he wandered since the day
On which, like a young flower snapped from the stalk,
Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
And thus they walked out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.[i]

CLXXVII.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost;
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretched Ocean glitter like a lake.

i. *And saw the sunset and the rising moon.*—[*MS.*]

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CLXXVIII.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach
Scarcely o'erpassed the cream of your champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,
That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have Wine and Woman,[1] Mirth and Laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

CLXXIX.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of Life is but intoxication:
Glory, the Grape, Love, Gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of Life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion!
But to return,—Get very drunk, and when
You wake with headache—you shall see what then!

CLXXX.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water,[2] then you 'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,[3]
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,[4]
After long travel, Ennui, Love, or Slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water!

i. *A pleasure naught but drunkenness can bring;*
For not the blest sherbet all chilled with snow,
Nor the full sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor wine in all the purple of its glow.—[*MS.*]

1. [The MS. and the editions of 1819, 1823, 1828, read "woman." The edition of 1833 reads "women." The text follows the MS. and the earlier editions.]
2. [Compare stanza prefixed to Dedication, *vide ante*, p. 2.]
3. [Compare—

"Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!"

Corsair, Canto I. lines 427, 428, *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 242.]

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CLXXXI.

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untossed,
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crossed
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.

And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the Sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all Nature, hushed, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.

And thus they wandered forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and hardened sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Worked by the storms, yet worked as it were planned
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turned to rest; and, each clasped by an arm,
Yielded to the deep Twilight's purple charm.

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CLXXXV.

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy Ocean, vast and bright;[i.]
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad Moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

CLXXXVI.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of Youth, and Love,
And Beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where Heart, and Soul, and Sense, in concert move,
And the blood 's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

CLXXXVII.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reckoned;
And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second:
They had not spoken, but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckoned,
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.[ii.]

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent Ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momently grew less,

i. *Spread like an Ocean, varied, vast, and bright.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *I'm sure they never reckoned;*
And being joined—like swarming bees they clung,
And mixed until the very pleasure stung.
or, *And one was innocent, but both too young,*
Their hearts the flowers, etc.—[*MS.*]

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The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.

They feared no eyes nor ears on that lone beach;
They felt no terrors from the night; they were
All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—
And all the burning tongues the Passions teach[i]
Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of Nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.

Haidée spoke not of scruples, asked no vows,
Nor offered any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurred;
She was all which pure Ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird;
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCI.

She loved, and was belovéd—she adored,
And she was worshipped after Nature's fashion—
Their intense souls, into each other poured,
If souls could die, had perished in that passion,—
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

CXCII.

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the Heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,

i. *In all the burning tongues the Passions teach*
They had no further feeling, hope, nor care
Save one, and that was Love.—[*MS. erased.*]

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Prompts deeds Eternity can not annul,
But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.

Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were
So loving and so lovely—till then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damned for ever:
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And Hell and Purgatory—but forgot
Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around her lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps;
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He hers, until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that 's quite antique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

CXCV.

And when those deep and burning moments passed,
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustained his head upon her bosom's charms;
And now and then her eye to Heaven is cast,
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants.[i]

CXCVI.

An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,

i. *Pillowed upon her beating heart—which panted*
With the sweet memory of all it granted.—[*MS.*]

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A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

CXCVII.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of Life with us is living;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 't is giving;
All it hath felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,
Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving:
There lies the thing we love with all its errors
And all its charms, like Death without its terrors.

CXCVIII.

The Lady watched her lover—and that hour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude
O'erflowed her soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXCIX.

Alas! the love of Women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, Life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

CC.

They are right; for Man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to Women: one sole bond
Awaits them—treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?

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A thankless husband—next, a faithless lover—
Then dressing, nursing, praying—and all 's over.

CCI.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel: [i]
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.[1]

CCII.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this;
Haidée was Passion's child, born where the Sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love, beyond,—her heart beat *here*.

CCIII.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!
How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat
Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough job
To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

CCIV.

And now 't was done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed

i. *Some drown themselves, some in the vices grovel.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Lady Caroline Lamb's *Glenarvon* was published in 1816. For Byron's farewell letter of dismissal, which Lady Caroline embodied in her novel (vol. iii. chap. ix.), see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 135, *note* 1. According to Medwin (*Conversations*, 1824, p. 274), Madame de Staël catechized Byron with regard to the relation of the story to fact.]

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Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallowed and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed:[i]
And they were happy—for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth Paradise.

CCV.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the suitor,
Titus the master,[1] Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars—Ovid tutor—
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be neuter—
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the wave)—
Oh, Love! thou art the very God of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee Devil.

CCVI.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state precarious,
And jestest with the brows of mightiest men:
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,[2]
Have much employed the Muse of History's pen:
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,
Such worthies Time will never see again;
Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,
They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckolds.

CCVII.

Thou mak'st philosophers; there 's Epicurus
And Aristippus, a material crew!
Who to immoral courses would allure us
By theories quite practicable too;

i. *In their sweet feelings holily united,*
By Solitude (soft parson) they were wed.—[*MS.*]

1. [Titus forebore to marry "Incesta" Berenice (see Juv., *Sat.* vi. 158), the daughter of Agrippa I., and wife of Herod, King of Chalcis, out of regard to the national prejudice against intermarriage with an alien.]

2. [Cæsar's third wife, Pompeia, was suspected of infidelity with Clodius (see Langhorne's *Plutarch*, 1838, p. 498); Pompey's third wife, Mucia, intrigued with Cæsar (*vide ibid.*, p. 447); Mahomet's favourite wife, Ayesha, on one occasion incurred suspicion; Antonina, the wife of Belisarius, was notoriously profligate (see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, 1825, iii. 432, 102).]

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If only from the Devil they would insure us,
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),
"Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail us?"
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.[1]

CCVIII.

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?
And should he have forgotten her so soon?
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
Perplexing question; but, no doubt, the moon
Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
Strong palpitation rises, 't is her boon,
Else how the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?

CCIX.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid;
Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

CCX.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
And whispered, "Think of every sacred tie!"
"I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
"But then her teeth, and then, oh, Heaven! her eye!
I 'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,
Or neither—out of curiosity."
"Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so Grecian,
(Though she was masqued then as a fair Venetian;)

CCXI.

"Stop!" so I stopped.—But to return: that which
Men call inconstancy is nothing more
Than admiration due where Nature's rich
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er

1. [Compare *Sardanapalus*, act i. sc. 2, line 252, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 23, *note* 1.]

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Some favoured object; and as in the niche
A lovely statue we almost adore,
This sort of adoration of the real
Is but a heightening of the *beau ideal.*

CCXII.

'T is the perception of the Beautiful,
A fine extension of the faculties,
Platonic, universal, wonderful,
Drawn from the stars, and filtered through the skies,
Without which Life would be extremely dull;
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just
To hint that flesh is formed of fiery dust.[i]

CCXIII.

Yet 't is a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object graces quite as killing
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
'T would save us many a heartache, many a shilling,
(For we must get them anyhow, or grieve),
Whereas if one sole lady pleased for ever,
How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The Heart is like the sky, a part of Heaven,
But changes night and day, too, like the sky;
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And Darkness and Destruction as on high:
But when it hath been scorched, and pierced, and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth at last the Heart's blood turned to tears,
Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a while,
That all the rest creep in and form a junction,

i. —— *of ticklish dust.*—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

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Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil—[1]
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction—
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like Earthquakes from the hidden fire called "central."

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
In this anatomy, I 've finished now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,[1]
That being about the number I 'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead
For them and theirs with all who deign to read.

1. *Two hundred stanzas reckoned as before.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Mr. Hobhouse is at it again about indelicacy. There is *no indelicacy*. If he wants *that*, let him read Swift, his great idol; but his imagination must be a dunghill, with a viper's nest in the middle, to engender such a supposition about this poem."—Letter to Murray, May 15, 1819, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 295.]

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CANTO THE THIRD.[1]

I.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera.*—We left Juan sleeping,
Pillowed upon a fair and happy breast,
And watched by eyes that never yet knew weeping,
And loved by a young heart, too deeply blest
To feel the poison through her spirit creeping,
Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,
Had soiled the current of her sinless years,
And turned her pure heart's purest blood to tears!

II.

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

III.

In her first passion Woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is Love,

1. [November 30, 1819. Copied in 1820 (*MS. D.*). Moore (*Life*, 421) says that Byron was at work on the third canto when he stayed with him at Venice, in October, 1819. "One day, before dinner, [he] read me two or three hundred lines of it; beginning with the stanzas "Oh Wellington," etc., which, at the time, formed the opening of the third canto, but were afterwards reserved for the commencement of the ninth." The third canto, as it now stands, was completed by November 8, 1819; see *Letters*, 1900, iv. 375. The date on the MS. may refer to the first fair copy.]

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Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,[1]
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:
One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much encumber.

IV.

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;
But one thing 's pretty sure; a woman planted
(Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—
After a decent time must be gallanted;
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted;
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*,
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.[1]

V.

'T is melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That Love and Marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same clime;
Marriage from Love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by Time
Is sharpened from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour.

VI.

There 's something of antipathy, as 't were,
Between their present and their future state;
A kind of flattery that 's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at such a rate;
For instance—Passion in a lover 's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

1. *And fits her like a stocking or a glove.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. ["On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie, mais il est rare d'en trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu qu'une."—*Réflexions . . .* du Duc de la Rochefoucauld, No. lxxiii.

Byron prefixed the maxim as a motto to his "Ode to a Lady whose Lover was killed by a Ball, which at the same time shivered a Portrait next his Heart."—*Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 552.]

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VII.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 't is "so nominated in the bond," [1]
That both are tied till one shall have expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adorning
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

VIII.

There 's doubtless something in domestic doings
Which forms, in fact, true Love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There 's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss:
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life? [i.]

IX.

All tragedies are finished by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.[2]

X.

The only two that in my recollection,
Have sung of Heaven and Hell, or marriage, are

i. *Had Petrarch's passion led to Petrarch's wedding,*
How many sonnets had ensued the bedding?—[*MS.*]

1. [*Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1, line 254.]

2. [The Ballad of "Death and the Lady" was printed in a small volume, entitled *A Guide to Heaven*, 1736, 12mo. It is mentioned in *The Vicar of Wakefield* (chap. xvii.), *Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, 1854, i. 369. See *Old English Popular Music*, by William Chappell, F.S.A., 1893, ii. 170, 171.]

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Dante [1] and Milton,[2] and of both the affection
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
Of fault or temper ruined the connection
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much to mar);
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
Were not drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

XI.

Some persons say that Dante meant Theology
By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,
Although my opinion may require apology,
Deem this a commentator's phantasy,
Unless indeed it was from his own knowledge he
Decided thus, and showed good reason why;
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstatics
Meant to personify the Mathematics.[3]

XII.

Haidée and Juan were not married, but
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not fair,
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put
The blame on me, unless you wish they were;
Then if you 'd have them wedded, please to shut
The book which treats of this erroneous pair,
Before the consequences grow too awful;
'T is dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

1. [See *The Prophecy of Dante*, Canto I. lines 172-174, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 253, *note* 1.]

2. Milton's first wife ran away from him within the first month. If she had not, what would John Milton have done?

[Mary Powell did not "run away," but at the end of the honeymoon obtained her husband's consent to visit her family at Shotover, "upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas." "And in the mean while his studies went on very vigorously; and his chief diversion, after the business of the day, was now and then in an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Lee. . . . This lady, being a woman of excellent wit and understanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his conversation; as likewise did her husband, Captain Hobson." See, too, his sonnet "To the Lady Margaret Ley."—*The Life of Milton* (by Thomas Newton, D.D.), *Paradise Regained*, ed. (Baskerville), 1758, pp. xvii., xviii.]

3. ["Yesterday a very pretty letter from Annabella . . . She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician."—*Journal* November 30, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 357.]

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XIII.

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit
Indulgence of their innocent desires;
But more imprudent grown with every visit,
Haidée forgot the island was her Sire's;
When we have what we like 't is hard to miss it,
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

XIV.

Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation,
For into a Prime Minister but change
His title, and 't is nothing but taxation;
But he, more modest, took an humbler range
Of Life, and in an honester vocation
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,[i]
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

XV.

The good old gentleman had been detained
By winds and waves, and some important captures;
And, in the hope of more, at sea remained,
Although a squall or two had damped his raptures,
By swamping one of the prizes; he had chained
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters
In numbered lots; they all had cuffs and collars,
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

XVI.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Mainots; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Tossed overboard unsaleable (being old);
The rest—save here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom—in the hold,
Were linked alike, as, for the common people, he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

i. *Displayed much more of nerve, perhaps, of wit,*
Than any of the parodies of Pitt.—[*MS.*]

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XVII.

The merchandise was served in the same way,
Pieced out for different marts in the Levant,
Except some certain portions of the prey,
Light classic articles of female want,
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks, teapot, tray,[1]
Guitars and castanets from Alicant,
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robbed for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,[1]
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier, too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pittance:
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hamper altogether.

XIX.

Then, having settled his marine affairs,
Despatching single cruisers here and there,
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter fair
Continued still her hospitable cares;
But that part of the coast being shoal and bare,
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

XX.

And there he went ashore without delay,
Having no custom-house nor quarantine
To ask him awkward questions on the way,
About the time and place where he had been:
He left his ship to be hove down next day,
With orders to the people to careen;

1. —— *toothpicks, a bidet.*—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]
"*Dr. Murray—As you are squeamish you may put 'teapot, tray,' in case the other piece of feminine furniture frightens you.—B.*"

1. [For Byron's menagerie, see *Werner*, act i. sc. 1, line 216, *Poetical Works*, 1902, v. 348, *note* 1.]

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So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.

Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlooked the white walls of his home,
He stopped.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
A female family 's a serious matter,
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires—
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter);
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

XXIII.

An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory—and two or three young misses
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches—
And that *his* Argus[1]—bites him by the breeches.

XXIV.

If single, probably his plighted Fair
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;

1. ["But as for canine recollections . . . I had one (half a *wolf* by the she-side) that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him."—Letter to Moore, January 19, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 171, 172. Compare, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto I. Song, stanza ix., *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 30.]

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But all the better, for the happy pair
May quarrel, and, the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care
As cavalier servente, or despise her;
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
Writes odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

XXV.

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—
The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connections the most steady,
And the true Hymen, (the first 's but a screen)—
Yet, for all that, keep not too long away—
I 've known the absent wronged four times a day.[1]

XXVI.

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
Much less experience of dry land than Ocean,
On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;
But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion
Of the true reason of his not being sad,
Or that of any other strong emotion;
He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

XXVII.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
His garden trees all shadowy and green;
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
The distant dog-bark; and perceived between
The umbrage of the wood, so cool and dun,
The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen
Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various dyes
Of coloured garbs, as bright as butterflies.

XXVIII.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,
Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,

1. *Yet for all that don't stay away too long,*
A sofa, like a bed, may come by wrong.—[*MS.*]
I've known the friend betrayed ——.—[*MS. D.*]

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He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,
But an unhallowed, earthly sound of fiddling!
A melody which made him doubt his ears,
The cause being past his guessing or unriddling;
A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after—
A most unoriental roar of laughter.

XXIX.

And still more nearly to the place advancing,
Descending rather quickly the declivity,
Through the waved branches o'er the greensward glancing,
'Midst other indications of festivity,
Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
Like Dervises, who turn as on a pivot, he
Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance [1] so martial,
To which the Levantines are very partial.

XXX.

And further on a troop of Grecian girls,[2]
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls,
Linked hand in hand, and dancing; each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would set ten poets raving);[i]

i. *That would have set Tom Moore, though married, raving.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The Pyrrhic war-dance represented "by rapid movements of the body, the way in which missiles and blows from weapons were avoided, and also the mode in which the enemy was attacked" (*Dict. of Ant.*). Dodwell (*Tour through Greece*, 1819, ii. 21, 22) observes that in Thessaly and Macedon dances are performed at the present day by men armed with their musket and sword. See, too, Hobhouse's description (*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i. 166, 167) of the Albanian war-dance at Loutráki.]

2. ["Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances."—Lady M. W. Montagu to Pope, April 1, O.S., 1817, *Letters, etc.*, 1816, p. 138. The "kerchief-waving" dance is the *Romaika*. See *The Waltz*, line 125, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 492, *note* 1. See, too, *Voyage Pittoresque* . . . by the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, 1782, vol. i. Planche, 33.]

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Their leader sang—and bounded to her song
With choral step and voice the virgin throng.

XXXI.

And here, assembled cross-legged round their trays,
Small social parties just begun to dine;
Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;
Above them their dessert grew on its vine;—
The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er,
Dropped in their laps, scarce plucked, their mellow store.

XXXII.

A band of children, round a snow-white ram,[1]
There wreathe his venerable horns with flowers;
While peaceful as if still an unweaned lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

XXXIII.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes—that they should e'er grow older.

XXXIV.

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate grey circle of old smokers,
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,

1. ["Upon the whole, I think the part of *Don Juan* in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself are described, is the best, that is, the most individual, thing in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicholas Poussin's pictures."—*Table Talk* of S. T. Coleridge, June 7, 1824.]

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Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
Of rocks bewitched that open to the knockers,
Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
Transformed their lords to beasts (but that 's a fact).

XXXV.

Here was no lack of innocent diversion
For the imagination or the senses,
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
All pretty pastimes in which no offence is;
But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ[1]
The happiest mortals even after dinner!
A day of gold from out an age of iron
Is all that Life allows the luckiest sinner;
Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least) 's a Siren,
That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner;
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.

He—being a man who seldom used a word
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
(In general he surprised men with the sword)
His daughter—had not sent before to advise
Of his arrival, so that no one stirred;
And long he paused to re-assure his eyes,
In fact much more astonished than delighted,
To find so much good company invited.

1. [Compare *Hudibras*, Part I. canto iii. lines 1, 2—

"Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!"

Byron's friend, C. S. Matthews, shouted these lines, *con intenzione*, under the windows of a Cambridge tradesman named Hiron, who had been instrumental in the expulsion from the University of Sir Henry Smyth, a riotous undergraduate. (See letter to Murray, October 19, 1820.)]

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XXXVIII.

He did not know (alas! how men will lie)
That a report (especially the Greeks)
Avouched his death (such people never die),
And put his house in mourning several weeks,—
But now their eyes and also lips were dry;
The bloom, too, had returned to Haidée's cheeks:
Her tears, too, being returned into their fount,
She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,
Which turned the isle into a place of pleasure;
The servants all were getting drunk or idling,
A life which made them happy beyond measure.
Her father's hospitality seemed middling,
Compared with what Haidée did with his treasure;
'T was wonderful how things went on improving,
While she had not one hour to spare from loving.[i]

XL.

Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this feast,
He flew into a passion, and in fact
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
To teach his people to be more exact,
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
He showed the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

XLI.

You're wrong.—He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought;
No courtier could, and scarcely woman can
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.

i. *All had been open heart, and open house,*
Ever since Juan served her for a spouse.—[*MS.*]

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XLII.

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest guest,
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,
Boded no good, whatever it expressed,
He asked the meaning of this holiday;
The vinous Greek to whom he had addressed
His question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, filled up a glass of wine,

XLIII.

And without turning his facetious head,
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,
"Talking 's dry work, I have no time to spare."
A second hiccuped, "Our old Master 's dead,
You 'd better ask our Mistress who 's his heir."
"Our Mistress!" quoth a third: "Our Mistress!—
pooh!—
You mean our Master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.

These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom
They thus addressed—and Lambro's visage fell—
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
Passed, but he strove quite courteously to quell
The expression, and endeavouring to resume
His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seemed to have turned Haidée into a matron.

XLV.

"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or what
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
But this I know, that this roast capon 's fat,
And that good wine ne'er washed down better fare;
And if you are not satisfied with that,
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;
He 'll answer all for better or for worse,
For none likes more to hear himself converse." [1]

1. ["Rispose allor Margutte: a dirtel tosto,
Io non credo più al nero ch' all' azzurro;

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XLVI.

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,
And certainly he showed the best of breeding,
Which scarce even France, the Paragon of nations,
E'er saw her most polite of sons exceeding;
He bore these sneers against his near relations,
His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleeding,
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

XLVII.

Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the chain—
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;
Yet such things are, which I cannot explain,
Though, doubtless, he who can command himself
Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
But never in his real and serious mood;
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
He lay coiled like the Boa in the wood;
With him it never was a word and blow,
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
But in his silence there was much to rue,
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

XLIX.

He asked no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house, but by a private way,
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
So little they expected him that day;

Ma nel cappone, o lesso, o vuogli arrosto,
E credo alcuna volta anche nel burro;
Nella cervogia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,
E molto più nell' aspro che il mangurro;
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede,
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede."
Pulci, *Morgante Maggiore*, Canto XVIII. stanza cxv.

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If love paternal in his bosom pleaded
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can say,
But certainly to one deemed dead returning,
This revel seemed a curious mode of mourning.

L.

If all the dead could now return to life,
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many,
For instance, if a husband or his wife[i]
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,
The present weather would be much more rainy—
Tears shed into the grave of the connection
Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.

He entered in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome,
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying;
To find our hearthstone turned into a tomb,
And round its once warm precincts palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a *single gentleman's* belief.

LII.

He entered in the house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome: *there* he long had dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er,
There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

LIII.

He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,

i. *For instance, if a first or second wife.*—[*MS.*]

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Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good;
His Country's wrongs and his despair to save her
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

LIV.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by long habitude produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accustomed to behold,
The wild seas, and wild men with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

LV.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flashed o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days;
'T is true he had no ardent love for peace—
Alas! his country showed no path to praise:
Hate to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.

Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which showed
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flowed
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedewed his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.

But whatsoe'er he had of love reposed
On that belovéd daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen,
A lonely pure affection unopposed:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean

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His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with blindness.[i.]

LVIII.

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;
The Ocean when its yeasty war is waging
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,
Their fury being spent by its own shock,
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire[ii.]
Of a strong human heart, and in a Sire.

LIX.

It is a hard although a common case
To find our children running restive—they
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,
Our little selves re-formed in finer clay,
Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout or stone.

LX.

Yet a fine family is a fine thing
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);
'T is beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her);
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).
A lady with her daughters or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.

Old Lambro passed unseen a private gate,
And stood within his hall at eventide;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride:

i. *And send him forth like Samson strong in blindness.*—[*MS. D.*]
And make him Samson-like—more fierce with blindness.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Not so the single, deep, and wordless ire,*
Of a strong human heart ——.—[*MS.*]

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An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side ; [1]

1. ["Almost all *Don Juan* is *real* life, either my own, or from people I knew. By the way, much of the description of the *furniture*, in Canto Third, is taken from *Tully's Tripoli* (pray *note this*), and the rest from my own observation. Remember, I never meant to conceal this at all, and have only not stated it, because *Don Juan* had no preface, nor name to it."—Letter to Murray, August 23, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 346.

The first edition of "*Tully's Tripoli*" is entitled *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli In Africa: From the original correspondence in the possession of the Family of the late Richard Tully, Esq., the British Consul*, 1816, 4to. The book is in the form of letters (so says the *Preface*) written by the Consul's sister. The description of Haidée's *dress* is taken from the account of a visit to Lilla Kebbiera, the wife of the Bashaw (p. 30); the description of the furniture and refreshments from the account of a visit to "Lilla Amnani," Hadgi Abderrahmam's Greek wife (pp. 132–137). It is evident that the "Chiel" who took *these* "notes" was the Consul's *sister*, not the Consul: "Lilla Aisha, the Bey's wife, is thought to be very sensible, though rather haughty. Her apartments were grand, and herself superbly habited. Her chemise was covered with gold embroidery at the neck; over it she wore a gold and silver tissue *fileck*, or jacket without sleeves, and over that another of purple velvet richly laced with gold, with coral and pearl buttons set quite close together down the front; it had short sleeves finished with a gold band not far below the shoulder, and discovered a wide loose chemise of transparent gauze, with gold, silver, and ribband strips. She wore round her ancles . . . a sort of fetter made of a thick bar of gold so fine that they bound it round the leg with one hand; it is an inch and a half wide, and as much in thickness: each of these weighs four pounds. Just above this a band three inches wide of gold thread finished the ends of a pair of trousers made of pale yellow and white silk."

Page 132. "[Lilla] rose to take coffee, which was served in very small china cups, placed in silver filigree cups; and gold filigree cups were put under those presented to the married ladies. They had introduced cloves, cinnamon, and saffron into the coffee, which was abundantly sweetened; but this mixture was very soon changed, and replaced by excellent simple coffee for the European ladies. . . ."

Page 133. "The Greek then shewed us the gala furniture of her own room. . . . The hangings of the room were of tapestry, made in pannels of different coloured velvets, thickly inlaid with flowers of silk damask; a yellow border, of about a foot in depth, finished the tapestry at top and bottom, the upper border being embroidered with Moorish sentences from the Koran in lilac letters. The carpet was of crimson satin, with a deep border of pale blue quilted; this is laid over Indian mats and other carpets. In the best part of the room the sofa is placed, which occupies three sides in an alcove, the floor of which is raised. The sofa and the cushions that lay around were of crimson velvet, the centre cushions were embroidered with a sun in gold of highly embossed work, the rest were of gold and silver tissue. The curtains of the alcove were made to match those before the bed. A number of looking-glasses, and a profusion of fine china and chrystal completed the ornaments and furniture of the room, in which were

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Gems, gold, and silver, formed the service mostly,
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and the fishes
Were of the finest that e'er flounced in nets,
Dressed to a Sybarite's most pampered wishes;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

LXIII.

These were ranged round, each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits, and date-bread loaves closed the repast,
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups, came in at last;
Gold cups of filigree, made to secure
The hand from burning, underneath them placed;
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boiled
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoiled.

LXIV.

The hangings of the room were tapestry, made
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,

neither tables nor chairs. A small table, about six inches high, is brought in when refreshments are served; it is of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, ivory, gold and silver, of choice woods, or of plain mahogany, according to the circumstances of the proprietor."

Page 136. "On the tables were placed all sorts of refreshments, and thirty or forty dishes of meat and poultry, dressed different ways; there were no knives nor forks, and only a few spoons of gold, silver, ivory, or coral. . . ."

Page 137. "The beverage was various sherbets, some composed of the juice of boiled raisins, very sweet; some of the juice of pomegranates squeezed through the rind; and others of the pure juice of oranges. These sherbets were copiously supplied in high glass ewers, placed in great numbers on the ground. . . . After the dishes of meat were removed, a dessert of Arabian fruits, confectionaries, and sweetmeats was served; among the latter was the date-bread. This sweetmeat is made in perfection only by the blacks at Fezzan, of the ripe date of the country. . . . They make it in the shape of loaves, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds; the stones of the fruit are taken out, and the dates simply pressed together with great weights; thus preserved, it keeps perfectly good for a year."]

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And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid;
And round them ran a yellow border too;
The upper border, richly wrought, displayed,
Embroidered delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

LXV.

These Oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to the mind,
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him: You will find,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

LXVI.

A Beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A Genius who has drunk himself to death,
A Rake turned methodistic, or Eclectic— [1]
(For that 's the name they like to pray beneath)—[i.]
But most, an Alderman struck apoplectic,
Are things that really take away the breath,—
And show that late hours, wine, and love are able
To do not much less damage than the table.

LXVII.

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appeared quite new;

i. *For that 's the name they like to cant beneath.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["He writes like a man who has that clear perception of the truth of things which is the result of the guilty knowledge of good and evil; and who, by the light of that knowledge, has deliberately preferred the evil with a proud malignity of purpose, which would seem to leave little for the last consummating change to accomplish. When he calculates that the reader is on the verge of pitying him, he takes care to throw him back the defiance of laughter, as if to let him know that all the Poet's pathos is but the sentimentalism of the drunkard between his cups, or the relenting softness of the courtesan, who the next moment resumes the bad boldness of her degraded character. With such a man, who would wish either to laugh or to weep?"—*Eclectic Review* (Lord Byron's *Maseppa*), August, 1819, vol. xii. p. 150.]

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The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.[i]

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites (that 's
To say, by degradation) mingled there
As plentiful as in a court, or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver:—by command
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow:
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flowed round her.

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorned its only mould;

i. *The upholsterer's* "fiat lux" *had bade to issue.*—[*MS.*]

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So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging, as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.[1]

LXXII.

Around, as Princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep rolled [2]
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starred with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fastened with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furled
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flowed like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
Her person [3] if allowed at large to run,
And still they seemed resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,[4]
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,

1. This dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country. [*Vide ante*, p. 160, *note* 1.]

2. The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the Deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives. [*Vide ibid.*]

3. This is no exaggeration: there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

4. [Compare—

"Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of Light ne'er seen before,

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They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.[1]

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom, but in vain),
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touched with henna; but, again,
The power of Art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white than her:
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakespeare also says, 't is very silly
"To gild refinéd gold, or paint the lily."[2]

LXXVII.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent

As Fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."
Song by Rev. C. Wolfe (1791-1823).

Compare, too—

"She was a form of Life and Light
That, seen, became a part of sight."
The Giaour, lines 1127, 1128.]

1. ["... but Psyche owns no lord—
She walks a goddess from above;
All saw, all praised her, all adored,
But no one ever dared to love."
The Golden Ass of Apuleius; in English verse, entitled Cupid and Psyche, by Hudson Gurney, 1799.]

2. [*King John*, act iv. sc. 2, line 11.]

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The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the milky way apparent;
His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette, with Haidée's hair in 't,
Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it;
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the Psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days,
An Eastern anti-jacobin at last
He turned, preferring pudding to *no* praise—
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
By his seeming independent in his lays,
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha—
With truth like Southey, and with verse [1] like Crashaw.[L]

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle;
His Polar Star being one which rather ranges,
And not the fixed—he knew the way to wheedle:

L. *Believed like Southey—and perused like Crashaw.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Richard Crashaw (died 1650), the friend of Cowley, was honoured," says Warton, "with the praise of Pope; who both read his poems and borrowed from them. After he was ejected from his Fellowship at Peterhouse for denying the covenant, he turned Roman Catholic, and died canon of the church at Loretto." Cowley sang his *In Memoriam*—

"*Angels* (they say) brought the famed *Chappel* there;
And bore the sacred Load in Triumph through the air:—
'T is surer much they brought thee there, and *They*,
And *Thou*, their charge, went *singing* all the way."
The Works, etc., 1668, pp. 29, 30.]

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So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges;
And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),
He lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earned his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But *he* had genius,—when a turncoat has it,
The *Vates irritabilis*[1] takes care
That without notice few full moons shall pass it;
Even good men like to make the public stare:—
But to my subject—let me see—what was it?—
Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode
Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but, no less,[i]
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been the favourite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;[ii]
And though his meaning they could rarely guess,
Yet still they deigned to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.[iii]

LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,
And having picked up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deemed, being in a lone isle, among friends,
That, without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And, singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with Truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travelled 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,
And knew the self-loves of the different nations;

i. *Their poet a sad Southey.*—[*MS. D.*]
ii. *Of rogues* ——.—[*MS. D.*]
iii. *Of which the causers never know the cause.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [The second chapter of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* is on the "supposed irritability of men of genius." Ed. 1847, i. 29.]

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And having lived with people of all ranks,
Had something ready upon most occasions—
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
He varied with some skill his adulations;
To "do at Rome as Romans do," [1] a piece
Of conduct was which *he* observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when *he* was asked to sing,
He gave the different nations something national;
'T was all the same to him—"God save the King,"
Or "Ça ira," according to the fashion all:
His Muse made increment of anything,
From the high lyric down to the low rational; [i] [2]
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England a six canto quarto tale;
In Spain he 'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he 'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says De Staël); [3]
In Italy he 'd ape the "Trecentisti;"
In Greece, he 'd sing some sort of hymn like this t 'ye: [4]

i. *From the high lyrical to the low rational.*—[*MS. D.*]

1. [*Vide St. August. Epist.*, xxxvi., cap. xiv., "Ille [Ambrosius, Mediolanensis Episcopus] adjecit; Quando hic sum, non jejuno sabbato; quando Romæ sum, jejuno sabbato."—Migne's *Patrologiæ Cursus*, 1845, xxxiii. 151.]

2. [The allusion is to Coleridge's eulogy of Southey in the *Biographia Literaria* (ed. 1847, i. 61): "In poetry he has attempted almost every species of composition known before, and he has added new ones; and if we except the very highest lyric . . . he has attempted every species successfully." But the satire, primarily and ostensibly aimed at Southey, now and again glances at Southey's eulogist.]

3. ["Goethe pourroit représenter la littérature allemande toute entière."—*De L'Allemagne*, par Mme. la Baronne de Staël-Holstein, 1818, i. 227.]

4. [The poet is not "a sad Southey," but is sketched from memory. "Lord Byron," writes Finlay (*History of Greece*, vi. 335, *note*), "used to describe an evening passed in the company of Londos [a Morean landowner, who took part in the first and second Greek Civil Wars], at Vostitza (in 1809), when both were young men, with a spirit that

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I.

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of War and Peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their Sun, is set.

2.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The Hero's harp, the Lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your Sires' "Islands of the Blest."[1]

3.

The mountains look on Marathon—[1]
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4.[2]

A King sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;

1. *Eubœa looks on Marathon,*
And Marathon looks on the sea, etc.—[*MS.*]

rendered the scene worthy of a place in *Don Juan*. After supper Londos, who had the face and figure of a chimpanzee, sprang upon a table, . . . and commenced singing through his nose Rhiga's Hymn to Liberty. A new cadi, passing near the house, inquired the cause of the discordant hubbub. A native Mussulman replied, 'It is only the young primate Londos, who is drunk, and is singing hymns to the new panaghia of the Greeks, whom they call Eleutheria.'" [See letter to Andreas Londos (undated), *Letters*, 1901, vi. 320, *note* 1.)]

1. The Μακάρων νῆσοι [Hesiod, *Works and Days*, line 169] of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands, or the Canaries.

2. [See Æschylus, *Persæ*, 463, *sq.*; and Herodotus, viii. 90. Harpocration records the preservation, in the Acropolis, of the silver-footed throne on which Xerxes sat when he watched the battle of Salamis from the slope of Mount Ægaleos.]

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And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And, when the Sun set, where were they?

5.

And where are they? and where art thou,
My Country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more![1]
And must thy Lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

6.

'T is something, in the dearth of Fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

8.

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

9.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

[1] *The Heroic heart awakes no more.*—[*MS. D.*]

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Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10.

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,[1]
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—[2]
A Tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12.

The Tyrant of the Chersonese
Was Freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.[1]

1. *Which Hercules might deem his own.*—[*MS.*]

1. [For "that most ancient military dance, the *Pyrrhica*," see *Travels*, by E. D. Clarke, 1814, part ii. sect. 11, p. 641; and for specimens of "Cadmean characters," *vide ibid.*, p. 593.]

2. [After his birthplace Teos was taken by the Persians, B.C. 510, Anacreon migrated to Abdera, but afterwards lived at Samos, under the protection of Polycrates.]

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14.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—[1]
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,[2]
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;

1. [See the translation of a speech delivered to the Pargiots, in 1815, by an aged citizen: "I exhort you well to consider, before you yield yourselves up to the English, that the King of England now has in his pay all the kings of Europe—obtaining money for this purpose from his merchants; whence, should it become advantageous to the merchants to sell you, in order to conciliate Ali, and obtain certain commercial advantages in his harbours, the *English will sell you to Ali.*" —"Parga," *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1819, vol. 32, pp. 263–293. Here, perhaps, the "Franks" are the Russians. Compare—

"Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian with his masque of peace."
The Age of Bronze, lines 298, 299,
Poetical Works, 1901, v. 557, *note* 1.]

2. [Γενοίμαν, ἵν' ὑλᾶεν ἔπεστι πόντου πρόβλημ' ἁλίκλυστον, ἄκραν ὑπὸ πλάκα Σουνίου, κ.τ.λ.
Sophocles, *Ajax*, lines 1190–1192.]

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If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain displayed some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling,[1] in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things,[2] and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'T is strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speeeh, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that 's his!

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. Oblivion long has sank,
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,[i]
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

XC.

And Glory long has made the sages smile;
'T is something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:[3]
The present century was growing blind

i. *In digging drains for a new water-closet.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"What poets feel not, when they make,
A pleasure in creating,
The world, in *its* turn, will not take
Pleasure in contemplating."

Matthew Arnold (Motto to *Poems*, 1869, vol. i. Fly-leaf).]

2. [For this "sentence," see *Journal*, November 16, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 320, *note* 1; see, too, letter to Rogers, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 89, *note* 1,]

3. [For Edmund Hoyle (1672–1769), see *English Bards, etc.*, lines 966–968, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 372, *note* 4.]

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To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.[1]

XCI.

Milton 's the Prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day—
Learned, pious, temperate in love and wine;
But, his life falling into Johnson's way,
We 're told this great High Priest of all the Nine
Was whipped at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.[2]

XCII.

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts,
Like Shakespeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;
Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;[3]
Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);[4]
Like Cromwell's pranks;[5]—but although Truth exacts
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
As most essential to their Hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy;"[6]

1. [William Coxe (1747–1828), Archdeacon of Wilts, a voluminous historian and biographer, published *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*, in 1817–1819.]

2. [See *Life of Milton*, *Works* of Samuel Johnson, 1825, vii. pp. 67, 68, 80, *et vide ante*, p. 146, *note* 2.]

3. [According to Suetonius, the youthful Titus amused himself by copying handwriting, and boasted that he could have made a first-rate *falsarius*. One of Cæsar's "earliest acts" was to crucify some jovial pirates, who had kidnapped him, and with whom he pretended to be on pleasant if not friendly terms.]

4. [James Currie, M.D. (1756–1805), published, anonymously, the *Works of Robert Burns, with an account of his Life, etc.*, in 1800.]

5. ["He [Cromwell] was very notorious for robbing orchards, a puerile crime . . . but grown so scandalous and injurious by the frequent spoyls and damages of Trees, breaking of Hedges, and Inclosures, committed by this *Apple-Dragon*, that many solemn complaints were made both to his Father and Mother for redresse thereof; which missed not their satisfaction and expiation out of his hide," etc. —*Flagellum*, by James Heath, 1663, p. 5. See, too, for his "name of a Royster" at Cambridge, *A Short View of the Late Troubles in England*, by Sir William Dugdale, 1681, p. 459.]

6. [In *The Friend*, 1818, ii. 38, Coleridge refers to "a plan . . . of

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Mrs Southey.

Mrs S. T. Coleridge.

From miniatures by Matilda Betham 1809.

Walker & Cockerell ph. sc.

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Or Wordsworth unexcised,[1] unhired, who then
Seasoned his pedlar poems with Democracy;[i.]
Or Coleridge[2] long before his flighty pen
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;[ii.]
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).[3]

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biography;

i. *Confined his pedlar poems to democracy.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Flourished its sophistry for aristocracy.*—[*MS.*]

trying the experiment of human perfectibility on the banks of the Susquehanna;" and Southey, in his *Letter to William Smith, Esq.* (1817), (*Essays Moral and Political*, by Robert Southey, 1832, ii. 17), speaks of his "purpose to retire with a few friends into the wilds of America, and there lay the foundations of a community," etc.; but the word "*Pantisocracy*" is not mentioned. It occurs, perhaps, for the first time in print, in George Dyer's biographical sketch of Southey, which he contributed to *Public Characters of* 1799–1800, p. 225, "Coleridge, no less than Southey, possessed a strong passion for poetry. They commenced, like two young poets, an enthusiastic friendship, and in connection with others, struck out a plan for settling in America, and for having all things in common. This scheme they called Pantisocracy." Hence, the phrase must have "caught on," for, in a footnote to his review of Coleridge's *Literary Life* (*Edin. Rev.*, August, 1817, vol. xxviii. p. 501), Jeffrey speaks of "the Pantisocratic or Lake School."]

1. [Wordsworth *was* "hired," but not, like Burns, "excised." Hazlitt (*Lectures on the English Poets*, 1870, p. 174) is responsible for the epithet: "Mr. Wordsworth might have shown the incompatibility between the Muse and the Excise," etc.]

2. [Coleridge began his poetical contributions to the *Morning Post* in January, 1798; his poetical articles in 1800.]

3. [Coleridge was married to Sarah Fricker, October 5; Southey to her younger sister Edith, November 15, 1795. Their father, Stephen Fricker, who had been an innkeeper, and afterwards a potter at Bristol, migrated to Bath about the year 1780. For the last six years of his life he was owner and manager of a coal wharf. He had inherited a small fortune, and his wife brought him money, but he died bankrupt, and left his family destitute. His widow returned to Bristol, and kept a school. In a letter to Murray, dated September 11, 1822 (*Letters*, 1901, vi. 113), Byron quotes the authority of "Luttrell," and "his friend Mr. Nugent," for the statement that Mrs. Southey and "Coleridge's Sara . . . before they were married . . . were milliner's or dressmaker's apprentices." The story rests upon their evidence. It is certain that in 1794, when Coleridge appeared upon the scene, the sisters earned their living by going out to work in the houses of friends, and were not, at that time, "milliners of Bath."]

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Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A drowsy, frowzy poem, called the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect;
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh[1] and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind,—so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale Virginities
Have proved but Dropsies, taken for Divinities.

XCVI.

But let me to my story: I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression,
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression:
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session:
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call "*longueurs*,"
(We 've not so good a *word*, but have the *thing*,
In that complete perfection which insures
An epic from Bob Southey every spring—)
Form not the true temptation which allures
The reader; but 't would not be hard to bring
Some fine examples of the *Epopée*,
To prove its grand ingredient is *Ennui*.[2]

1. [For Joanna Southcott (1750–1814), see *Letters*, 1899, iii. 128–130, *note* 2.]

2. [Here follows, in the original MS.—

"Time has approved Ennui to be the best
Of friends, and opiate draughts; your love and wine,
Which shake so much the human brain and breast,
Must end in languor;—men must sleep like swine:
The happy lover and the welcome guest
Both sink at last into a swoon divine;
Full of deep raptures and of bumpers, they
Are somewhat sick and sorry the next day."]

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XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes sleeps;" [1]
We feel without him,—Wordsworth sometimes wakes,—
To show with what complacency he creeps,
With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes.[2]
He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
Of Ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for "a little boat,"
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.[3]

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
And Pegasus runs restive in his "Waggon,"
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
Or pray Medea for a single dragon? [4]
Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,
He feared his neck to venture such a nag on,
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C.

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggons!" Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—
The "little boatman" and his *Peter Bell*
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!" [5]

1. ["Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus."—Hor., *Epist. Ad Pisones*, line 359.]

2. [Wordsworth's *Benjamin the Waggoner*, was written in 1805, but was not published till 1819. "Benjamin" was servant to William Jackson, a Keswick carrier, who built Greta Hall, and let off part of the house to Coleridge.]

3. ["There 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I 'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon."
Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, stanza i.]

4. [For Medea's escape from the wrath of Jason, "Titaniacis ablata draconibus," see Ovid., *Met.*, vii. 398.]

5. [In his "Essay, Supplementary to the Preface," to his "Poems"

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CI.

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
The Arab lore and Poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of Twilight's sky admired;—
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

CII.

Ave Maria! blesséd be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth—so beautiful and soft—
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,[i.]
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

CIII.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of Love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove—
What though 't is but a pictured image?—strike—
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

i. *While swung the signal from the sacred tower.*—[*MS.*]

of 1815, Wordsworth, commenting on a passage on Night in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, says, "Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless. . . . The verses of Dryden once celebrated are forgotten." He is not passing any general criticism on "him who drew *Achitophel*." In a letter to Sir Walter Scott (November 7, 1805), then engaged on his great edition of Dryden's *Works*, he admits that Dryden is not "as a poet any great favourite of mine. I admire his talents and genius highly, but he is not a poetical genius. The only qualities I can find in Dryden that are *essentially* poetical, are a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear" (*Life of Wordsworth*, by W. Knight, 1889, ii. 26–29). Scott may have remarked on Wordsworth's estimate of Dryden in conversation with Byron.]

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CIV.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print[1]—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into Heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the Ocean,
Earth—air—stars,[1]—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the Soul.

CV.

Sweet Hour of Twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,[2]
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee![3]

CVI.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,

i. *Are not these pretty stanzas?—some folks say—*
Downright in print ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Coleridge's *Lines to Nature*, which were published in the *Morning Herald*, in 1815, but must have been unknown to Byron—

"So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be."]

2. ["As early as the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era, the port of Augustus was converted into pleasant orchards, and a lovely grove of pines covered the ground where the Roman fleet once rode at anchor. . . . This advantageous situation was fortified by art and *labour*, and in the twentieth year of his age, the Emperor of the West . . . retired to . . . the walls and morasses of Ravenna."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, 1825, ii. 244, 245.]

3. ["The first time I had a conversation with Lord Byron on the subject of religion was at Ravenna, my native country, in 1820, while we were riding on horseback in an extensive solitary wood of pines. The scene invited to religious meditation. It was a fine day in spring. 'How,' he said, 'raising our eyes to heaven, or directing them to the earth, can we doubt of the existence of God?—or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt that there is something more noble and durable than the clay of which we are formed?'"—Count Gamba.]

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Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And Vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover,—shadowed my mind's eye.[1]

CVII.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—[2]
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

1. [If the *Pineta* of Ravenna, *bois funèbre*, invited Byron "to religious meditation," the mental picture of the "spectre huntsman" pursuing his eternal vengeance on "the inexorable dame"—"that fatal she," who had mocked his woes—must have set in motion another train of thought. Such lines as these would "speak comfortably" to him—

"Because she deem'd I well deserved to die,
And *made a merit* of her cruelty, . . .
Mine is the ungrateful maid by heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find."

"By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind."
Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria* (*sub fine*).]

2. Εσπερε παντα φερεις
Φερεις οινον—φερεις αιγα,
Φερεις ματερι παιδα.
Fragment of Sappho.

[Ἑσπερε, πάντα φέρων, ὅσα φαινολις ἐσκέδασ' αὔως·
Φέρεις οἶν φέρεις αἶγα, φέρεις ἄπυ μητέρι παῖδα.
Sappho, Memoir, Text, by Henry Thornton Wharton, 1895, p. 136.

"Evening, all things thou bringest
Which dawn spread apart from each other;
The lamb and the kid thou bringest,
Thou bringest the boy to his mother."
J. A. Symonds.

Compare Tennyson's *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*—

"Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer home of all good things."]

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CVIII.

Soft Hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of Vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;[1]
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely Nothing dies but Something mourns!

CIX.

When Nero perished by the justest doom
Which ever the Destroyer yet destroyed,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoyed,
Some hands unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb:[2]
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when Power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

CX.

But I 'm digressing; what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons,[i]
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man—the moon's?

i. *But I 'm digressing—what on earth have Nero*
And Wordsworth—both poetical buffoons, etc.—[*MS.*]

1. "Era già l'ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti, e intenerisce il cuore;
Lo dì ch' han detto ai dolci amici addio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin' damore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia il giorno pianger che si more."
Dante's *Purgatory*, canto viii. lines 1–6.

This last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by him without acknowledgment.

2. See Suetonius for this fact.

["The public joy was so great upon the occasion of his death, that the common people ran up and down with caps upon their heads. And yet there were some, who for a long time trimmed up his tomb with spring and summer flowers, and, one while, placed his image upon his rostra dressed up in state robes, another while published proclamations in his name, as if he was yet alive, and would shortly come to Rome again, with a vengeance to all his enemies."—*De XII. Cæs.*, lib. vi. cap. lvii.]

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Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many "Wooden Spoons"
Of verse, (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

CXI.

I feel this tediousness will never do—
'T is being *too* epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two;
They 'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few;
And then as an improvement 't will be shown:
I 'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle *passim*.—See ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.[1]

1. [See *De Poeticâ*, cap. xxiv. See, too, the Preface to Dryden's "Dedication" of the *Æneis* (*Works* of John Dryden, 1821, xiv. 130–134). Dryden is said to have derived his knowledge of Aristotle from Dacier's translation, and it is probable that Byron derived his from Dryden. See letter to Hodgson (*Letters*, 1891, v. 284), in which he quotes Aristotle as quoted in Johnson's *Life of Dryden*.]

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CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer when hurled from Heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being Pride,[1] which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the Devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast:
While Youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast;
But as the torrent widens towards the Ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.[2]

1. ["Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King."
Paradise Lost, iv. 40, 41.]

2. ["Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more."
Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.]

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III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wished that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion:
Now my sere Fancy "falls into the yellow
Leaf," [1] and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'T is that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'T is that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep [i.]
Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring, [ii.]
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:
Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line:
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing planned,
Unless it were to be a moment merry—
A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci [2] was sire of the half-serious rhyme, [iii.]
Who sang when Chivalry was more quixotic,

i. *Itself to that fit apathy whose deed.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Pulci being Father* ——.—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

1. ["... my May of Life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf."
Macbeth, act v. sc. 3, lines 22, 23.]

2. [See "Introduction to the *Morgante Maggiore*," *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 280.]

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And revelled in the fancies of the time,
True Knights, chaste Dames, huge Giants, Kings despotic;
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
Perhaps no better than *they* have treated me,
Who have imputed such designs as show
Not what they saw, but what they wished to see:
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so;
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here.[1]

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
To their own hearts' most sweet society;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he
Sighed to behold them of their hours bereft,
Though foe to Love; and yet they could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy Spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;
The blank grey was not made to blast their hair,
But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
They were all summer; lightning might assail
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were alone once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest root of years—the river

1. ["Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit."
Virgil, *Ecl.* vi. lines 3, 4.]

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Dammed from its fountain—the child from the knee
And breast maternal weaned at once for ever,—
Would wither less than these two torn apart;[1.]
Alas! there is no instinct like the Heart—

XI.

The Heart—which may be broken: happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold
The long year linked with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told;
While Life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,[1]
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
The death of Friendship, Love, Youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old Archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave[2]
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead—
The Heavens, and Earth, and Air, seemed made for them:

1. —— *from its mother's knee*
When its last weaning draught is drained for ever,
The child divided—it were less to see,
Than these two from each other torn apart.—[*MS.*]

1. [See Herodotus (*Cleobis and Biton*), i. 31. The sentiment is in a fragment of Menander.

Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος

or

Ὃν γὰρ φιλεῖ θεὸς ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

Menandri et Philemonis reliquiæ, edidit Augustus Meineke, p. 48.

See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 22, *note* 1. Byron applied the saying to Allegra in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, dated May 4, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 57.]

2. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xcvi. line 7. Compare, too, Young's *Night Thoughts* ("The Complaint," Night I. ed. 1825, p. 5).]

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They found no fault with Time, save that he fled;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn:
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
The least glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much;
A language,[1] too, but like to that of birds,
Known but to them, at least appearing such
As but to lovers a true sense affords;
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard—

XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been;
They were not made in the real world to fill
A busy character in the dull scene,
But like two beings born from out a rill,
A Nymph and her belovéd, all unseen
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Moons changing had rolled on, and changeless found
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys
As rarely they beheld throughout their round;
And these were not of the vain kind which cloys,
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
By the mere senses; and that which destroys[1]
Most love—possession—unto them appeared
A thing which each endearment more endeared.

1. *For theirs were buoyant spirits, which would bound*
'Gainst common failings, etc.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Swift's "little language" in his letter to Stella: *Pode-far*, for instance, which is supposed to stand for "Poor dear foolish rogue," and Ppt., which meant "Poor pretty thing."—See *The Journal of Stella*, edited by G. A. Aitken, 1901, xxxv. *note* 1, and "Journal: March, 1710-11," 165, *note* 2.]

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XVII.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!
But theirs was Love in which the Mind delights
To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,
And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,
Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more,
Whose husband only knows her not a whore.

XVIII.

Hard words—harsh truth! a truth which many know.
Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
Who never found a single hour too slow,
What was it made them thus exempt from care?
Young innate feelings all have felt below,
Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent—what we mortals call romantic,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,
An opium dream [1] of too much youth and reading,
But was in them their nature or their fate:
No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding,[i.]
For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,
And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;
So that there was no reason for their loves
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.

They gazed upon the sunset; 't is an hour
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,
For it had made them what they were: the power
Of Love had first o'erwhelmed them from such skies,

i. —— *had set their hearts a bleeding.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The reference may be to Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which, to Medwin's wonderment, "delighted" Byron (*Conversations*, 1824, p. 264). De Quincy's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* appeared in the *London Magazine*, October, November, 1821, after Cantos III., IV., V., of *Don Juan* were published. But, perhaps, he was contrasting the "simpler blisses" of Juan and Haidée with Shelley's mystical affinities and divagations.]

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When Happiness had been their only dower,
And Twilight saw them linked in Passion's ties;
Charmed with each other, all things charmed that brought
The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
And swept, as 't were, across their hearts' delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight:
And thus some boding flashed through either frame,
And called from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophet eye seemed to dilate
And follow far the disappearing sun,
As if their last day of a happy date
With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone;
Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
His glance inquired of hers for some excuse
For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.

She turned to him, and smiled, but in that sort
Which makes not others smile; then turned aside:
Whatever feeling shook her, it seemed short,
And mastered by her wisdom or her pride;
When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
"If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
Or I at least shall not survive to see."

XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she pressed
His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismissed the omen from her breast,
Defying augury with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 't is the best:
Some people prefer wine—'t is not amiss;

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I have tried both—so those who would a part take
May choose between the headache and the heartache.

XXV.

One of the two, according to your choice,
Woman or wine, you 'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are taxes on our joys:
But which to choose, I really hardly know;
And if I had to give a casting voice,
For both sides I could many reasons show,
And then decide, without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mixed all feelings—friend, child, lover, brother—
All that the best can mingle and express
When two pure hearts are poured in one another,
And love too much, and yet can not love less;
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

XXVII.

Mixed in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;
The World was not for them—nor the World's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,
It was their very Spirit—not a sense.

XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale;[1] they were

1. ["The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
There can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes."
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act v. sc. 4, lines 2–6.]

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Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Called social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care:[i.]
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

XXIX.

Now pillowed cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidée's sweet lips murmured like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.[ii.]

XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical Usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
Strange state of being! (for 't is still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with sealed eyes to see.[iii.]

XXXI.

She dreamed of being alone on the sea-shore,
Chained to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;
And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour,
Until she sobbed for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

i. *Called social, where all Vice and Hatred are.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Moved with her dream* ——.—[*MS.*]
iii. *Strange state of being!—for 't is still to be—*
And who can know all false what then we see?—[*MS.*]

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XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she strayed
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made:
And something rolled before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid:
'T was white and indistinct, nor stopped to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasped,
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasped.

XXXIII.

The dream changed:—in a cave [1] she stood, its walls
Were hung with marble icicles; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk;
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seemed turned to tears, and mirk
The sharp rocks looked below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.[i]

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead brow,
Which she essayed in vain to clear, (how sweet
Were once her cares, how idle seemed they now!)
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quenched heart: and the sea dirges low
Rang in her sad ears like a Mermaid's song,
And that brief dream appeared a life too long.

XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
Faded, or altered into something new—
Like to her Father's features, till each trace
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?

i. —— *methought.*—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

1. [Compare the description of the "spacious cave," in *The Island*, Canto IV. lines 121, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 629, *note* 1.]

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Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
'T is—'t is her Father's—fixed upon the pair!

XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom she deemed a habitant where dwell
The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be
Perchance the death of one she loved too well:
Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
It was a moment of that awful kind——
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall
Snatched down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call,
A thousand scimitars await the word;
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him; "Juan, 't is—
'T is Lambro—'t is my father! Kneel with me—
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
Oh! dearest father, in this agony
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
He looked upon her, but gave no reply;
Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

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XL.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more said:
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
And drawing from his belt a pistol he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."
Then looked close at the flint, as if to see
'T was fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopped this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,
When Haidée threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let Death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith;
I love him—I will die with him: I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who championed human fears—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wooed the blow;
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fixed eye scanned
Her Father's face—but never stopped his hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 't was strange
How like they looked! the expression was the same;

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Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a Lioness, though tame.
Her Father's blood before her Father's face
Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years;
Even to the delicacy of their hand [1]
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fixed ferocity, when joyous tears
And sweet sensations should have welcomed both,
Shows what the passions are in their full growth.

XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,
"Not *I*," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill;
Not *I* have made this desolation: few
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.[i]

XLVII.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
And blew; another answered to the call,

i. *And if* I *did my duty as* thou *hast,*
This hour were thine, and thy young minion's last.—[*MS.*]

1. [The reader will observe a curious mark of propinquity which the poet notices, with respect to the hands of the father and daughter. Lord Byron, we suspect, is indebted for the first hint of this to Ali Pacha, who, by the bye, is the original of Lambro; for, when his lordship was introduced, with his friend Hobhouse, to that agreeable mannered tyrant, the Vizier said that he knew he was the *Megalos Anthropos* (*i.e.* the great Man), by the smallness of his ears and hands. —Galt. See Byron's letter to his mother, November 12, 1809, *Letters*, 1898, i. 251.]

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And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And armed from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word,—"Arrest or slay the Frank."

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compressed within his clasp,
'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp—
His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates—save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in; so well, ere you could look,
His man was floored, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
Juan from the apartment: with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.[i]
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
Until they reached some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stowed him, with strict orders to the watches.

LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,[ii]

i. *Till further orders should his doom assign.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Loving and loved* ——.—[*MS.*]

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Just at the very time when he least broods
On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
Wounded and chained, so that he cannot move,
And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!
Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;
For if my pure libations exceed three,
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
'T is pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!
Sweet Naïad of the Phlegethontic rill!
Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,[1]
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?
I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*
(In each sense of the word), whene'er I fill
My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.[1]

LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidée's bosom bounded?
She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because surrounded;
Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

1. *But thou, sweet fury of the fiery rill,*
Makest on the liver a still worse attack;
Besides, thy price is something dearer still.—[*MS.*]

1. ["As squire Sullen says, 'My head aches consumedly.' 'Scrub, bring me a dram!' Drank some Imola wine, and some punch!"—*Extracts from a Diary*, February 25, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 209. For rack or "arrack" punch, see Thackeray's *Vanity Fair, A Novel without a Hero*, chap. vi. ed. 1892, p. 44.]

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LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit,
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;[1]
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
And Midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

LVI.

Afric is all the Sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.[i.]

LVII.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with Passion and Despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom[2] sweeps the blasted plains.

i. *Beauty and Passion were the natural dower*
Of Haidée's mother, but her climate's force
Lay at her heart, though sleeping at the source.
or, *But in her large eye lay deep Passion's force,*
Like to a lion sleeping by a source.
or, *But in her large eye lay deep Passion's force,*
As sleeps a lion by a river's source.—[*MS.*]

1. ["At Fas [Fez] the houses of the great and wealthy have, within-side, spacious courts, adorned with sumptuous galleries, fountains, basons of fine marble, and fish-ponds, shaded with orange, lemon, pomegranate, and fig trees, abounding with fruit, and ornamented with roses, hyacinths, jasmine, violets, and orange flowers, emitting a delectable fragrance."—*Account of the Empire of Marocco and Suez*, by James Grey Jackson, 1811, pp. 69, 70.]

2. [Compare *Manfred*, act iii. sc. 1, line 128, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 125.]

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LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more,—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her Sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes[i]
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;[1]
And her head drooped, as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one Life could not hold, nor Death destroy.

LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but Death seemed absent still;
No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead;
Corruption came not in each mind to kill
All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of Life, for it seemed full of soul—
She had so much, Earth could not claim the whole.

i. *The blood gushed from her lips, and ears, and eyes:*
Those eyes, so beautiful—beheld no more.—[*MS.*]

1. This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition in 1457, hearing the bells of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, "mourut subitement d'une hémorragie causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans sa poitrine" [see Sismondi, 1815, x. 46, and Daru, 1821, ii. 536; see, too, *The Two Foscari*, act v. sc. 1, line 306, and Introduction to the *Two Foscari*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 118, 193], at the age of eighty years, when "*Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?*" (*Macbeth*, act v. sc. 1, lines 34–36.) Before I was sixteen years of age I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person, who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

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LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chiselled, still lay there,
But fixed as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;[1]
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.—[i]

LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for Life seemed something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the Furies made a pause.

LXIII.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what:
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And recked not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not—not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts—dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

i. *Distinct from life, as being still the same.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The view of the Venus of Medici instantly suggests the lines in the "Seasons" [the description of "Musidora bathing" in *Summer*]—

". . . With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue that enchants the world."

Hobhouse.

A still closer parallel to this stanza, and to *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanzas xlix., cxl., cxli., clx., clxi., is to be found in Thomson's *Liberty*, pt. iv. lines 131–206, where the "Farnese Hercules," the "Dying Gladiator," the "Venus of Medici," and the "Laocoon" group, are commemorated as typical works of art.]

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LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her Father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room—but all forgot—
Gentle, but without memory she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

LXV.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turned as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island-song
Of ancient days, ere Tyranny grew strong.

LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune: he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being; in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

LXVII.

Short solace, vain relief!—Thought came too quick,
And whirled her brain to madness; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close;—
Hers was a frenzy which disdained to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

LXVIII.

Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense;
Nothing could make her meet her Father's face,

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Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
Availed for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seemed gone for ever.

LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,[i.]
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

LXX.

She died, but not alone; she held, within,
A second principle of Life, which might
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin;[ii.]
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight;
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of Love.

LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall Sorrow light, or Shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well [1]
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

i. —— *working slow.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Have dawned a child of beauty, though of sin.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["... Duncan is in his grave:
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."
Macbeth, act iii. sc. 2, lines 22, 23.]

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LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
None but her own and Father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say,
What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,[i]
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
With her Sire's story makes the night less long;
Valour was his, and Beauty dwelt with her:
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,
And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;
I don't much like describing people mad,
For fear of seeming rather touched myself—
Besides, I 've no more on this head to add;
And as my Muse is a capricious elf,
We 'll put about, and try another tack
With Juan, left half-killed some stanzas back.

LXXV.

Wounded and fettered, "cabined, cribbed, confined,"[1]
Some days and nights elapsed before that he
Could altogether call the past to mind;
And when he did, he found himself at sea,
Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;
The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee—

i. *No stone is there to read, nor tongue to say,*
No dirge—save when arise the stormy seas.—[*MS.*]

1. ["But now I am cabined, cribbed," etc.
Macbeth, act iii. sc. 4, line 24.]

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Another time he might have liked to see 'em,
But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigeum.

LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
(Flanked by the Hellespont, and by the sea)
Entombed the bravest of the brave, Achilles;
They say so—(Bryant [1] says the contrary):
And further downward, tall and towering still, is
The tumulus—of whom? Heaven knows! 't may be
Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus—
All heroes, who if living still would slay us.[i.]

LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,
A vast, untilled, and mountain-skirted plain,[ii.]
And Ida in the distance, still the same,
And old Scamander (if 't is he) remain;
The situation seems still formed for fame—
A hundred thousand men might fight again,
With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's walls,
The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise [2] crawls;[iii.]

i. *All heroes* { *who alive perhaps* / *if still alive* }.—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

ii. —— { *and mountain-bounded* / *and mountain-outlined* } *plain.*—
[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

iii. —— *and land-tortoise crawls.*—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

1. [Jacob Bryant (1715-1804) published his *Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, etc.*, in 1796. See *The Bride of Abydos*, Canto II. lines 510, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 179, *note* 1. See, too, *Extracts from a Diary*, January 11, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 165, 166, "I have stood upon that plain [of Troy] *daily*, for more than a month, in 1810; and if anything diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned its veracity." Hobhouse, in his *Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 93, *sq.*, discusses at length the identity of the barrows of the Troad with the *tumuli* of Achilles, Ajax, and Protesilaus, and refutes Bryant's arguments against the identity of Cape Janissary and the Sigean promontory.]

2. ["The whole region was, in a manner, in possession of the *Salsette's* crew, parties of whom, in their white summer dresses, might be seen scattered over the plains collecting the tortoises, which swarm on the sides of the rivulets, and are found under every furze-bush."—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 116. See, too, for mention of "hundreds of tortoises" falling "from the overhanging branches, and thick underwood," into the waters of the Mender, *Travels, etc.*, by E. D. Clarke, 1812, Part II. sect. i. p. 96.]

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LXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses; here and there
Some little hamlets, with new names uncouth;
Some shepherds (unlike Paris) led to stare
A moment at the European youth
Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings bear;[i.]
A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in mouth,
Extremely taken with his own religion,
Are what I found there—but the devil a Phrygian.

LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge
From his dull cabin, found himself a slave;
Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,
O'ershadowed there by many a Hero's grave;
Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge
A few brief questions; and the answers gave
No very satisfactory information
About his past or present situation.

LXXX.

He saw some fellow captives, who appeared
To be Italians (as they were in fact)—
From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,
Which was an odd one; a troop going to act
In Sicily—all singers, duly reared
In their vocation, had not been attacked
In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,
But sold by the *impresario* at no high rate.[1]

i. —— *their learned researches bear.*—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

1. This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre, embarked them at an Italian port, and carrying them to Algiers, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of *L'Italiana in Algieri*, at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.

[We have reason to believe that the following, which we take from the MS. journal of a highly respectable traveller, is a more correct account: "In 1812 a Signor Guariglia induced several young persons of both sexes—none of them exceeding fifteen years of age—to accompany him on an operatic excursion; part to form the opera, and part the ballet. He contrived to get them on board a vessel, which took them to Janina, where he sold them for the basest purposes. Some died from the effect of the climate, and some from suffering. Among the few who returned were a Signor Molinari, and a female dancer

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LXXXI.

By one of these, the *buffo* [1] of the party,
Juan was told about their curious case;
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he
Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;
The little fellow really looked quite hearty,
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,
Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,
Saying, "Our Machiavelian *impresario*,
Making a signal off some promontory,
Hailed a strange brig—*Corpo di Caio Mario!*
We were transferred on board her in a hurry,
Without a single scudo of *salario;*
But if the Sultan has a taste for song,
We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

"The prima donna, though a little old,
And haggard with a dissipated life,
And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
Has some good notes; and then the tenor's wife,
With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;
Last carnival she made a deal of strife,
By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
From an old Roman Princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.

"And then there are the dancers; there 's the Nini,
With more than one profession gains by all;
Then there 's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,
She, too, was fortunate last Carnival,

named Bonfiglia, who afterwards became the wife of Crespi, the tenor singer. The wretch who so basely sold them was, when Lord Byron resided at Venice, employed as *capo de' vestarj*, or head tailor, at the Fenice."—Maria Graham (Lady Callcot). Ed. 1832.]

1. [A comic singer in the *opera buffa*. The Italians, however, distinguish the *buffo cantante*, which requires good singing, from the *buffo comico*, in which there is more acting.—Ed. 1832.]

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And made at least five hundred good *zecchini*,
But spends so fast, she has not now a paul;
And then there 's the Grotesca—such a dancer!
Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

LXXXV.

"As for the *figuranti*,[1] they are like
The rest of all that tribe; with here and there
A pretty person, which perhaps may strike—
The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;
There 's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
Yet has a sentimental kind of air
Which might go far, but she don't dance with vigour—
The more 's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.

"As for the men, they are a middling set;
The *musico* is but a cracked old basin,
But, being qualified in one way yet,
May the seraglio do to set his face in,[i]
And as a servant some preferment get;
His singing I no further trust can place in:
From all the Pope[2] makes yearly 't would perplex
To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

LXXXVII.

"The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation;
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow—
In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow;

i. *To help the ladies in their dress and lacing.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The figuranti are those dancers of a ballet who do not dance singly, but many together, and serve to fill up the background during the exhibition of individual performers. They correspond to the chorus in the opera.—Maria Graham.]

2. It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan, who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trustworthy as guardians of the harem.

["Scarcely a soul of them can read. Pacchierotti was one of the best informed of the *castrati* . . . Marchesi is so grossly ignorant that he wrote the word opera, *opperra*, but Nature has been so bountiful to the animal, that his ignorance and insolence were forgotten the moment he sang."—*Venice, etc.*, by a Lady of Rank, 1824, ii. 86.]

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But being the prima donna's near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
They hired him, though to hear him you 'd believe
An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.

"'T would not become myself to dwell upon
My own merits, and though young—I see, Sir—you
Have got a travelled air, which speaks you one
To whom the opera is by no means new:
You 've heard of Raucocanti?—I 'm the man;
The time may come when you may hear me too;
You was[1] not last year at the fair of Lugo,
But next, when I 'm engaged to sing there—do go.

LXXXIX.

"Our baritone I almost had forgot,
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit;
With graceful action, science not a jot,
A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,
He always is complaining of his lot,
Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;
In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."[i]

XC.

Here Raucocanti's eloquent recital
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
Who came at stated moments to invite all
The captives back to their sad berths; each threw
A rueful glance upon the waves, (which bright all
From the blue skies derived a double blue,
Dancing all free and happy in the sun,)
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

XCI.

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,
Waiting for his Sublimity's firmān,[2]

i. *He never shows his feelings, but his teeth.*—[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

1. [The *N. Engl. Dict.* cites Bunyan, Walpole, Fielding, Miss Austen, and Dickens as authorities for the plural "was." See art. "be." Here, as elsewhere, Byron wrote as he spoke.]

2. ["Our firman arrived from Constantinople on the 30th of April (1810)."—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 186.]

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The most imperative of sovereign spells,
Which everybody does without who can,
More to secure them in their naval cells,
Lady to lady, well as man to man,
Were to be chained and lotted out per couple,
For the slave market of Constantinople.

XCII.

It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female,
Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
If the soprano might be deemed to be male,
They placed him o'er the women as a scout)
Were linked together, and it happened the male
Was Juan,—who, an awkward thing at his age,
Paired off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chained
The tenor; these two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pained
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grained,
Instead of bearing up without debate,
That each pulled different ways with many an oath,
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.[1]

XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,
But bred within the march of old Ancona,
With eyes that looked into the very soul
(And other chief points of a *bella donna*),
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
And through her clear brunette complexion shone a
Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,
Especially when added to the power.

XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
For Sorrow o'er each sense held stern command;

1. *That each pulled different ways—and waxing rough,*
Had cuffed each other, only for the cuff.—[*MS.*]

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Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim:
And though thus chained, as natural her hand
Touched his, nor that—nor any handsome limb
(And she had some not easy to withstand)
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;
Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

XCVI.

No matter; we should ne'er too much inquire,
But facts are facts: no Knight could be more true,
And firmer faith no Ladye-love desire;
We will omit the proofs, save one or two:
'T is said no one in hand "can hold a fire
By thought of frosty Caucasus"[1]—but few,
I really think—yet Juan's then ordeal
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth,[i.]
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two books having too much truth;
Therefore I 'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'T is all the same to me; I 'm fond of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
Who say strange things for so correct an age;[2]

i. *Having had some experience in my youth.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"
Richard II., act i. sc. 3, lines 294, 295.]

2. ["*Don Juan* will be known, *by and by*, for what it is intended—a *Satire* on *abuses* in the present states of society, and not an eulogy of vice. It may be now and then voluptuous:—I can't help that. Ariosto is worse. Smollett (see Lord Strutwell in vol. 2nd of *R*[*oderick*] *R*[*andom*] [1793, pp. 119–127]) ten times worse; and Fielding no better."—Letter to Murray, December 25, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 155, 156.]

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I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks—which now it shan't.

XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
Leaving such to the literary rabble;
Whether my verse's fame be doomed to cease
While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
Or of some centuries to take a lease,
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance
Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
Life seems the smallest portion of existence;
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
'T is as a snowball which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;
But, after all, 't is nothing but cold snow.

CI.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
And love of Glory 's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
Who would as 't were identify their dust
From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,
Leaves nothing till "the coming of the just"—
Save change: I 've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted;[1] Time will doubt of Rome.

1. [*Vide ante*, p. 204, *note* 1. "It seems hardly to admit of doubt, that the plain of Anatolia, watered by the Mender, and backed by a mountainous ridge, of which Kazdaghy is the summit, offers the precise territory alluded to by Homer. The long controversy, excited by Mr. Bryant's publication, and since so vehemently agitated, would probably never have existed, had it not been for the erroneous maps of the country which, even to this hour, disgrace our geographical knowledge of that part of Asia."—*Travels, etc.*, by E. D. Clarke, 1812, Part II. sect. i. p. 78.]

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CII.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an Age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
Save a few gleaned from the sepulchral gloom
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
And lose their own in universal Death.

CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
Where perished in his fame the hero-boy,
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity, the young De Foix!
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
But which Neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.[1]

CIV.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:[2]
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid[i]
To the Bard's tomb, and not the Warrior's column:
The time must come, when both alike decayed,
The Chieftain's trophy, and the Poet's volume,
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

i. *Protects his tomb, but greater care is paid.*—[*MS.*]

1. The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna is about two miles from the city, on the opposite side of the river to the road towards Forli. Gaston de Foix [(1489–1512) Duc de Nemours, nephew of Louis XII.], who gained the battle, was killed in it: there fell on both sides twenty thousand men. The present state of the pillar and its site is described in the text.

[Beyond the Porta Sisi, about two miles from Ravenna, on the banks of the Ronco, is a square pillar (*La Colonna de' Francesi*), erected in 1557 by Pietro Cesi, president of Romagna, as a memorial of the battle gained by the combined army of Louis XII. and the Duke of Ferrara over the troops of Julius II. and the King of Spain, April 11, 1512.—*Handbook of Northern Italy*, p. 548.]

2. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza lvii. line 1, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 371, *note* 1. See, too, Preface to the *Prophecy of Dante*, *ibid.*, iv. 243.]

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CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,
With human filth that column is defiled,
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented
To show his loathing of the spot he soiled:[i.]
Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild
Instinct of gore and glory Earth has known
Those sufferings Dante saw in Hell alone.[ii.]

CVI.

Yet there will still be bards: though Fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;
And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
Song in the world, will seek what then they sought;[iii.]
As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
Dash into poetry, which is but Passion,
Or, at least, was so ere it grew a fashion.

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
At once adventurous and contemplative,
Men who partake all passions as they pass,
Acquire the deep and bitter power to give[iv.]
Their images again as in a glass,
And in such colours that they seem to live;
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.[1]

i. *With human ordure is it now defiled,*
As if the peasant's scorn this mode invented
To show his loathing of the thing he soiled.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Those sufferings once reserved for Hell alone.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Its fumes are frankincense; and were there nought*
Even of this vapour, still the chilling yoke
Of silence would not long be borne by Thought.—[*MS.*]
iv. *I have drunk deep of passions as they pass,*
And dearly bought the bitter power to give.—[*MS.*]

1. [See, for instance, Wilson's review of *Don Juan*, in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, August, 1819, vol. v. p. 512, *sq.*: "To confess . . . to his Maker, and to weep over in secret agonies the wildest and most fantastic transgressions of heart and mind, is the part of a conscious sinner, in whom sin has not become the sole principle of life

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CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!
Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!
Who advertise new poems by your looks,
Your "Imprimatur" will ye not annex?
What! must I go to the oblivious cooks,[1]
Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks?
Ah! must I then the only minstrel be,
Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea![1]

CIX.

What! can I prove "a lion" then no more?
A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling?
To bear the compliments of many a bore,
And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's starling;[2]
Why then I 'll swear, as poet Wordy swore
(Because the world won't read him, always snarling),
That Taste is gone, that Fame is but a lottery,
Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.[3]

i. *What! must I go with Wordy to the cooks?*
Read—were it but your Grandmother's to vex—
And let me not the only minstrel be
Cut off from tasting your Castalian tea.—[*MS.*]

and action. . . . But to lay bare to the eye of man—and of *woman*—all the hidden convulsions of a wicked spirit," etc.]

1. [Compare—

"I leave them to their daily 'tea is ready,'
Snug coterie, and literary lady."
Beppo, stanza lxxvi. lines 7, 8,
Poetical Works, 1901, iv. 184, *note*.]

2. [The caged starling, by its repeated cry, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" cured Yorick of his sentimental yearnings for imprisonment in the Bastille. See Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, ed. 1804, pp. 100–106.]

3. [In his *Essay, Supplement to the Preface* (*Poems by William Wordsworth*, ed. 1820, iii. 315–348), Wordsworth maintains that the appreciation of great poetry is a plant of slow growth, that immediate recognition is a mark of inferiority, or is to be accounted for by the presence of adventitious qualities: "So strange, indeed, are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. . . . Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word *popular!* . . . The voice that issues from this spirit [of human knowledge] is that *Vox Populi* which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for

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CX.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," [1]
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
And I, ye learnéd ladies, say of you;
They say your stockings are so—(Heaven knows why,
I have examined few pair of that hue);
Blue as the garters which serenely lie
Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn
The festal midnight, and the levee morn.[1]

CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—
But times are altered since, a rhyming lover,
You read my stanzas, and I read your features:
And—but no matter, all those things are over;
Still I have no dislike to learnéd natures,
For sometimes such a world of virtues cover;
I knew one woman of that purple school,
The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.[2]

CXII.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not
The last, if late accounts be accurate,
Invented, by some name I have forgot,
As well as the sublime discovery's date,
An airy instrument, with which he sought
To ascertain the atmospheric state,

1. *Not having looked at many of that hue,*
Nor garters—save those of the "honi soit"*—which lie*
Round the Patrician legs which walk about,
The ornaments of levee and of rout.—[*MS.*]

years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in this clamour of that small though loud portion of the community ever governed by factitious influence, which under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself upon the unthinking for the PEOPLE." Naturally enough Byron regarded this pronouncement as a taunt if not as a challenge. Wordsworth's noble appeal from a provincial to an imperial authority, from the present to the future, is not strengthened by the obvious reference to the popularity of contemporaries.]

1. [Southey's *Madoc in Wales*, *Poetical Works*, Part I. Canto V. Ed. 1838, v. 39.]

2. [Probably Lady Charlemont. See "Journal," November 22, 1813.]

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By measuring "the *intensity of blue:*" [1]
Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you! [i.]

CXIII.

But to the narrative:—The vessel bound
With slaves to sell off in the capital,
After the usual process, might be found
At anchor under the seraglio wall;
Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,
Were landed in the market,[2] one and all;
And, there, with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians,
Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV.

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred dollars
For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,
Warranted virgin; Beauty's brightest colours
Had decked her out in all the hues of heaven:
Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,
Who bade on till the hundreds reached eleven;

i. *I 'll back a London* "Bas" *against Peru.*
or, *I 'll bet some pair of stocking beat Peru.*
or, *And so, old Sotheby, we 'll measure you.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The cyanometer, an instrument for ascertaining the intensity of the blue colour of the sky, was invented by Horace Bénédict de Saussure (1740–1799); see his *Essai sur l'Hygrométrie*. F. H. Alexander von Humboldt (1769–1859) "made great use of his instrument on his voyages, and ascertained by the colour the degree of blueness, the accumulation and the nature of the non-transparent exhalations of the air."—*Alexander von Humboldt*, by Professor Klencke, translated by Juliette Bauer, 1852, pp. 45, 46.]

2. ["The slave-market is a quadrangle, surrounded by a covered gallery, and ranges of small and separate apartments." Here the poor wretches sit in a melancholy posture. "Before they cheapen 'em, they turn 'em about from this side to that, survey 'em from top to bottom. . . . Such of 'em, both men and women, to whom Dame Nature has been niggardly of her charms, are set apart for the vilest services: but such girls as have youth and beauty pass their time well enough. . . . The retailers of this human ware are the Jews, who take good care of their slaves' education, that they may sell the better: their choicest they keep at home, and there you must go, if you would have better than ordinary; for 'tis here, as 'tis in markets for horses, the handsomest don't always appear, but are kept within doors."—*A Voyage into the Levant*, by M. Tournefort, 1741, ii. 198, 199. See, too, for the description of the sale of two Circassians and one Georgian, *Voyage de Vienne à Belgrade*, . . . par N. E. Kleeman, 1780, pp. 141, 142. The "lowest offer for the prize Circassian was 4000 piastres."]

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But when the offer went beyond, they knew
'T was for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price
Which the West Indian market scarce could bring—
Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it twice
What 't was ere Abolition; and the thing
Need not seem very wonderful, for Vice
Is always much more splendid than a King:
The Virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,
Are saving—Vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
How some were bought by Pachas, some by Jews,
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
And others rose to the command of crews
As renegadoes; while in hapless group,
Hoping no very old Vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one they picked 'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:[i]

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;
Also our Hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant
(Because this Canto has become too long),[ii]
Must be postponed discreetly for the present;
I 'm sensible redundancy is wrong,
But could not for the Muse of me put less in 't:
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,
Till what is called in Ossian the fifth Duan.

Written Nov. 1819. Copied January, 1820.

i. *The females stood, till chosen each as victim*
To the soft oath of "Ana seing Siktum!"[1]—[*MS.*]
ii. *For fear the Canto should become too long.*—[*MS.*]

1. [If the Turkish words are correctly given, "the oath" may be an imprecation on "your mother's" chastity.]

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CANTO THE FIFTH.[1]

I.

When amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves,
They little think what mischief is in hand;
The greater their success the worse it proves,
As Ovid's verse may give to understand;
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
Except in such a way as not to attract;
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,
But with a moral to each error tacked,
Formed rather for instructing than delighting,
And with all passions in their turn attacked;
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces—the Ocean stream[2]

1. [Canto V. was begun at Ravenna, October the 16th, and finished November the 20th, 1820. It was published August 8, 1821, together with Cantos III. and IV.]

2. This expression of Homer has been much criticized. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the Ægean intersected with islands.

[*Vide Iliad*, xiv. 245, etc. Homer's "ocean-stream" was not the

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Here and there studded with a seventy-four,
Sophia's Cupola with golden gleam,[1]
The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charmed the charming Mary Montagu.

IV.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"[2]
For once it was a magic sound to me;
And still it half calls up the realms of Fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be;
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free:
But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
Which must not be pathetically told.

V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
'T is a grand sight from off "the Giant's Grave"[3]
To watch the progress of those rolling seas

Hellespont, but the rim of waters which encircled the disk of the world.]

1. ["The pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills; showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing."—See letter to Mr. Pope, No. xl. June 17, 1717, and letter to the Countess of Bristol, No. xlvi. n.d., *Letters of the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, 1816, pp. 183–219. See, too, letter to Mrs. Byron, June 28, 1810, *Letters*, 1890, i. 280, *note* 1.]

2. [For Byron's "Marys," see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 192, *note* 2.]

3. The "Giant's Grave" is a height on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties; like Harrow and Highgate.

["The Giant's Mountain, 650 feet high, is almost exactly opposite Buyukdereh . . . It is called by the Turks Yoshadagh, *Mountain of Joshua*, because the *Giant's Grave* on the top is, according to the Moslem

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Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease:
There 's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

VI.

'T was a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,
When nights are equal, but not so the days;
The Parcæ then cut short the further spinning
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise [1]
The waters, and repentance for past sinning
In all, who o'er the great deep take their ways:
They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't;
Because if drowned, they can't—if spared, they won't.

VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
And age, and sex, were in the market ranged;
Each bevy with the merchant in his station:
Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly changed.
All save the blacks seemed jaded with vexation,
From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged;
The negroes more philosophy displayed,—
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flayed.

VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,
As most at his age are, of hope, and health;
Yet I must own, he looked a little dull,
And now and then a tear stole down by stealth;
Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
His spirit down; and then the loss of wealth,
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

1. *For then the Parcæ are most busy spinning*
The fates of seamen, and the loud winds raise.—[*MS.*]

legend, the grave of Joshua. The grave was formerly called the *Couch of Hercules;* but the classical story is that it was the tomb of Amycus, king of the Bebryces [on his grave grew the *laurus insana*, a branch of which caused strife (Plin., *Hist. Nat.*, lib. xvi. cap. xliv. ed. 1593, ii. 198)]. The grave is 20 feet long, and 5 feet broad; it is within a stone enclosure, and is planted with flowers and bushes."—*Handbook for Constantinople*, p. 103.]

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IX.

Were things to shake a Stoic; ne'ertheless,
Upon the whole his carriage was serene:
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,
Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,
Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
He was above the vulgar by his mien;
And then, though pale, he was so very handsome;
And then—they calculated on his ransom.[i]

X.

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted
With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,
Though rather more irregularly spotted:
Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.
It chanced amongst the other people lotted,[ii]
A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,
With resolution in his dark grey eye,
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

XI.

He had an English look; that is, was square
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,
And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,
An open brow a little marked with care:
One arm had on a bandage rather bloody;
And there he stood with such *sang froid*, that greater
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
Of a high spirit evidently, though
At present weighed down by a doom which had
O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show
A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
Lot of so young a partner in the woe,

i. *That he a man of rank and birth had been,*
And then they calculated on his ransom,
And last not least—he was so very handsome.—[*MS.*]

ii. *It chanced that near him, separately lotted,*
From out the group of slaves put up for sale,
A man of middle age, and ——.—[*MS.*]

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Which for himself he seemed to deem no worse
Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

XIII.

"My boy!"—said he, "amidst this motley crew
Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,
All ragamuffins differing but in hue,
With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
The only gentlemen seem I and you;
So let us be acquainted, as we ought:
If I could yield you any consolation,
'T would give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your nation?"

XIV.

When Juan answered—"Spanish!" he replied,
"I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek;
Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed:
Fortune has played you here a pretty freak,
But that 's her way with all men, till they 're tried;
But never mind,—she 'll turn, perhaps, next week;
She has served me also much the same as you,
Except that I have found it nothing new."

XV.

"Pray, sir," said Juan, "if I may presume,
What brought you here?"—"Oh! nothing very rare—
Six Tartars and a drag-chain——"—"To this doom
But what conducted, if the question 's fair,
Is that which I would learn."—"I served for some
Months with the Russian army here and there;
And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widdin."[1]

XVI.

"Have you no friends?"—"I had—but, by God's blessing,
Have not been troubled with them lately. Now
I have answered all your questions without pressing,
And you an equal courtesy should show."

1. [The object of Suwarof's campaign of 1789 was the conquest of Belgrade and Servia, that of Wallachia by the Austrians, etc. Neither of these plans succeeded."—*The Life of Field-Marshal Souvarof*, by L. M. P. Tranchant de Laverne, 1814, pp. 105, 106.]

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"Alas!" said Juan, "'t were a tale distressing,
And long besides."—"Oh! if 't is really so,
You're right on both accounts to hold your tongue;
A sad tale saddens doubly when 't is long.

XVII.

"But droop not: Fortune at your time of life,
Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she 's not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle.
To strive, too, with our fate were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle:
Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

XVIII.

"'T is not," said Juan, "for my present doom
I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a maid:"—
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom;
A single tear upon his eyelash staid
A moment, and then dropped; "but to resume,
'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
Hardships which have the hardiest overworn,

XIX.

"On the rough deep. But this last blow—" and here
He stopped again, and turned away his face.
"Aye," quoth his friend, "I thought it would appear
That there had been a lady in the case;
And these are things which ask a tender tear,
Such as I, too, would shed if in your place:
I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
And also when my second ran away:

XX.

"My third——"—"Your third!" quoth Juan, turning round;
"You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?"
"No—only two at present above ground:
Surely 't is nothing wonderful to see
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"
"Well, then, your third," said Juan; "what did she?

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She did not run away, too,—did she, sir?"
"No, faith."—"What then?"—"I ran away from her."

XXI.

"You take things coolly, sir," said Juan. "Why,"
Replied the other, "what can a man do?
There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanished. All, when Life is new,
Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high;
But Time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

XXII.

"'T is true, it gets another bright and fresh,
Or fresher, brighter; but the year gone through,
This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,
Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—
Love 's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh;
Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue
The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,
Where still we flutter on for pence or praise."

XXIII.

"All this is very fine, and may be true,"
Said Juan; "but I really don't see how
It betters present times with me or you."
"No?" quoth the other; "yet you will allow
By setting things in their right point of view,
Knowledge, at least, is gained; for instance, now,
We know what slavery is, and our disasters
May teach us better to behave when masters."

XXIV.

"Would we were masters now, if but to try
Their present lessons on our Pagan friends here,"
Said Juan,—swallowing a heart-burning sigh:
"Heaven help the scholar, whom his fortune sends here!"
"Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,"
Rejoined the other, "when our bad luck mends here;
Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to eye us)
I wish to G—d that somebody would buy us.

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XXV.

"But after all, what *is* our present state?
'T is bad, and may be better—all men's lot:
Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,
To their own whims and passions, and what not;
Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's Stoics—men without a heart."

XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage
Of the third sex stepped up, and peering over
The captives seemed to mark their looks and age,
And capabilities, as to discover
If they were fitted for the purposed cage:
No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.
'T is pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
Some by a place—as tend their years or natures:
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

XXVIII.

The eunuch, having eyed them o'er with care,
Turned to the merchant, and began to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair;
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so they did!
As though they were in a mere Christian fair,
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;
So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and

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Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,
And by mistake sequins [1] with paras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately scanned,
And then the merchant giving change, and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion?
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,
And Conscience ask a curious sort of question,
About the right divine how far we should
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppressed one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

XXXI.

Voltaire says "No:" he tells you that Candide
Found life most tolerable after meals;[2]
He 's wrong—unless man were a pig, indeed,
Repletion rather adds to what he feels,
Unless he 's drunk, and then no doubt he 's freed
From his own brain's oppression while it reels.
Of food I think with Philip's son [3] or rather
Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and one father);[i.]

i. *But for mere food, I think with Philip's son,*
Or Ammon's—for two fathers claimed this one.—[*MS.*]

1. [The Turkish zecchino is a gold coin, worth about seven shillings and sixpence. The para is not quite equal to an English halfpenny.]

2. [Candide's increased satisfaction with life is implied in the narrative. For example, in chap. xviii., where Candide visits Eldorado:—"Never was there a better entertainment, and never was more wit shown at table than that which fell from His Majesty. Cacambo explained the king's *bons mots* to Candide, and notwithstanding they were translated, they still appeared *bons mots*." This was after supper. See, too, Part II. chap. ii.]

3. See Plutarch in *Alex.*, Q. Curt. *Hist. Alexand.*, and Sir Richard Clayton's "Critical Inquiry into the Life of Alexander the Great," 1763 [from the *Examen, Critique, etc.*, of Guilhem de Clermont-Lodève, Baron de Sainte Croix, 1775.]

["He used to say that sleep and the commerce with the sex were the things that made him most sensible of his mortality, . . . He was also very temperate in eating."—Plutarch's *Alexander*, Langhorne, 1838, p. 473.]

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XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act
Of eating, with another act or two,
Makes us feel our mortality in fact
Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,
And fish, and soup, by some side dishes backed,
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who
Would pique himself on intellects, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

XXXIII.

The other evening ('t was on Friday last)—
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
I heard a shot—'t was eight o'clock scarce past—
And, running out as fast as I was able,[1]

1. The assassination alluded to took place on the 8th of December, 1820, in the streets of Ravenna, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.

["December 9, 1820. I open my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is *now* lying *dead* in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great coat to visit Madame la Comtessa G., when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for everybody here, it seems, to run away from 'the stricken deer.' . . . we found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds; one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child—a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession—a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or anything around him but confusion and dismay. As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had him carried upstairs into my own quarters. But it was too late—he was gone. . . . I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. . . . He only said, 'O Dio!' and 'Gesu!' two or three times, and appeared to have suffered little. Poor fellow! he was a brave officer; but had made himself much disliked by the people."—Letter to Moore,

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I found the military commandant
Stretched in the street, and able scarce to pant.

XXXIV.

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs; and left him there
To perish on the pavement: so I had
Him borne into the house and up the stair,
And stripped, and looked to,[i]——But why should I add
More circumstances? vain was every care;
The man was gone—in some Italian quarrel
Killed by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;
And though I have seen many corpses, never
Saw one, whom such an accident befell,
So calm; though pierced through stomach, heart, and liver,
He seemed to sleep,—for you could scarcely tell
(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead:
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

XXXVI.

"Can this be Death? then what is Life or Death?
Speak!" but he spoke not: "wake!" but still he slept:—
"But yesterday and who had mightier breath?
A thousand warriors by his word were kept
In awe: he said, as the Centurion saith,
'Go,' and he goeth; 'come,' and forth he stepped.
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—
And now nought left him but the muffled drum!" [ii]

i. —— *so I had*
Him borne, as soon 's I could, up several pair
Of stairs—and looked to,——But why should I add
More circumstances? ——.—[*MS.*]

ii. *And now as silent as an unstrung drum.*—[*MS.*]

December 9, 1820, *Letters*, 1901, v. 133. The commandant's name was Del Pinto (*Life*, p. 472).]

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XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipped—they
With their rough faces thronged about the bed
To gaze once more on the commanding clay
Which for the last, though not the first, time bled;
And such an end! that he who many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled,—
The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
Should now be butchered in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,
Those honourable scars which brought him fame;
And horrid was the contrast to the view——
But let me quit the theme; as such things claim
Perhaps even more attention than is due
From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed the same)
To try if I could wrench aught out of Death
Which should confirm, or shake, or make a faith;

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
And there we go:—but *where?* five bits of lead,
Or three, or two, or one, send very far!
And is this blood, then, formed but to be shed?
Can every element our elements mar?
And Air—Earth—Water—Fire live—and we dead?
We, whose minds comprehend all things? No more;
But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
Embarked himself and them, and off they went thence
As fast as oars could pull and water float;
They looked like persons being led to sentence,
Wondering what next, till the caïque [1] was brought
Up in a little creek below a wall
O'ertopped with cypresses, dark-green and tall.

1. The light and elegant wherries plying about the quays of Constantinople are so called.

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XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
Of a small iron door, 't was opened, and
He led them onward, first through a low thicket
Flanked by large groves, which towered on either hand:
They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
For night was closing ere they came to land.
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
Who rowed off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way
Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and so forth:
(Of which I might have a good deal to say,
There being no such profusion in the North
Of oriental plants, *et cetera*,
But that of late your scribblers think it worth
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their* works,
Because *one* poet travelled 'mongst the Turks:) [1]

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came
Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
Whispered to his companion:—'t was the same
Which might have then occurred to you or me.
"Methinks,"—said he,—"it would be no great shame
If we should strike a stroke to set us free;
Let 's knock that old black fellow on the head,
And march away—'t were easier done than said."

XLIV.

"Yes," said the other, "and when done, what then?
How get out? how the devil got we in?
And when we once were fairly out, and when
From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,[2 i.]

i. *We from impalement* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [*Ilderim, a Syrian Tale*, by Henry Gally Knight, was published in 1816; *Phrosyne, a Grecian Tale*, and *Alashtar, an Arabian Tale*, in 1817. Moore's *Lalla Rookh* also appeared in 1817.]

2. [St. Bartholomew was "discoriate, and flayed quick" (*Golden Legend*, 1900, v. 43).]

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To-morrow 'd see us in some other den,
And worse off than we hitherto have been;
Besides, I 'm hungry, and just now would take,
Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

XLV.

"We must be near some place of man's abode;—
For the old negro's confidence in creeping,
With his two captives, by so queer a road,
Shows that he thinks his friends have not been sleeping;
A single cry would bring them all abroad:
'T is better therefore looking before leaping—
And there, you see, this turn has brought us through,
By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too."

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building
Which opened on their view, and o'er the front
There seemed to be besprent a deal of gilding
And various hues, as is the Turkish wont,—
A gaudy taste; for they are little skilled in
The arts of which these lands were once the font:
Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.[1]

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour
Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,
Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find favour,
Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,
And put himself upon his good behaviour:
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
Said, "In Heaven's name let 's get some supper now,
And then I 'm with you, if you 're for a row."

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;

1. ["Many of the seraï and summer-houses [on the Bosphorus] have received these significant, or rather fantastic names: one is the Pearl Pavilion; another is the Star Palace; a third the Mansion of Looking-glasses."—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 243.]

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The last of these was never much the fashion,
For Reason thinks all reasoning out of season:
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,
But more or less continue still to tease on,
With arguments according to their "forte:"
But no one ever dreams of being short.—

XLIX.

But I digress: of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
Method 's more sure at moments to take hold[i.]
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The Tocsin of the Soul—the dinner-bell.

L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine;
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard
No Christian knoll to table, saw no line
Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared,
And gazed around them to the left and right,
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,
They followed close behind their sable guide,
Who little thought that his own cracked existence
Was on the point of being set aside:
He motioned them to stop at some small distance,
And knocking at the gate, 't was opened wide,
And a magnificent large hall displayed
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

LII.

I won't describe; description is my "forte,"
But every fool describes in these bright days

i. *Of speeches, beauty, flattery—there is no Method more sure* ——.—[*MS.*]

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His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—
Death to his publisher, to him 't is sport;
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.[1]

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess;
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,
And some seemed much in love with their own dress;
And divers smoked superb pipes decorated
With amber mouths of greater price or less;
And several strutted, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.[2]

LIV.

As the black eunuch entered with his brace
Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes
A moment, without slackening from their pace;
But those who sate ne'er stirred in any wise:
One or two stared the captives in the face,
Just as one views a horse to guess his price;
Some nodded to the negro from their station,
But no one troubled him with conversation.[3]

1. [*Guide des Voyageurs; Directions for Travellers, etc.—Rhymes, Incidental and Humorous; Rhyming Reminiscences; Effusions in Rhyme, etc.*—Lady Morgan's *Tour in Italy; Tour through Istria, etc., etc.—Sketches of Italy; Sketches of Modern Greece, etc., etc.—Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, by J. C. Hobhouse, 1818.]

2. In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetiser. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it: I tried the experiment, but fared like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called kittiwakes were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that "he was no hungrier than when he began."

3. ["Everything is so still [in the court of the Seraglio], that the motion of a fly might be heard, in a manner; and if any one should presume to raise his voice ever so little, or show the least want of respect to the Mansion-place of their Emperor, he would instantly have the bastinado by the officers that go the rounds."—*A Voyage in the Levant*, by M. Tournefort, 1741, ii. 183.]

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LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without stopping,
On through a farther range of goodly rooms,
Splendid, but silent, save in *one*, where dropping [1]
A marble fountain echoes through the glooms
Of night which robe the chamber, or where popping
Some female head most curiously presumes
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice,
As wondering what the *devil* noise that is!

LVI.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls
Gave light enough to hint their farther way,
But not enough to show the imperial halls
In all the flashing of their full array;
Perhaps there 's nothing—I 'll not say appals,
But saddens more by night as well as day,
Than an enormous room without a soul [2]
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing:
In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,
There Solitude, we know, has her full growth in
The spots which were her realms for evermore;
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
More modern buildings and those built of yore,
A kind of Death comes o'er us all alone,
Seeing what 's meant for many with but one.

1. A common furniture. I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a large room, paved with marble, containing a marble basin, and fountain playing in the centre, etc., etc.
[Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lxii.—

"In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined, a man of war and woes," etc.]

2. [A reminiscence of Newstead. Compare Moore's song, "Oft in the Stilly Night"—

"I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted."

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LVIII.

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,[i.]
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
Are things which make an English evening pass—
Though *certes* by no means so grand a sight
As is a theatre lit up by gas—
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,[ii.] [1]
And that 's the reason I 'm so melancholy.

LIX.

Alas! Man makes that great which makes him little—
I grant you in a church 't is very well:
What speaks of Heaven should by no means be brittle,
But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell
Their names who reared it; but huge houses fit ill,
And huge tombs, worse, Mankind—since Adam fell:
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
Might teach them this much better than I 'm able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then
A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
Where Nabuchadonosor,[2] King of men,
Reigned, till one summer's day he took to grazing,
And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
The people's awe and admiration raising;
'T was famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus,[3]
And the calumniated queen Semiramis—

i. *A small, snug chamber on a winter's night,*
Well furnished with a book, friend, girl, or glass, etc.—[*MS.*]
ii. *I pass my days in long dull galleries solely.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [When this stanza was written Byron was domiciled in the Palazzo Guiccioli (in the Via di Porta Adriana) at Ravenna; but he may have had in his mind the monks' refectory at Newstead Abbey, "the dark gallery, where his fathers frowned" (*Lara*, Canto I. line 137), or the corridors which form the upper story of the cloisters.]

2. ["Nabuchodonosor," here used *metri gratiâ*, is Latin (see the Vulgate) and French (see J. P. De Béranger, *Chansons Inédites*, 1828, p. 48) for Nebuchadnezzar.]

3. [See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. iv. lines 55–58—

"In Babylon, where first her queen, for state,
Raised walls of brick magnificently great,

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LXI.

That injured Queen, by chroniclers [1] so coarse,
Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy)
Of an improper friendship for her horse
(Love, like Religion, sometimes runs to heresy):
This monstrous tale had probably its source
(For such exaggerations here and there I see)
In writing "Courser" by mistake for "Courier:"[i.]
I wish the case could come before a jury here.[2]

LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may not
Be in these days?) some infidels, who don't,
Because they can't find out the very spot
Of that same Babel, or because they won't
(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has got,
And written lately two memoirs upon 't),[3]
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
Must be believed, though they believe not you:

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has expressed
Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
Who give themselves to Architecture wholly;
We know where things and men must end at best:
A moral (like all morals) melancholy,

i. *In an Erratum of her Horse for Courier.*—[*MS.*]

Lived Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair!
He found no Eastern youth his equal there,
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair."

Garth.]

1. Babylon was enlarged by Nimrod, strengthened and beautified by Nabuchadonosor, and rebuilt by Semiramis.

[Pliny (*Nat. Hist.*, lib. viii. cap. xlii. ed. 1593, i. 392) cites Juba, King of Mauretania, died A.D. 19, as his authority for the calumny.]

2. [Queen Caroline—whose trial (August—November, 1820) was proceeding whilst this canto was being written—was charged with having committed adultery with Bartolommeo Bergami, who had been her courier, and was, afterwards, her chamberlain.]

3. ["*Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon*, by Claudius James Rich, Esq., Resident for the Honourable East India Company at the Court of the Pasha of Bagdad, 1815," pp. 61–64: *Second Memoir on Babylon*, . . . 1818, by Claudius James Rich. See the plates at the end of the volume.]

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And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos"
Shows that we build when we should but entomb us.

LXIV.

At last they reached a quarter most retired,
Where Echo woke as if from a long slumber;
Though full of all things which could be desired,
One wondered what to do with such a number
Of articles which nobody required;
Here Wealth had done its utmost to encumber
With furniture an exquisite apartment,
Which puzzled Nature much to know what Art meant.

LXV.

It seemed, however, but to open on
A range or suite of further chambers, which
Might lead to Heaven knows where; but in this one
The moveables were prodigally rich:
Sofas 't was half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
A glance at that which wrapped the slaves in wonder,
Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of staining,
As if the milky way their feet was under
With all its stars; and with a stretch attaining
A certain press or cupboard niched in yonder,
In that remote recess which you may see—
Or if you don't the fault is not in me,—

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous—and the black,
I say, unlocking the recess, pulled forth
A quantity of clothes fit for the back
Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;
And of variety there was no lack—
And yet, though I have said there was no dearth,—
He chose himself to point out what he thought
Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

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LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
A Candiote cloak, which to the knee might reach,
And trousers not so tight that they would burst,
But such as fit an Asiatic breech;
A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been nursed,
Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy;
In short, all things which form a Turkish Dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,
Hinted the vast advantages which they
Might probably attain both in the end,
If they would but pursue the proper way
Which Fortune plainly seemed to recommend;
And then he added, that he needs must say,
"'T would greatly tend to better their condition,
If they would condescend to circumcision.

LXX.

"For his own part, he really should rejoice
To see them true believers, but no less
Would leave his proposition to their choice."
The other, thanking him for this excess
Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice
In such a trifle, scarcely could express
"Sufficiently" (he said) "his approbation
Of all the customs of this polished nation.

LXXI.

"For his own share—he saw but small objection
To so respectable an ancient rite;
And, after swallowing down a slight refection,
For which he owned a present appetite,
He doubted not a few hours of reflection
Would reconcile him to the business quite."
"Will it?" said Juan, sharply: "Strike me dead,
But they as soon shall circumcise my head![i]

i. *If they shall not as soon cut off my head.*—[*MS.*]

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LXXII.

"Cut off a thousand heads, before——"—"Now, pray,"
Replied the other, "do not interrupt:
You put me out in what I had to say.
Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supped,
I shall perpend if your proposal may
Be such as I can properly accept;
Provided always your great goodness still
Remits the matter to our own free-will."

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, "Be so good
As dress yourself—" and pointed out a suit
In which a Princess with great pleasure would
Array her limbs; but Juan standing mute,
As not being in a masquerading mood,
Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot;
And when the old negro told him to "Get ready,"
Replied, "Old gentleman, I 'm not a lady."

LXXIV.

"What you may be, I neither know nor care,"
Said Baba; "but pray do as I desire:
I have no more time nor many words to spare."
"At least," said Juan, "sure I may inquire
The cause of this odd travesty?"—"Forbear,"
Said Baba, "to be curious; 't will transpire,
No doubt, in proper place, and time, and season:
I have no authority to tell the reason."

LXXV.

"Then if I do," said Juan, "I 'll be——"—"Hold!"
Rejoined the negro, "pray be not provoking;
This spirit 's well, but it may wax too bold,
And you will find us not too fond of joking."
"What, sir!" said Juan, "shall it e'er be told
That I unsexed my dress?" But Baba, stroking
The things down, said, "Incense me, and I call
Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:
A woman's, true; but then there is a cause

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Why you should wear them."—"What, though my soul loathes
The effeminate garb?"—thus, after a short pause,
Sighed Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,
"What the devil shall I do with all this gauze?"
Thus he profanely termed the finest lace
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

LXXVII.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slipped
A pair of trousers of flesh-coloured silk;[i]
Next with a virgin zone he was equipped,
Which girt a slight chemise as white as milk;
But tugging on his petticoat, he tripped,
Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say, *whilk*,[1]
(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes)—[ii]

LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was owing to
His garment's novelty, and his being awkward:
And yet at last he managed to get through
His toilet, though no doubt a little backward:
The negro Baba helped a little too,
When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard;
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
He paused, and took a survey up and down.

LXXIX.

One difficulty still remained—his hair
Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
So many false long tresses all to spare,
That soon his head was most completely crowned,
After the manner then in fashion there;
And this addition with such gems was bound
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his head and oil it.

i. *A pair of drawers* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare "Extracts from a Diary," January 24, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 184.]

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LXXX.

And now being femininely all arrayed,
With some small aid from scissors, paint, and tweezers,
He looked in almost all respects a maid,[1]
And Baba smilingly exclaimed, "You see, sirs,
A perfect transformation here displayed;
And now, then, you must come along with me, sirs,
That is—the Lady:" clapping his hands twice,
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

"You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
"Will please to accompany those gentlemen
To supper; but you, worthy Christian nun,
Will follow me: no trifling, sir; for when
I say a thing, it must at once be done.
What fear you? think you this a lion's den?
Why, 't is a palace; where the truly wise
Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

"You fool! I tell you no one means you harm."
"So much the better," Juan said, "for them;
Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
Which is not quite so light as you may deem.
I yield thus far; but soon will break the charm,
If any take me for that which I seem:
So that I trust for every body's sake,
That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.

"Blockhead! come on, and see," quoth Baba; while
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce forbear a smile
Upon the metamorphosis in view,—
"Farewell!" they mutually exclaimed: "this soil
Seems fertile in adventures strange and new;
One 's turned half Mussulman, and one a maid,
By this old black enchanter's unsought aid."

1. *He looked almost in modesty a maid.*—[*MS.*]

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LXXXIV.

"Farewell!" said Juan: "should we meet no more,
I wish you a good appetite."—"Farewell!"
Replied the other; "though it grieves me sore:
When we next meet, we 'll have a tale to tell:
We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore.
Keep your good name; though Eve herself once fell."
"Nay," quoth the maid, "the Sultan's self shan't carry me,
Unless his Highness promises to marry me."

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
Baba led Juan onward, room by room,
Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance lowers;
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
It seemed as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;
Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquished lies;
There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies:
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O'er them in almost pyramidic pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its *features*,[1]
You never thought about those little creatures,

1. *Features* of a gate—a ministerial metaphor: "the *feature* upon which this question *hinges*." See the "Fudge Family," or hear Castlereagh.
[Phil. Fudge, in his letter to Lord Castlereagh, says—

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LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor grey,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may;
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They looked so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes;
And now and then, with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those Eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat—
For mutes are generally used for that.

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all;
And looking like two Incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds: it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
With shrinking serpent optics on him stared;[1]
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whome'er they fixed their eyes on.

"As *thou* would'st say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,
I must *embark* into the *feature*
On which this letter chiefly *hinges.*"

Moore's note adds, "Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's speeches:—'*And now, sir, I must embark into the* feature *on which this question chiefly hinges.*'"—*Fudge Family in Paris*, Letter II. See, too, *post*, the Preface to Cantos VI., VII., and VIII., p. 264, *note* 3.]

1. [Compare—

"A snake's small eye blinks dull and sly,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye."
Christabel. Part II. lines 583-585.]

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XCI.

Before they entered, Baba paused to hint
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide:
"If you could just contrive," he said, "to stint
That somewhat manly majesty of stride,
'T would be as well, and—(though there 's not much in 't)
To swing a little less from side to side,
Which has at times an aspect of the oddest;—
And also could you look a little modest,

XCII.

"'T would be convenient; for these mutes have eyes
Like needles, which may pierce those petticoats;
And if they should discover your disguise,
You know how near us the deep Bosphorus floats;
And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
To find our way to Marmora without boats,
Stitched up in sacks—a mode of navigation
A good deal practised here upon occasion." [1]

XCIII.

With this encouragement he led the way
Into a room still nobler than the last;
A rich confusion formed a disarray
In such sort, that the eye along it cast
Could hardly carry anything away,
Object on object flashed so bright and fast;
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much; such things
Occur in Orient palaces, and even
In the more chastened domes of Western kings
(Of which I have also seen some six or seven),

1. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity: he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night. One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love."
[See *The Giaour*, line 1328, *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 144, *note* 1.]

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Where I can't say or gold or diamond flings
Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven;
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures,
On which I cannot pause to make my strictures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quite in a confidential queenly way,
A lady; Baba stopped, and kneeling signed
To Juan, who though not much used to pray,
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant: while Baba bowed and bended
His head, until the ceremony ended.

XCVI.

The lady rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair[i]
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem;
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
She signed to Baba, who first kissed the hem
Of her deep purple robe, and, speaking low,
Pointed to Juan who remained below.

XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force Description only would abate:
I 'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate
Of forms and features; it would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail;
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

XCVIII.

Thus much however I may add,—her years
Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs,
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things:[ii]

i. *As Venus rose from Ocean—bent on them*
With a far-reaching glance, a Paphian pair.—[*MS.*]

ii. *But there are forms which Time adorns, not wears,*
And to which Beauty obstinately clings.—[*MS.*]

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Such as was Mary's, Queen of Scots; true—tears
And Love destroy; and sapping Sorrow wrings
Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow
Ugly; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.[1]

XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who
Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,
Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen:
They formed a very nymph-like looking crew,[2]
Which might have called Diana's chorus "cousin,"
As far as outward show may correspond—
I won't be bail for anything beyond.

C.

They bowed obeisance and withdrew, retiring,
But not by the same door through which came in
Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,
At some small distance, all he saw within
This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
Marvel and praise; for both or none things win;
And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of the "Nil admirari."[3]

CI.

"Not to admire is all the art I know
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers of speech)—

1. [Legend has credited Ninon de Lenclos (1620–1705) with lovers when she had "come to four-score years." According to Voltaire, John Casimir, ex-king of Poland, succumbed to her secular charms (see *Mazeppa*, line 138, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 212, *note* 1). "In her old age, her house was the rendezvous of wits and men of letters. Scarron is said to have consulted her on his romances, Saint-Evremond on his poems, Molière on his comedies, Fontenelle on his dialogues, and La Rochefoucauld on his maxims. Coligny, Sévigné, etc., were her lovers and friends. At her death, in 1705, she bequeathed to Voltaire two thousand francs, to expend in books."—*Biographie Universelle*, art. "Lenclos."]

2. ["Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty," etc.—Lady M. W. Montagu to the Countess of Mar, April 18, O.S. 1717, ed. 1816, p. 163.]

3. ["Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
Hor., *Epist.*, lib. 1, ep. vi. lines 1, 2.]

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Ninon de Lenclos

From a miniature in the possession of
Sir J. G. Tollomache Sinclair Bart.

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Ninon de Lenclos

From a miniature in the possession of
Sir J. G. Tollamache Sinclair Bart.

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To make men happy, or to keep them so"
(So take it in the very words of Creech)—
Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago;
And thus Pope[1] quotes the precept to re-teach
From his translation; but had *none admired*,
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired?[2]

CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
Motioned to Juan to approach, and then
A second time desired him to kneel down,
And kiss the lady's foot; which maxim when
He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
Drew himself up to his full height again,
And said, "It grieved him, but he could not stoop
To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope."

CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat
He muttered (but the last was given aside)
About a bow-string—quite in vain; not yet
Would Juan bend, though 't were to Mahomet's bride:
There 's nothing in the world like *etiquette*
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
As also at the Race and County Balls.

CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
About his ears, and nathless would not bend;

1. ["Not to admire, is all the Art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so,
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech)."

To Mr. Murray (Lord Mansfield), Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, Book I. epist. vi. lines 1–4.

Thomas Creech (1659–1701) published his *Translation of Horace* in 1684. In the second edition, 1688, p. 487, the lines run—

"Not to admire, as most are wont to do,
It is the only method that I know,
To make Men happy and to keep 'em so."]

2. [Johnson placed judgment and friendship above admiration and love. "Admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne; judgment and friendship like being enlivened." See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 1876, p. 450.]

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The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
Boiled in his veins, and, rather than descend
To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords
A thousand times of him had made an end;
At length perceiving the "*foot*" could not stand,
Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,
A half-way house of diplomatic rest,
Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise;
And Juan now his willingness expressed
To use all fit and proper courtesies,
Adding, that this was commonest and best,
For through the South, the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,
Though on more *thorough-bred*[1] or fairer fingers
No lips e'er left their transitory trace:
On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,
And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,
As you will see, if she you love shall bring hers
In contact; and sometimes even a fair stranger's
An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
Baba retire, which he obeyed in style,
As if well used to the retreating trade;
And taking hints in good part all the while,
He whispered Juan not to be afraid,
And looking on him with a sort of smile,
Took leave, with such a face of satisfaction,
As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change:
I know not what might be the lady's thought,

1. There is nothing, perhaps, more distinctive of birth than the hand. It is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate.

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But o'er her bright brow flashed a tumult strange,
And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
The verge of Heaven; and in her large eyes wrought,
A mixture of sensations might be scanned,
Of half voluptuousness and half command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the Devil,
When he put on the Cherub to perplex [1]
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil;
The Sun himself was scarce more free from specks
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil;
Yet, somehow, there was something somewhere wanting,
As if she rather *ordered* than was *granting*.—

CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain
Was thrown as 't were about the neck of you,—
And Rapture's self will seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like despotism in view;
Our souls at least are free, and 't is in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
Her very nod was not an inclination;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her station—
They trod as upon necks; and to complete
Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
A poniard decked her girdle, as the sign
She was a Sultan's bride (thank Heaven, not mine!).

CXII.

"To hear and to obey" had been from birth
The law of all around her; to fulfil

1. [In old pictures of the Fall, it is a cherub who whispers into the ear of Eve. The serpent's coils are hidden in the foliage of the tree.]

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All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as her will;
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth:
Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;
Had she but been a Christian, I 've a notion
We should have found out the "perpetual motion."

CXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was brought;
Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed
It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
And when 't was found straightway the bargain closed:
There was no end unto the things she bought,
Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused;
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardoned all except her face.[i.]

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught
Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
She ordered him directly to be bought,
And Baba, who had ne'er been known to fail
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
At all such auctions knew how to prevail:[ii.]
She had no prudence, but he had—and this
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favoured the disguise,
And should you ask how she, a Sultan's bride,
Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,
This I must leave sultanas to decide:
Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,[iii.]
As we may ascertain with due precision,
Some by experience, others by tradition.

i. *The very women half forgave her face.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Had his instructions where and how to deal.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *And husbands now and then are mystified.*—[*MS.*]

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CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending:—
She now conceived all difficulties past,
And deemed herself extremely condescending
When, being made her property at last,
Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending
Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou love?"
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;
But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
With Haidée's isle and soft Ionian face,
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowing
Rush back upon his heart, which filled apace,
And left his cheeks as pale as snowdrops blowing:
These words went through his soul like Arab spears,[1]
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shocked; not shocked at tears,
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 't is a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how:
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 't was to bear
Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wondered how so near
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

1. [Narrow javelins, once known as archegays—the assegais of Zulu warfare.]

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CXX.

But Nature teaches more than power can spoil,[i]
And, when a *strong* although a strange sensation
Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, whatso'er their nation,
They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"
Samaritans in every situation;
And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why,
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon
Juan, who for an instant had been moved
To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
Of one who dared to ask if "he *had* loved,"
Called back the Stoic to his eyes, which shone
Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
And although sensitive to beauty, he
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
Was much embarrassed, never having met
In all her life with aught save prayers and praise;
And as she also risked her life to get
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time
To gentlemen in any such like case,
That is to say in a meridian clime—
With us there is more law given to the chase,
But here a small delay forms a great crime:
So recollect that the extremest grace

i. *But nature teaches what power cannot spoil*
And, though it was a new and strange sensation,
Young female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, she forgot her station.—[*MS.*]

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Is just two minutes for your declaration—
A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good; and might have been still better,
But he had got Haidée into his head:
However strange, he could not yet forget her,
Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.
Gulbeyaz, who looked on him as her debtor
For having had him to her palace led,
Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid
Her hand on his, and bending on him eyes
Which needed not an empire to persuade,
Looked into his for love, where none replies:
Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,
That being the last thing a proud woman tries;
She rose, and pausing one chaste moment threw
Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
But he was steeled by Sorrow, Wrath, and Pride:
With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
And seated her all drooping by his side,
Then rising haughtily he glanced around,
And looking coldly in her face he cried,
"The prisoned eagle will not pair, nor I
Serve a Sultana's sensual phantasy.

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof
How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee!*
In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof,
Were fitter for me: Love is for the free!
I am not dazzled by this splendid roof;
Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own."

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CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite;
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things:
She deemed her least command must yield delight,
Earth being only made for Queens and Kings.
If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion anywhere,
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress on charms, which seldom are, if e'er,
By their possessors thrown into the shade:
She thought hers gave a double "right divine;"
And half of that opinion 's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,
Ye! who have kept your chastity when young,
While some more desperate dowager has been waging
Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung[i]
By your refusal, recollect her raging!
Or recollect all that was said or sung
On such a subject; then suppose the face
Of a young downright beauty in this case!

CXXXI.

Suppose,—but you already have supposed,
The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,[1]
Phædra,[2] and all which story has disclosed
Of good examples; pity that so few by

i. *War with your heart* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [See Fielding's *History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, bk. i. chap. v.]

2. ["'But if my boy with virtue be endued,
What harm will beauty do him?' Nay, what good?
Say, what avail'd, of old, to Theseus' son,
The stern resolve? what to Bellerophon?—

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Poets and private tutors are exposed,[i.]
To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by!
But when you have supposed the few we know,
You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tigress robbed of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are similes at hand for the distress
Of ladies who can *not* have their own way;
But though my turn will not be served with less,
These don't express one half what I should say:
For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
To cutting short their hope of having *any*?

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring 's Nature's general law,
From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings;
There 's nothing whets the beak, or arms the claw
Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings;
And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
How mothers love their children's squalls and chucklings:
This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger.[ii.]

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flashed from Gulbeyaz' eyes,
'T were nothing—for her eyes flashed always fire;

i. *The poets and romances* ——.—[*MS.*]

ii. *And this strong second cause (to tire no longer*
Your patience) shows the first must still be stronger.—
[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

O, then did Phædra redden, then her pride
Took fire to be so steadfastly denied!
Then, too, did Sthenobœa glow with shame,
And both burst forth with unextinguish'd flame!"
Gifford, *Juvenal, Sat.* x. 473-480.

The adventures of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, and Bellerophon are well known. They were accused of incontinence, by the women whose inordinate passions they had refused to gratify at the expense of their duty, and sacrificed to the fatal credulity of the husbands of the disappointed fair ones. It is very probable that both the stories are founded on the Scripture account of Joseph and Potiphar's wife.—Footnote, *ibid.*, ed. 1817, ii. pp. 49, 50.]

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Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
So supernatural was her passion's rise;
For ne'er till now she knew a checked desire:
Even ye who know what a checked woman is
(Enough, God knows!) would much fall short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 't was well—
A moment's more had slain her; but the while
It lasted 't was like a short glimpse of Hell:
Nought 's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see, yet grand to tell,
Like Ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;
And the deep passions flashing through her form
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 't were to a typhoon
To match a common fury with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,[1]
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page;[i.]
Her anger pitched into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like Lear's,[2]
And then her thirst of blood was quenched in tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it passed,
Passed without words—in fact she could not speak;
And then her sex's shame[3] broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,

i. *Like natural Shakespeare on the immortal page.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["By Heaven! methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."
1 *Henry IV.*, act i. sc. 3, lines 201, 202.]

2. ["And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill."
King Lear, act iv. sc. 6, lines 185, 186.]

3. ["A woman scorn'd is pitiless as fate,
For, there, the dread of shame adds stings to hate."
Gifford's *Juvenal, Sat.* x. lines 481, 482, ed. 1817, ii. p. 50.]

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But now it flowed in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak;
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers;
It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance;
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to sentence
The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry—of course.

CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward;
For Eastern stays are little made to pad,
So that a poniard pierces if 't is struck hard:
She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!
Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CXLI.

Juan was moved: he had made up his mind
To be impaled, or quartered as a dish
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,
And thus heroically stood resigned,
Rather than sin—except to his own wish:

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But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,[1]
So Juan's virtue ebbed, I know not how;
And first he wondered why he had refused;
And then, if matters could be made up now;
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses;
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrowed all that e'er the Muses
Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest chatter,
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;[i]
Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but, before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly entered.

CXLIV.

"Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the Moon!"
('T was thus he spake,) "and Empress of the Earth!
Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune,
Whose smile makes all the planets dance with mirth,
Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too soon—
Which your sublime attention may be worth:
The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,
To hint that he is coming up this way."

CXLV.

"Is it," exclaimed Gulbeyaz, "as you say?
I wish to heaven he would not shine till morning!

i. *Or all the stuff which uttered by the "Blues" is.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Yes—my valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it *oozing* out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!"—Sheridan's *Rivals*, act v. sc. 3.]

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But bid my women form the milky way.
Hence, my old comet! give the stars due warning— [i.]
And, Christian! mingle with them as you may,
And as you 'd have me pardon your past scorning——"
Here they were interrupted by a humming
Sound, and then by a cry, "The Sultan 's coming!"

CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
And then his Highness' eunuchs, black and white;
The train might reach a quarter of a mile:
His Majesty was always so polite
As to announce his visits a long while
Before he came, especially at night;
For being the last wife of the Emperor,
She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawled to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
Snatched from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mentioned in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knōllĕs, where few shine [ii.]
Save Solyman, the glory of their line.[1]

i. *But prithee—get my women in the way,*
That all the stars may gleam with due adorning.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Of Cantemir or Knollĕs* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on "Empire" (*Essays*, No. xx.), hints that Solyman was the last of his line; on what authority, I know not. These are his words: "The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solyman's line; as the succession of the Turks from Solyman until this day is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Selymus the second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half a dozen instances from his Apophthegms only.

[Selim II. (1524-1574) succeeded his father as Sultan in 1566. Hofmann (*Lexicon Univ.*) describes him as "meticulosus, effeminatus, ebriosus," but neither Demetrius Cantemir, in his *History of the Growth and Decay of the Othman Empire* (translated by N. Tyndal, 1734); nor *The Turkish History* (written by Mr. Knolles, 1701), cast any doubts on his legitimacy. Byron complained of the omission from the notes to the first edition of *Don Juan*, of his corrections of Bacon's

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CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
With more than "Oriental scrupulosity;" [1]
He left to his vizier all state affairs,
And showed but little royal curiosity:
I know not if he had domestic cares—
No process proved connubial animosity;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.[i.]

CXLIX.

If now and then there happened a slight slip,
Little was heard of criminal or crime;
The story scarcely passed a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time,
From which the secret nobody could rip:
The public knew no more than does this rhyme;
No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.[ii.]

CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journeyed fifty miles, and found
No sign that it was circular anywhere;[iii.]
His empire also was without a bound:
'T is true, a little troubled here and there,
By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,
But then they never came to "the Seven Towers;" [2]

i. *Because he kept them wrapt up in his closet, he*
Ruled four wives and twelve hundred whores, unseen,
More easily than Christian kings one queen.—[*MS.*]

ii. *There ended many a fair Sultana's trip:*
The Public knew no more than does this rhyme;
No printed scandals flew,—the fish, of course,
Were better—while the morals were no worse.—[*MS.*]

iii. *No sign of its depression anywhere.*—[*MS.*]

"Apophthegms" (see *Letters*, 1901, v. Appendix VI. pp. 597-600), in a letter to Murray, dated January 21, 1821, *vide ibid.*, p. 220.]

1. [Gibbon.]

2. ["We attempted to visit the Seven Towers, but were stopped at the entrance, and informed that without a firman it was inaccessible to strangers. . . . It was supposed that Count Bulukof, the Russian minister, would be the last of the *Moussafirs*, or imperial hostages,

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CLI.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
To lodge there when a war broke out, according
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
Their lies, yclept despatches, without risk or
The singeing of a single inky whisker.

CLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were stowed,
The former in a palace, where like nuns
They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, was wed at once,
Sometimes at six years old [1]—though this seems odd,
'T is true; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire-in-law.

CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the fates alone;
Meantime the education they went through
Was princely, as the proofs have always shown;
So that the heir apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hanged than crowned.

CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,

confined in this fortress; but since the year 1784 M. Ruffin and many of the French have been imprisoned in the same place; and the dungeons . . . were gaping, it seems, for the sacred persons of the gentlemen composing his Britannic Majesty's mission, previous to the rupture between Great Britain and the Porte in 1809."—Hobhouse, *Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 311, 312.]

1. ["The princess" (Asma Sultana, daughter of Achmet III.) "complained of the barbarity which, at thirteen years of age, united her to a decrepit old man, who, by treating her like a child, had inspired her with nothing but disgust."—*Memoirs of Baron de Tott*, 1786, i. 74. See, too, *Mémoires, etc.*, 1784, i. 84, 85.]

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Who cleared her sparkling eyes and smoothed her brows,
As suits a matron who has played a prank;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank:
To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for Heaven.[1]

CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always looked, perceived
Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,
At which he seemed no whit surprised nor grieved,
But just remarked with air sedate and wise,[i]
While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz heaved,
"I see you 've bought another girl; 't is pity
That a mere Christian should be half so pretty."

CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and shake.
Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone:
Oh! Mahomet! that his Majesty should take
Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one
Of them his lips imperial ever spake!
There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—
The women up—because, in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes[ii]
Is not a thing of that astringent quality
Which in the North prevents precocious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our morality;

i. —— *with solemn air and wise.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Virginity in these unhappy climes.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The connection between "horns" and Heaven, to which Byron twice alludes, is not very obvious. The reference may be to the Biblical "horn of salvation," or to the symbolical horns of Divine glory as depicted in the Moses of Michel Angelo. Compare *Mazeppa*, lines 177, 178, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 213.]

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The Sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect—on vice.

CLVIII.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
And wedlock and a padlock mean the same:
Excepting only when the former 's picked
It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame;
Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when pricked:
But then their own polygamy 's to blame;
Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life
Into that moral centaur, man and wife? [1]

CLIX.

Thus far our chronicle; and now we pause,
Though not for want of matter; but 't is time,
According to the ancient epic laws,
To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,
The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps
You 'll pardon to my muse a few short naps.[i]

End of Canto 5th Finished Ravenna, Nov. 27th 1820.
Begun Oct. 16, 1820.
and finished copying out, Dec. 26.
with some intermediate additions, 1820.
B.

i. *Meanwhile as Homer sometimes sleeps, much more*
The modern muse may be allowed to snore.—[*MS.*]

1. [This stanza, which Byron *composed in bed*, February 27, 1821 (see *Extracts from a Diary, Letters*, 1901, v. 209), is not in the first edition. On discovering the omission, he wrote to Murray: "Upon what principle have you omitted . . . one of the concluding stanzas sent as an addition?—because it ended, I suppose, with—

'And do not link two virtuous souls for life
Into that *moral centaur*, man and wife?'

Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not permit any human being to take such liberties with my writings because I am absent. I desire the omissions to be replaced (except the stanza on Semiramis)—particularly the stanza upon the Turkish marriages."—Letter to Murray, August 31, 1821, *ibid.*, p. 351.]

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PREFACE TO CANTOS VI., VII., AND VIII.

THE details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (*i.e.* the seventh and eighth) are taken from a French Work, entitled *Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie.*[1] Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterward the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry,[2] but written some time before his decease. Had that person's oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true: but with this the public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in

1. [The Marquis Gabriel de Castelnau, author of an *Essai sur L'Histoire ancienne et moderne de la Nouvelle Russie* (Sec. Ed. 3 tom. 1827), was, at one time, resident at Odessa, where he met and made the acquaintance of Armand Emanuel, Duc de Richelieu, who took part in the siege of Ismail. M. Léon de Crousaz-Crétet describes him as "ancien surintendant des théâtres sous l'Empereur Paul."—*Le Duc de Richelieu*, 1897, p. 83.]

2. [For Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry (1769–1822), see *Letters*, 1900, iv. 108, 109, *note* 1.]

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intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever tyrannised over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson,[1] had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant lunatic—a sentimental suicide—he merely cut the "carotid artery," (blessings on their learning!) and lo! the pageant, and the Abbey! and "the syllables of dolour yelled forth"[2] by the newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner in a eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the law[3]—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric.[4]

1. [Samuel Ferrand Waddington, born 1759, hop-grower and radical politician, first came into notice as the chairman of public meetings in favour of making peace with the French in 1793. He was the author, *inter alia*, of *A Key to a Delicate Investigation*, 1812, and *An Address to the People of the United Kingdom*, 1812. He was alive in 1822. James Watson (1766–1838), a radical agitator of the following of Thomas Spence, was engaged, in the autumn of 1816, in an abortive conspiracy to blow up cavalry barracks, barricade the streets, and seize the Bank and the Tower. He was tried for high treason before Lord Ellenborough, and acquitted.]

2. [*Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3, lines 7, 8.]

3. I say by the *law* of the *land*—the laws of humanity judge more gently; but as the legitimates have always the *law* in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

4. [Mr. Joseph Carttar, of Deptford, coroner for the County of Kent, addressed the jury at some length. The following sentences are taken from the report of the inquest, contained in *The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year* 1823, vol. vii. p. 57: "As a public man, it is impossible for me to weigh his character in any scales that I can hold. In private life I believe the world will admit that a more amiable man could not be found. . . . If it should unfortunately appear that there is not sufficient evidence to prove what is generally considered the indication of a disordered mind, I trust that the jury will pay some attention to my humble opinion, which is, that no man can be in his proper senses at the moment he commits so rash an act as self-murder. . . . The Bible declares that a man clings to nothing so strongly as

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In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a "moral lesson" to the surviving Sejani [1] of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nations, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind. Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—"La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, et s'est refugiée sur les lèvres." . . . "Plus les mœurs sont dépravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu."

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, etc., are the changes

his own life, I therefore view it as an axiom, and an abstract principle, that a man must necessarily be out of his mind at the moment of destroying himself." Byron, probably, read the report of the inquest in Cobbett's *Weekly Register* (August 17, 1822, vol. 43, pp. 389-425). The "eulogy" was in perfectly good taste, but there can be little doubt that if "Waddington or Watson" had cut *their* "carotid arteries," the verdict would have been different.]

1. From this number must be excepted Canning. Canning is a genius, almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his late predecessor, Lord C. If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*, but *will* he? I for one, hope so.

[The phrase, "great moral lesson," was employed by the Duke of Wellington, *à propos* of the restoration of pictures and statues to their "rightful owners," in a despatch addressed to Castlereagh, under date, Paris, September 19, 1815 (*The Dispatches, etc.* (ed. by Colonel Gurwood), 1847, viii. 270). The words, "moral lesson," as applied to the French generally, are to be found in Scott's *Field of Waterloo* (conclusion, stanza vi. line 3), which was written about the same time as the despatch. Byron quotes them in his "Ode from the French," stanza iv. line 8 (see *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 434, *note* 1). There is a satirical allusion to the Duke's "assumption of the didactic" about teaching a "great moral lesson" in the Preface to the first number of he *Liberal* (1822, p. xi.).]

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which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the "wretched infidel," as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience' sake will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heterodox [1] Prelates to Christianity, suicide statesmen to oppression, or overpensioned homicides to the impious alliance which insults the world with the name of "Holy!" [2] I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and ——but enough for the present.

1. When Lord Sandwich said "he did not know the difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy," Warburton, the bishop, replied, "Orthodoxy, my lord, is *my doxy*, and heterodoxy is *another man's* doxy." A prelate of the present day has discovered, it seems, a *third* kind of doxy, which has not greatly exalted in the eyes of the elect that which Bentham calls "Church-of-Englandism."

[For the "prelate," see *Letters*, 1902, vi. 101, *note* 2.]

2. [For the Duke of Wellington and the Holy Alliance, see the Introduction to *The Age of Bronze, Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 538, 561.]

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CANTO THE SIXTH.[1]

I.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which,—taken at the flood,"—you know the rest,[2]
And most of us have found it now and then:
At least we think so, though but few have guessed
The moment, till too late to come again.
But no doubt everything is for the best—
Of which the surest sign is in the end:
When things are at the worst they sometimes mend.

II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where:
Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its currents to a hair;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen[3]
With its strange whirls and eddies can compare:

1. [Two MSS. (A, B) are extant, A in Byron's handwriting, B a transcription by Mrs. Shelley. The variants are marked respectively *MS. A.*, *MS. B.*

Motto: "Thinkest thou that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale? Aye! and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too."—*Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, Shakespeare, act ii. sc. 3, lines 109–112.—[*MS. B.*]

This motto, in an amended form, which was prefixed to the First Canto in 1833, appears on the title-page of the first edition of Cantos VI., VII., VIII., published by John Hunt in 1823.]

2. [See Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3, lines 216, 217.]

3. [Jacob Behmen (or Boehm) stands for "mystic." Byron twice compares him with Wordsworth (see *Letters*, 1899, iii. 239, 1900, iv. 238).]

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Men with their heads reflect on this and that—
But women with their hearts on Heaven knows what![i]

III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright She,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk
A throne—the world—the universe—to be
Beloved in her own way—and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free[ii]
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a She 's a devil (if there be one),
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

IV.

Thrones, worlds, *et cetera*, are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, that when Passion
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.
If Anthony be well remembered yet,
'T is not his conquests keep his name in fashion,
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.[iii]

V.

He died at fifty for a queen of forty;
I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty,[iv]
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a sport—I
Remember when, though I had no great plenty

i. *Man with his head reflects (as Spurzheim tells),*
But Woman with the heart—or something else.
or, *Man's pensive part is (now and then) the head,*
Woman's the heart or anything instead.—
[*MS. A. Alternative reading.*]

ii. *Like to a Comet's tail* ——.—[*MS. A. erased.*]

iii. *O'erbalance all the Cæsar's victories.*—[*MS. A.*]
Outbalance all the Cæsar's victories.—[*MS. B.*]

In the Shelley copy "o'erbalance" has been erased and "outbalance" inserted in Byron's handwriting. The lines must have been intended to run thus—

'T is not his conquests keep his name in fashion
But Actium lost; for Cleopatra's eyes
Outbalance all the Cæsar's victories.

iv. *I wish that they had been eighteen* ——.—[*MS. A. erased.*]

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Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I
Gave what I had—a heart;[1] as the world went, I
Gave what was worth a world; for worlds could never
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

VI.

'T was the boy's "mite," and, like the "widow's," may
Perhaps be weighed hereafter, if not now;
But whether such things do or do not weigh,
All who have loved, or love, will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is Love, they say,
And Love 's a god, or was before the brow
Of Earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in
A kind of state more awkward than uncommon,
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman:
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,
And don't agree at all with the wise Roman,
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.[2]

VIII.

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong;
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it;
But I detest all fiction even in song,
And so must tell the truth, howe'er you blame it.
Her reason being weak, her passions strong,
She thought that her Lord's heart (even could she
claim it)

1. [To Mary Chaworth. Compare "Our union would have healed feuds . . . it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart."—*Detached Thoughts*, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 441.]

2. [Cato gave up his wife Martia to his friend Hortensius; but, on the death of the latter, took her back again. This conduct was censured by Cæsar, who observed that Cato had an eye to the main chance. "It was the wealth of Hortensius. He lent the young man his wife, that he might make her a rich widow."—Langhorne's Plutarch, 1838, pp. 539, 547.]

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Was scarce enough; for he had fifty-nine
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

IX.

I am not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician,"
But by "the bookish theoric"[1] it appears,
If 't is summed up with feminine precision,
That, adding to the account his Highness' years,
The fair Sultana erred from inanition;
For, were the Sultan just to all his dears,
She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part
Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious
Upon all legal objects of possession,
And not the least so when they are religious,
Which doubles what they think of the transgression:
With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,
As the tribunals show through many a session,
When they suspect that any one goes shares
In that to which the law makes them sole heirs.

XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,
The heathen also, though with lesser latitude,[i]
Are apt to carry things with a high hand,
And take, what Kings call "an imposing attitude;"
And for their rights connubial make a stand,
When their liege husbands treat them with ingratitude;
And as four wives must have quadruple claims,
The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)
The favourite; but what 's favour amongst four?
Polygamy may well be held in dread,
Not only as a sin, but as a *bore:*

i. —— *though with greater latitude.*—[*MS. A.*]

1. [*Othello*, act i. sc. 1, lines 19–24.]

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Most wise men with *one* moderate woman wed,[i.]
Will scarcely find philosophy for more;
And all (except Mahometans) forbear
To make the nuptial couch a "Bed of Ware."[1]

XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—[ii.]
So styled according to the usual forms
Of every monarch, till they are consigned
To those sad hungry Jacobins the worms,
Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,—
His Highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,
Expecting all the welcome of a lover
(A "Highland welcome"[2] all the wide world over).

XIV.

Now here we should distinguish; for howe'er
Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,
May look like what it is—neither here nor there,[iii.]
They are put on as easily as a hat,
Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,
Trimmed either heads or hearts to decorate,
Which form an ornament, but no more part
Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resigned
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,

i. —— *with one foolish woman wed.*—[*MS. B.*]

ii. *His Highness the sublimest of mankind,*
The greatest, wisest, bravest, [*and the*] *best,*
Proved by his edicts somewhat blind,
Who saw his virtues as they saw the rest—
His Highness quite connubially inclined
Had deigned that night to be Gulbeyaz' guest.—[*MS. A.*]

iii. *May look like what I need not mention here.*—[*MS. A.*]

1. [The famous *bed*, measuring *twelve feet square*, to which an allusion is made by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 2, line 44, was formerly preserved at the Saracen's Head at Ware, in Hertfordshire. The bed was removed from Ware to the Rye House in 1869.]

2. See Waverley [chap. xx.].

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Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
Of Love, when seated on his loveliest throne,
A sincere woman's breast,—for over-*warm*
Or over-*cold* annihilates the charm.

XVI.

For over-warmth, if false, is worse than truth;
If true, 't is no great lease of its own fire;
For no one, save in very early youth,
Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,
Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,
And apt to be transferred to the first buyer
At a sad discount: while your over chilly
Women, on t' other hand, seem somewhat silly.

XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,
Who fain would have a mutual flame confessed,
And see a sentimental passion glow,
Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,
In his monastic concubine of snow;—[1]
In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is
Horatian, "*Medio tu tutissimus ibis.*" [2]

XVIII.

The "tu" 's *too* much,—but let it stand,—the verse
Requires it, that 's to say, the English rhyme,
And not the pink of old hexameters;
But, after all, there 's neither tune nor time
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,[ii.]
And was thrust in to close the octave's chime:
I own no prosody can ever rate it
As a rule, but *Truth* may, if you translate it.

i. *Are better signs if such things can be signed.*—[*MS. A.*]

ii. *In the damned line* ('*t is worth, at least, a curse*)
Which I have examined too close.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [For St. Francis of Assisi, and the "seven great balls of snow," of which "the greatest" was "his wife," see *The Golden Legend*, 1900, v. 221, *vide ante*, p. 32, *note* 1.]

2. [The words *medio*, etc., are to be found in Ovid., *Metam.*, lib. ii. line 137; the doctrine, *Virtus est medium vitiorum*, in Horace, *Epist.*, lib. 1, ep. xviii. line 9.]

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XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,
I know not—it succeeded, and success
Is much in most things, not less in the heart
Than other articles of female dress.
Self-love in Man, too, beats all female art;[i.]
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less:
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose:
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,
Whate'er their dreams be, if of joys or woes:
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.
Our least of sorrows are such as we *weep;*
'T is the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.[ii.]

XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a per-centage; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he 's mounted,
A bad old woman making a worse will,[1]
Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted [iii.]
As certain;—these are paltry things, and yet
I 've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

XXII.

I 'm a philosopher; confound them all![iv.]
Bills, beasts, and men, and—no! *not* womankind![v]

i. *Self-love that whetstone of Don Cupid's art.*—[*MS. A.*]
ii. —— *with love despairs.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]
iii. *Which diddles you* ——.—[*MS. A. erased.*]
iv. *I 'm a philosopher; G—d damn them all.*—[*MS. B.*]
v. *Bills, women, wives, dogs, horses and mankind.*—[*MS. B. erased.*]

1. [Lady Noel's will was proved February 22, 1812. She left to the trustees a portrait of Byron . . . with directions that it was not to be shown to his daughter Ada till she attained the age of twenty-one; but that if her mother was still living, it was not to be so delivered without Lady Byron's consent.—*Letters*, 1901, vi. 42, *note* 1.]

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With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,
And then my Stoicism leaves nought behind
Which it can either pain or evil call,
And I can give my whole soul up to mind;
Though what *is* soul, or mind, their birth or growth,
Is more than I know—the deuce take them both![i]

XXIII.

So now all things are damned one feels at ease,
As after reading Athanasius' curse,
Which doth your true believer so much please:
I doubt if any now could make it worse
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,
'T is so sententious, positive, and terse,
And decorates the Book of Common Prayer,
As doth a rainbow the just clearing air.

XXIV.

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or
At least one of them!—Oh, the heavy night,
When wicked wives, who love some bachelor,[ii]
Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light
Of the grey morning, and look vainly for
Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quite—
To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake
Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake![iii]

XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,
Also beneath the canopy of beds
Four-posted and silk-curtained, which are given
For rich men and their brides to lay their heads
Upon, in sheets white as what bards call "driven
Snow,"[1] Well! 't is all hap-hazard when one weds.

i. *Is more than I know, and, so, damn them both.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]

ii. *When we lie down—wife, spouse, or bachelor*
By what we love not, to sigh for the light.—[*MS. A. erased.*]

iii. *By their infernal bedfellow* ——.—[*MS. A. erased.*]

1. [The comparison of Queen Caroline to snow may be traced to an article in the *Times* of August 23, 1820: "The Queen may now, we believe, be considered as triumphing! For the first three years at least of her Majesty's painful peregrinations, she stands before her husband's admiring subjects 'as white as unsunned snows.'" Political bards and

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Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been
Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's quean.*

XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,[1]
With all the damsels in their long array,
Had bowed themselves before th' imperial eyes,
And at the usual signal ta'en their way
Back to their chambers, those long galleries
In the seraglio, where the ladies lay
Their delicate limbs; a thousand bosoms there
Beating for Love, as the caged bird 's for air.

XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The Tyrant's[2] wish, "that Mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce:"
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,[i]
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)
That Womankind had but one rosy mouth,[ii]
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

XXVIII.

Oh, enviable Briareus! with thy hands
And heads, if thou hadst all things multiplied
In such proportion!—But my Muse withstands
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,

i. *My wish were general but no worse.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]
ii. *That Womankind had only one—say heart.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]

lampoonists of the king's party thanked the *Times* for "giving them that word."]

1. [According to Gronow (*Reminiscences*, 1889, i. 62), a practical joke of Dan Mackinnon's (*vide ante*, p. 69, *footnote*) gave Byron a hint for this scene in the harem: "Lord Wellington was curious about visiting a convent near Lisbon, and the lady abbess made no difficulty. Mackinnon hearing this contrived to get clandestinely within the sacred walls . . . at all events, when Lord Wellington arrived Dan Mackinnon was to be seen among the nuns, dressed out in their sacred costume, with his whiskers shaved; and, as he possessed good features, he was declared to be one of the best-looking among those chaste dames. It was supposed that this adventure, which was known to Lord Byron, suggested a similar episode in *Don Juan*."]

2. [Caligula—*vide* Suetonius, *De XII. Cæs.*, C. Cæs. Calig., cap. xxx., "Infensus turbæ faventi adversus studium exclamavit: 'Utinam populus Romanus unam cervicem haberet!'"]

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Or travelling in Patagonian lands;
So let us back to Lilliput, and guide
Our hero through the labyrinth of Love
In which we left him several lines above.

XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely Odalisques,[1]
At the given signal joined to their array;
And though he certainly ran many risks,
Yet he could not at times keep, by the way,
(Although the consequences of such frisks
Are worse than the worst damages men pay
In moral England, where the thing 's a tax,)
From ogling all their charms from breasts to backs.

XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise:—along
The galleries from room to room they walked,
A virgin-like and edifying throng,
By eunuchs flanked; while at their head there stalked
A dame who kept up discipline among
The female ranks, so that none stirred or talked,
Without her sanction on their she-parades:
Her title was "the Mother of the Maids."

XXXI.

Whether she was a "Mother," I know not,
Or whether they were "Maids" who called her Mother;
But this is her Seraglio title, got
I know not how, but good as any other;
So Cantemir[2] can tell you, or De Tott:[3]
Her office was to keep aloof or smother
All bad propensities in fifteen hundred
Young women, and correct them when they blundered.

1. The ladies of the Seraglio.

2. [Demetrius Cantemir, hospodar of Moldavia. His work, the *History of the Growth and Decay of the Othman Empire*, was translated into English by N. Tyndal, 1734. He died in 1723.]

3. [Baron de Tott, in his *Memoirs concerning the State of the Turkish Empire* (1786, i. 72), gives the title of this functionary as *Kiaya Kadun*, *i. e.* Mistress or Governess of the Ladies.]

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XXXII.

A goodly sinecure, no doubt! but made
More easy by the absence of all men—
Except his Majesty,—who, with her aid,
And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now and then
A slight example, just to cast a shade
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,
Where all the passions have, alas! but one vent.

XXXIII.

And what is that? Devotion, doubtless—how
Could you ask such a question?—but we will
Continue. As I said, this goodly row
Of ladies of all countries at the will [1]
Of one good man, with stately march and slow,
Like water-lilies floating down a rill—
Or rather lake—for *rills* do *not* run *slowly*,—
Paced on most maiden-like and melancholy.

XXXIV.

But when they reached their own apartments, there,
Like birds, or boys, or bedlamites broke loose,
Waves at spring-tide, or women anywhere
When freed from bonds (which are of no great use
After all), or like Irish at a fair,
Their guards being gone, and as it were a truce
Established between them and bondage, they
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play.

XXXV.

Their talk, of course, ran most on the new comer;
Her shape, her hair, her air, her everything:
Some thought her dress did not so much become her,
Or wondered at her ears without a ring;
Some said her years were getting nigh their summer,
Others contended they were but in spring;
Some thought her rather masculine in height,
While others wished that she had been so quite.

1. [The repetition of the same rhyme-word was noted in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, July, 1823, vol. xiv. p. 90.]

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XXXVI.

But no one doubted on the whole, that she
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair,
And fresh, and "beautiful exceedingly," [1]
Who with the brightest Georgians [2] might compare:
They wondered how Gulbeyaz, too, could be
So silly as to buy slaves who might share
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)
Her Throne and Power, and everything beside.

XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,
Although her beauty was enough to vex,
After the first investigating view,
They all found out as few, or fewer, specks
In the fair form of their companion new,
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,
When they survey, with Christian eyes or Heathen,
In a new face "the ugliest creature breathing."

XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies,
Like all the rest; but upon this occasion,
Whether there are such things as sympathies
Without our knowledge or our approbation,
Although they could not see through his disguise,
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,
Like Magnetism, or Devilism, or what
You please—we will not quarrel about that:

XXXIX.

But certain 't is they all felt for their new
Companion something newer still, as 't were

1. ["I guess, 't was frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly."
Christabel, Part I. lines 66–68.]

2. "It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia, that nature has placed, at least to our eyes, the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs, the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance: the men are formed for action, the women for love."—Gibbon, [*Decline and Fall, etc.*, 1825, iii. 126.]

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A sentimental friendship through and through,
Extremely pure, which made them all concur
In wishing her their sister, save a few
Who wished they had a brother just like her,
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circassia,
They would prefer to Padisha [1] or Pacha.

XL.

Of those who had most genius for this sort
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,
Lolah, Katinka,[2] and Dudù—in short
(To save description), fair as fair can be
Were they, according to the best report,
Though differing in stature and degree,
And clime and time, and country and complexion—
They all alike admired their new connection.

XLI.

Lolah was dusk as India and as warm;
Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
And feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread,
But rather skim the earth; while Dudù's form
Looked more adapted to be put to bed,
Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

1. Padisha is the Turkish title of the Grand Signior.

2. [Katinka was the name of the youngest sister of Theresa, the "Maid of Athens."—See letter to H. Drury, May 3, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i. 269, *note* 1; and *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 15, *note* 1.

It is probable that the originals of Katinka and Dudù were two Circassians who were presented for sale to Nicolas Ernest Kleeman (see his *Voyage de Vienne, etc.*, 1780, pp. 142, 143) at Kaffa, in the Crimea. Of the first he writes, "Elle me baisa la main, et par l'ordre de son maître, elle se promena en long et en large, pour me faire remarquer sa taille mince et aisée. Elle avoit un joli petit pied. . . . Quand elle a en ôté son voile elle a présenté à mes yeux une beauté très-attrayante; ses cheveux étoient blonds argentés; elle avoit de grands yeux bleux, le nez un peu long, et les lèvres appétissantes. Sa figure étoit régulière, son teint blanc, délicat, les joues couvertes d'un charmant vermillon. . . . La seconde étoit un peu petite, assez grasse, et avoit les cheveux roux, l'air sensuel et revenant." Kleeman pretended to offer terms, took notes, and retired. But the Circassians are before us still.]

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XLII.

A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dudù,
Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those[1]
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose:
Few angles were there in her form, 't is true,
Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose;
Yet, after all, 't would puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,
They put beholders in a tender taking;
She looked (this simile 's quite new) just cut
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,
The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into Life.

XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—
"Juanna."—Well, a pretty name enough.
Katinka asked her also whence she came—
"From Spain."—"But where *is* Spain?"—"Don't ask such stuff,
Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame!"
Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,
To poor Katinka: "Spain 's an island near
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."

XLV.

Dudù said nothing, but sat down beside
Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;
And, looking at her steadfastly, she sighed,
As if she pitied her for being there,
A pretty stranger without friend or guide,
And all abashed, too, at the general stare
Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,
With kind remarks upon their mien and faces.

1. [*Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2, line 36.]

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XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near,
With "Ladies, it is time to go to rest.
I 'm puzzled what to do with *you*, my dear!"
She added to Juanna, their new guest:
"Your coming has been unexpected here,
And every couch is occupied; you had best
Partake of mine; but by to-morrow early
We will have all things settled for you fairly."

XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed—"Mamma, you know
You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear
That anybody should disturb you so;
I 'll take Juanna; we 're a slenderer pair
Than you would make the half of;—don't say no;
And I of your young charge will take due care."
But here Katinka interfered, and said,
"She also had compassion and a bed."

XLVIII.

"Besides, I hate to sleep alone," quoth she.
The matron frowned: "Why so?"—"For fear of ghosts,"
Replied Katinka; "I am sure I see
A phantom upon each of the four posts;
And then I have the worst dreams that can be,
Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Gouls in hosts."
The dame replied, "Between your dreams and you,
I fear Juanna's dreams would be but few.

XLIX.

"You, Lolah, must continue still to lie
Alone, for reasons which don't matter; you
The same, Katinka, until by and by:
And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,
Who 's quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,
And will not toss and chatter the night through.
What say you, child?"—Dudù said nothing, as
Her talents were of the more silent class;

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L.

But she rose up, and kissed the matron's brow
Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,
Katinka too; and with a gentle bow
(Curt'sies are neither used by Turks nor Greeks)
She took Juanna by the hand to show
Their place of rest, and left to both their piques,
The others pouting at the matron's preference
Of Dudù, though they held their tongues from deference.

LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is
The Turkish title), and ranged round the wall
Were couches, toilets—and much more than this
I might describe, as I have seen it all,
But it suffices—little was amiss;
'T was on the whole a nobly furnished hall,
With all things ladies want, save one or two,
And even those were nearer than they knew.

LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
With the most regulated charms of feature,
Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning
Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
And pleasing, or unpleasing, still are like.

LIII.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
Which, some call "the Sublime:" I wish they 'd try it:
I 've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
And serious more than pensive, and serene,

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It may be, more than either—not unholy
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been.
The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly
Unconscious, albeit turned of quick seventeen,
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;
She never thought about herself at all.

LV.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as
The Age of Gold (when gold was yet unknown,
By which its nomenclature came to pass;[i.]
Thus most appropriately has been shown
"Lucus à *non* lucendo," *not* what *was*,
But what *was not;* a sort of style that 's grown
Extremely common in this age, whose metal
The Devil may decompose, but never settle:[ii.]

LVI.

I think it may be of "Corinthian Brass,"[1]
Which was a mixture of all metals, but
The brazen uppermost). Kind reader! pass
This long parenthesis: I could not shut
It sooner for the soul of me, and class
My faults even with your own! which meaneth, Put
A kind construction upon them and me:
But *that* you won't—then don't—I am not less free.

LVII.

'T is time we should return to plain narration,
And thus my narrative proceeds:—Dudù,
With every kindness short of ostentation,
Showed Juan, or Juanna, through and through
This labyrinth of females, and each station
Described—what 's strange—in words extremely few:
I have but one simile, and that 's a blunder,
For wordless woman, which is *silent* thunder.[iii.]

i. *By which no doubt its Baptism came to pass.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]
ii. *The Devil in Hell might melt but never settle.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]
iii. *For Woman's silence startles more than thunder.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]

1. [Hence the title of the satire, *The Age of Bronze.*]

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LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because
The gender still was epicene, at least
In outward show, which is a saving clause)
An outline of the customs of the East,
With all their chaste integrity of laws,
By which the more a Harem is increased,
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties
Of any supernumerary beauties.

LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss:
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I 'm sure
That nobody can ever take amiss,
Because 't is pleasant, so that it be pure,
And between females means no more than this—
That they have nothing better near, or newer.
"Kiss" rhymes to "bliss" in fact as well as verse—
I wish it never led to something worse.

LX.

In perfect innocence she then unmade
Her toilet, which cost little, for she was
A child of Nature, carelessly arrayed:
If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,
'T was like the fawn, which, in the lake displayed,
Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,
When first she starts, and then returns to peep,
Admiring this new native of the deep.

LXI.

And one by one her articles of dress
Were laid aside; but not before she offered
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess
Of modesty declined the assistance proffered:
Which passed well off—as she could do no less;
Though by this *politesse* she rather suffered,
Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,
Which surely were invented for our sins,—

LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,
Not to be rashly touched. But still more dread,

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Oh ye! whose fate it is, as once 't was mine,
In early youth, to turn a lady's maid;—
I did my very boyish best to shine
In tricking her out for a masquerade:
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
And I love Wisdom more than she loves me;
My tendency is to philosophise
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spouseless virgin *Knowledge* flies.
What are we? and whence came we? what shall be
Our *ultimate* existence? what 's our present?
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber: dim
And distant from each other burned the lights,
And slumber hovered o'er each lovely limb
Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,
They should have walked there in their sprightliest trim,
By way of change from their sepulchral sites,
And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste
Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost, and care, and warmth induced to shoot.
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath,
And lips apart, which showed the pearls beneath.

LXVI.

One with her flushed cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud

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The moon breaks, half unveiled each further charm,
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All bashfully to struggle into light.

LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so; for
'T was night, but there were lamps, as hath been said.
A third 's all pallid aspect offered more
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betrayed
Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shore
Beloved and deplored; while slowly strayed
(As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes' dark fringes.

LXVIII.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,
Lay in a breathless, hushed, and stony sleep;
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,
Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you will;—
My similes are gathered in a heap,
So pick and choose—perhaps you 'll be content
With a carved lady on a monument.

LXIX.

And lo! a fifth appears;—and what is she?
A lady of a "certain age," [1] which means
Certainly aged—what her years might be
I know not, never counting past their teens;
But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,
As ere that awful period intervenes
Which lays both men and women on the shelf,
To meditate upon their sins and self.

LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dreamed, Dudù?
With strict inquiry I could ne'er discover,

1. [Compare *Beppo*, stanza xxii. line 2, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 166, *note* 1.]

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And scorn to add a syllable untrue;
But ere the middle watch was hardly over,
Just when the fading lamps waned dim and blue,
And phantoms hovered, or might seem to hover,
To those who like their company, about
The apartment, on a sudden she screamed out:

LXXI.

And that so loudly, that upstarted all
The Oda, in a general commotion:
Matron and maids, and those whom you may call
Neither, came crowding like the waves of Ocean,
One on the other, throughout the whole hall,
All trembling, wondering, without the least notion
More than I have myself of what could make
The calm Dudù so turbulently wake.

LXXII.

But wide awake she was, and round her bed,
With floating draperies and with flying hair,
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
And bosoms, arms, and ankles glancing bare,
And bright as any meteor ever bred
By the North Pole,—they sought her cause of care,
For she seemed agitated, flushed, and frightened,
Her eye dilated, and her colour heightened.

LXXIII.

But what is strange—and a strong proof how great
A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay
As fast as ever husband by his mate
In holy matrimony snores away.
Not all the clamour broke her happy state
Of slumber, ere they shook her,—so they say
At least,—and then she, too, unclosed her eyes,
And yawned a good deal with discreet surprise.[i]

LXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than once

i. *With no less true and feminine surprise.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]

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Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce
To answer in a very clear oration.
Dudù had never passed for wanting sense,
But being "no orator as Brutus is,"[1]
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

LXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound
She dreamed a dream, of walking in a wood—
A "wood obscure," like that where Dante found[2]
Himself in at the age when all grow good;[i]
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue crowned
Run much less risk of lovers turning rude;
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots;

LXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew,—
A most prodigious pippin—but it hung
Rather too high and distant; that she threw
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung
Stones and whatever she could pick up, to
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung
To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,
But always at a most provoking height;[ii]

LXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,
It fell down of its own accord before
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop
And pick it up, and bite it to the core;
That just as her young lip began to ope[iii]
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,

i. *Himself in an age when men grow good,*
As Life's best half is done ——.—[*MS. A. erased.*]
ii. *But out of reach—a most provoking sight.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]
iii. *That ere her unreluctant lips could ope.*—[*MS. A.*]

1. [*Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 11, line 216.]
2. ["Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura," etc.
Inferno, Canto I. lines 1, 2.]

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A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart,
And so—she woke with a great scream and start.

LXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and
Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams
Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand
To expound their vain and visionary gleams.
I 've known some odd ones which seemed really planned
Prophetically, or that which one deems
A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days.[1]

LXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great harm,
Began, as is the consequence of fear,
To scold a little at the false alarm
That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.
The matron, too, was wroth to leave her warm
Bed for the dream she had been obliged to hear,
And chafed at poor Dudù, who only sighed,
And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

LXXX.

"I 've heard of stories of a cock and bull;
But visions of an apple and a bee,
To take us from our natural rest, and pull
The whole Oda from their beds at half-past three,
Would make us think the moon is at its full.
You surely are unwell, child! we must see,
To-morrow, what his Highness's physician
Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.

"And poor Juanna, too, the child's first night
Within these walls, to be broke in upon
With such a clamour—I had thought it right
That the young stranger should not lie alone,

1. [One of the advocates employed for Queen Caroline in the House of Lords spoke of some of the most puzzling passages in the history of her intercourse with Bergami, as amounting to "odd instances of strange coincidence."—Ed. 1833, xvi. 160.]

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And, as the quietest of all, she might
With you, Dudù, a good night's rest have known:
But now I must transfer her to the charge
Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large."

LXXXII.

Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition;
But poor Dudù, with large drops in her own,
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,
Implored that present pardon might be shown
For this first fault, and that on no condition
(She added in a soft and piteous tone)
Juanna should be taken from her, and
Her future dreams should be all kept in hand.

LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,
At least to dream so loudly as just now;
She wondered at herself how she could scream—
'T was foolish, nervous, as she must allow,
A fond hallucination, and a theme
For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,
And begged they would excuse her; she 'd get over
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,
And said she felt herself extremely well
Where she then was, as her sound sleep disclosed,
When all around rang like a tocsin bell;
She did not find herself the least disposed
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell
Apart from one who had no sin to show,
Save that of dreaming once "mal-à-propos."

LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turned round
And hid her face within Juanna's breast:
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found
The colour of a budding rose's crest.[i]

i. *At least as red as the Flamingo's breast.*—[*MS. A. erased.*]

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I can't tell why she blushed, nor can expound
The mystery of this rupture of their rest;
All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as Truth has ever been of late,

LXXXVI.

And so good night to them,—or, if you will,
Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and light
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,
And the mosque crescent struggled into sight
Of the long caravan, which in the chill
Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each height
That stretches to the stony belt, which girds
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.[1]

LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,
Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness; and pale
As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,
Arrayed herself with mantle, gem, and veil.
The Nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,
Which fable places in her breast of wail,
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

LXXXVIII.

And that 's the moral of this composition,
If people would but see its real drift;—
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,
Because all gentle readers have the gift
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision:
While gentle writers also love to lift
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

LXXXIX.

Rose the Sultana from a bed of splendour,
Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried[2]

1. [Byron used Kaff for Caucasus, *vide ante*, *English Bards, etc.*, line 1022, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 378, *note* 3. But there may be some allusion to the fabulous Kaff, "anciently imagined by the Asiatics to surround the world, to bind the horizon on all sides." There was a proverb "From Kaf to Kaf," *i.e.* "the wide world through." See, too, D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, 1697, art. "Caf."]

2. [See L. A. Seneca, *De Irâ*, lib. ii. cap. 25.]

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Aloud because his feelings were too tender
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side,—
So beautiful that Art could little mend her,
Though pale with conflicts between Love and Pride;—
So agitated was she with her error,
She did not even look into the mirror.

XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,
Perhaps a little later, her great Lord,
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,
And of a wife by whom he was abhorred;
A thing of much less import in that clime—
At least to those of incomes which afford
The filling up their whole connubial cargo—
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor
Indeed on any other: as a man
He liked to have a handsome paramour
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,
And therefore of Circassians had good store,
As an amusement after the Divan;
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty.

XCII.

And now he rose; and after due ablutions
Exacted by the customs of the East,
And prayers and other pious evolutions,
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,
Whose victories had recently increased
In Catherine's reign, whom Glory still adores,
As greatest of all sovereigns and w——s.

XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander![1.1]
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend

1. *Oh thou her lawful grandson Alexander*
Let not this quality offend ——.—[*MS. A. erased.*]

1. [Compare *The Age of Bronze*, lines 434, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 563, *note* 1.]

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Thine ear, if it should reach—and now rhymes wander
Almost as far as Petersburgh, and lend
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander
Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which blend
Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you be
Your father's son, 't is quite enough for me.

XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim [i]
Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,
That hater of Mankind, would be a shame,
A libel, or whate'er you please to rhyme on:
But people's ancestors are History's game; [ii]
And if one Lady's slip could leave a crime on
All generations, I should like to know
What pedigree the best would have to show? [1]

XCV.

Had Catherine and the Sultan understood
Their own true interests, which Kings rarely know,
Until 't is taught by lessons rather rude,
There was a way to end their strife, although
Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,
Without the aid of Prince or Plenipo:
She to dismiss her guards and he his Harem,
And for their other matters, meet and share 'em.

XCVI.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold
His daily council upon ways and means
How to encounter with this martial scold,
This modern Amazon and Queen of queans;

i. *To call a man a whoreson* ——.—[*MS. A. erased.*]
ii. *But a man's grandmother is deemed fair game.*—[*MS. A.*]

1. [It is probable that Byron knew that there was a "hint of illegitimacy" in his own pedigree. John Byron of Clayton, grandfather of Richard the second Lord Byron, was born, out of wedlock, to Elizabeth, daughter of William Costerden, of Blakesley, in Lancashire, widow to George Halgh of Halgh (*sic*), and second wife of Sir John Byron of Clayton, "little Sir John with the great beard." He succeeded to Newstead and the Lancashire estates, not as heir-at-law, but by deed of gift. (See letter to Murray, October 20, 1820, *Letters*, 1901, v. 99, *note* 2.)]

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And the perplexity could not be told
Of all the pillars of the State, which leans
Sometimes a little heavy on the backs
Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

XCVII.

Meantime Gulbeyaz when her King was gone,
Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place
For love or breakfast; private, pleasing, lone,
And rich with all contrivances which grace
Those gay recesses:—many a precious stone
Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase
Of porcelain held in the fettered flowers,
Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

XCVIII.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,
Vied with each other on this costly spot;
And singing birds without were heard to warble;
And the stained glass which lighted this fair grot
Varied each ray;—but all descriptions garble
The true effect,[1] and so we had better not
Be too minute; an outline is the best,—
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

XCIX.

And here she summoned Baba, and required
Don Juan at his hands, and information
Of what had passed since all the slaves retired,
And whether he had occupied their station:
If matters had been managed as desired,
And his disguise with due consideration

1. [Aubry de la Motraye, in describing the interior of the Grand Signior's palace, into which he gained admission as the assistant of a watchmaker who was employed to regulate the clocks, says that the eunuch who received them at the entrance of the harem, conducted them into a hall: "Cette salle est incrustée de porcelaines fines; et le lambris doré et azuré qui orne le fond d'une coupole qui règne au-dessus, est des plus riches. . . . Une fontaine artificielle et jaillissante, dont le bassin est d'un prétieux marbre verd qui m'a paru serpentin ou jaspe, s'élevoit directement au milieu, sous le dôme. . . . Je me trouvai la tête si pleine de *Sophas* de prétieux plafonds, de meubles superbes, en un mot, d'une si grande confusion de matériaux magnifiques, . . . qu'il seroit difficile d'en donner une idée claire."—*Voyages*, 1727, i. 220, 222.]

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Kept up; and above all, the where and how
He had passed the night, was what she wished to know.

C.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied
To this long catechism of questions, asked
More easily than answered,—that he had tried
His best to obey in what he had been tasked;
But there seemed something that he wished to hide,
Which Hesitation more betrayed than masked;
He scratched his ear, the infallible resource
To which embarrassed people have recourse.

CI.

Gulbeyaz was no model of true patience,
Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed;
She liked quick answers in all conversations;
And when she saw him stumbling like a steed
In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones;
And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,
Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,
And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle.

CII.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew
To bode him no great good, he deprecated
Her anger, and beseeched she 'd hear him through—
He could not help the thing which he related:
Then out it came at length, that to Dudù
Juan was given in charge, as hath been stated;
But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on
The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

CIII.

The chief dame of the Oda,[1] upon whom
The discipline of the whole Harem bore,
As soon as they re-entered their own room,
For Baba's function stopped short at the door,
Had settled all; nor could he then presume
(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,

1. ["Il n'ya point de Religieuses . . . point de novices, plus soumises à la volonté de leur abbesse que ces filles [les Odaliques] le sont à leurs maitresses."—A. de la Motraye, *Voyages*, 1727, i. 338.]

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Without exciting such suspicion as
Might make the matter still worse than it was.

CIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be sure,
Juan had not betrayed himself; in fact
'T was certain that his conduct had been pure,
Because a foolish or imprudent act
Would not alone have made him insecure,
But ended in his being found out and *sacked*,
And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke
Of all save Dudù's dream, which was no joke.

CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,
And talked away—and might have talked till now,
For any further answer that he found,
So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow:
Her cheek turned ashes, ears rung, brain whirled round,
As if she had received a sudden blow,
And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly
O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,
Baba thought she would faint, but there he erred—
It was but a convulsion, which though short
Can never be described; we all have heard,[1]
And some of us have felt thus "*all amort*,"[1]
When things beyond the common have occurred;—
Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony
What she could ne'er express—then how should I?

1. —— *though seen not heard*
For it is silent.—[*MS. A. erased.*]

1. ["How fares my Kate? What! sweeting, all amort?"—*Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 3, line 36. "Amort" is said to be a corruption of *à la mort*. Byron must have had in mind his silent ecstasy of grief when the Countess Guiccioli endeavoured to break the announcement of Allegra's death (April, 1822). "'I understand,' said he; 'it is enough; say no more.' A mortal paleness spread itself over his face, his strength failed him, and he sunk into a seat. His look was fixed, and the expression such that I began to fear for his reason; he did not shed a tear" (*Life*, p. 568).]

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CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness
Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full
Of inspiration gathered from distress,
When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull
The heart asunder;—then, as more or less
Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,
She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
And bowed her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen; her hair
Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,
Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,
A low, soft ottoman), and black Despair
Stirred up and down her bosom like a billow,
Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check
Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
Concealed her features better than a veil;
And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:
Would that I were a painter! to be grouping
All that a poet drags into detail!
Oh that my words were colours! but their tints
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk
And when to hold his tongue, now held it till
This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk
Gulbeyaz' taciturn or speaking will.
At length she rose up, and began to walk
Slowly along the room, but silent still,
And her brow cleared, but not her troubled eye;
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

CXI.

She stopped, and raised her head to speak—but paused
And then moved on again with rapid pace;

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Then slackened it, which is the march most caused
By deep emotion:—you may sometimes trace
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed
By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased
By all the demons of all passions, showed
Their work even by the way in which he trode.[1]

CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopped and beckoned Baba:—"Slave!
Bring the two slaves!" she said in a low tone,
But one which Baba did not like to brave,
And yet he shuddered, and seemed rather prone
To prove reluctant, and begged leave to crave
(Though he well knew the meaning) to be shown
What slaves her Highness wished to indicate,
For fear of any error, like the late.

CXIII.

"The Georgian and her paramour," replied
The Imperial Bride—and added, "Let the boat
Be ready by the secret portal's side:
You know the rest." The words stuck in her throat,
Despite her injured love and fiery pride;
And of this Baba willingly took note,
And begged by every hair of Mahomet's beard,
She would revoke the order he had heard.

CXIV.

"To hear is to obey," he said; "but still,
Sultana, think upon the consequence:
It is not that I shall not all fulfil
Your orders, even in their severest sense;
But such precipitation may end ill,
Even at your own imperative expense:
I do not mean destruction and exposure,
In case of any premature disclosure;

1. ["His guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly, his pace one while quick, another slow [citus modo, modo tardus incessus]; indeed, in all his looks there was an air of distraction."—Sallust, *Catilina*, cap. xv. sf.]

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CXV.

"But your own feelings. Even should all the rest
Be hidden by the rolling waves, which hide
Already many a once love-beaten breast
Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—
You love this boyish, new, Seraglio guest,
And if this violent remedy be tried—
Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,
That killing him is not the way to cure you."

CXVI.

"What dost thou know of Love or feeling?—Wretch!
Begone!" she cried, with kindling eyes—"and do
My bidding!" Baba vanished, for to stretch
His own remonstrance further he well knew
Might end in acting as his own "Jack Ketch;"
And though he wished extremely to get through
This awkward business without harm to others,
He still preferred his own neck to another's.

CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,
Growling and grumbling in good Turkish phrase
Against all women of whate'er condition,
Especially Sultanas and their ways;
Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,
Their never knowing their own mind two days,
The trouble that they gave, their immorality,
Which made him daily bless his own neutrality.

CXVIII.

And then he called his brethren to his aid,
And sent one on a summons to the pair,
That they must instantly be well arrayed,
And above all be combed even to a hair,
And brought before the Empress, who had made
Inquiries after them with kindest care:
At which Dudù looked strange, and Juan silly;
But go they must at once, and will I—nill I.

CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation
For the imperial presence, wherein whether

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Gulbeyaz showed them both commiseration,
Or got rid of the parties altogether,
Like other angry ladies of her nation,—
Are things the turning of a hair or feather
May settle; but far be 't from me to anticipate
In what way feminine caprice may dissipate.

CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,
Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange
Another part of History; for the dishes
Of this our banquet we must sometimes change;
And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,
(Although his situation now seems strange,
And scarce secure),—as such digressions *are* fair,
The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

End of Canto 6th 1822.

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CANTO THE SEVENTH.[1]

I.

O Love! O Glory! what are ye who fly
Around us ever, rarely to alight?
There 's not a meteor in the polar sky
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.
Chill, and chained to cold earth, we lift on high
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;
A thousand and a thousand colours they
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is,
A nondescript and ever-varying rhyme,
A versified Aurora Borealis,
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.
When we know what all are, we must bewail us,
But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime
To laugh at *all* things—for I wish to know
What, after *all*, are *all* things—but a *show?*

III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of
The present poem—of—I know not what—

1. ["These [the seventh and eighth] Cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto Second) of the siege and assault of Ismael, with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiery. . . . With these things and these fellows it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself."—Letter to Moore, August 8, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 101.]

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A tendency to under-rate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that; [1]
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!
I say no more than hath been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
By Fénélon, by Luther, and by Plato; [i.]
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,
Who knew this life was not worth a potato.
'T is not their fault, nor mine, if this be so,—
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,
But which is best, *you* know no more than I.

V.

Socrates said, our only knowledge was [2]
"To know that nothing could be known;" a pleasant
Science enough, which levels to an ass
Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.
Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only "like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth." [ii. 3]

VI.

Ecclesiastes said, "that all is vanity"—
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it

i. *Of Fenelon, of Calvin and of Christ.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Picking a pebble on the shore of Truth.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Byron attributes this phrase to Orator Henley (*Letters*, 1898, i. 227); and to Bayes in the Duke of Buckingham's play, *The Rehearsal* (*Letters*, 1901, v. 80).]

2. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza vii. line 1, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 103, *note* 2.]

3. ["Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, 'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.'"—Spence, *Anecdotes* (quoting Chevalier Ramsay), 1858, p. 40.]

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By their examples of true Christianity:
In short, all know, or very soon may know it;
And in this scene of all-confessed inanity,
By Saint, by Sage, by Preacher, and by Poet,
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
From holding up the nothingness of Life?[1]

VII.

Dogs, or men!—for I flatter you[1] in saying
That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying
To show ye what ye are in every way.
As little as the moon stops for the baying
Of wolves, will the bright Muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath!
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

VIII.

"Fierce loves and faithless wars"—I am not sure
If this be the right reading—'t is no matter;
The fact 's about the same, I am secure;
I sing them both, and am about to batter
A town which did a famous siege endure,
And was beleaguered both by land and water
By Souvaroff,[2] or Anglicè Suwarrow,
Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

IX.

The fortress is called Ismail, and is placed
Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank,[3]
With buildings in the Oriental taste,
But still a fortress of the foremost rank,
Or was at least, unless 't is since defaced,
Which with your conquerors is a common prank:

i. *From fools who dread to know the truth of Life.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare "Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog," lines 7, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 280.]

2. [Aleksandr Vasilievitch Suvóroff (1729–1800) opened his attack on Ismail, November 30, 1790. His forces, including Kossacks, exceeded 27,000 men.—*Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne et Moderne de la Nouvelle Russie*, par le Marquis Gabriel de Castelnau, 1827, ii. 201.]

3. ["Ismaël est situé sur la rive gauche du bras gauche (*i.e.* the île) du Danube."—*Ibid.*]

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It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,
And measures round of toises thousands three.[1]

X.

Within the extent of this fortification
A borough is comprised along the height
Upon the left, which from its loftier station
Commands the city, and upon its site
A Greek had raised around this elevation
A quantity of palisades *upright*,
So placed as to *impede* the fire of those
Who held the place, and to *assist* the foe's.[2]

XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion
Of the high talents of this new Vauban:
But the town ditch below was deep as Ocean,
The rampart higher than you 'd wish to hang:
But then there was a great want of precaution
(Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),
Nor work advanced, nor covered way was there,[3]
To hint, at least, "Here is no thoroughfare."

XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,
And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet;
Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St. George,
Casemated[4] one, and t'other "a barbette,"[5]

1. [——"à peu près à quatre-vingts verstes de la mer: elle a près de trois milles toises de tour."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 201.]

2. ["On a compris dans ces fortifications un faubourg moldave, situé à la gauche de la ville, sur une hauteur qui la domine: l'ouvrage a été terminé par un Grec. Pour donner une idée des talens de cet ingénieur, il suffira de dire qu'il fit placer les palissades perpendiculairement sur le parapet, de manière qu'elles favorisaient les assiégeans, et arrêtaient le feu des assiégés."—*Ibid.*, p. 202.]

3. ["Le rempart en terre est prodigieusement élevé à cause de l'immense profondeur du fossé; il est cependant absolument rasant: il n'y a ni ouvrage avancé, ni chemin couvert."—*Ibid.*, p. 202.]

4. [Casemate is a work made under the rampart, like a cellar or cave, with loopholes to place guns in it, and is bomb proof.—*Milit. Dict.*]

5. [When the breastwork of a battery is only of such height that the guns may fire over it without being obliged to make embrasures, the guns are said to fire in barbet.—*Ibid.*]

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Of Danube's bank took formidable charge;
While two-and-twenty cannon duly set
Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,
Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.[1]

XIII.

But from the river the town 's open quite,
Because the Turks could never be persuaded
A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight;[2]
And such their creed was till they were invaded,
When it grew rather late to set things right:
But as the Danube could not well be waded,
They looked upon the Muscovite flotilla,
And only shouted, "Allah!" and "Bis Millah!"

XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack;
But oh, ye goddesses of War and Glory!
How shall I spell the name of each Cossacque
Who were immortal, could one tell their story?
Alas! what to their memory can lack?
Achilles' self was not more grim and gory
Than thousands of this new and polished nation,
Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.

XV.

Still I 'll record a few, if but to increase
Our euphony: there was Strongenoff, and Strokonoff,
Meknop, Serge Lwow, Arséniew of modern Greece,
And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,[3]
And others of twelve consonants apiece;
And more might be found out, if I could poke enough

1. ["Un bastion de pierres, ouvert par une gorge très-étroite, et dont les murailles son fort épaisses, a une batterie casematée et une à barbette; il défend la rive du Danube. Du côté droit de la ville est un cavalier de quarante pieds d'élévation à pic, garni de vingt-deux pièces de canon, et qui défend la partie gauche."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 202.]

2. ["Du côté du fleuve, la ville est absolument ouverte; les Turcs ne croyaient pas que les Russes pussent jamais avoir une flotille dans le Danube."—*Ibid.*, p. 203.]

3. [Meknop [supposed to be a corruption of McNab], etc., in line three, are real names: Strongenoff stands for Strogonof, Tschitsshakoff for Tchitchagof, and, perhaps, Chokenoff for Tchoglokof.]

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Into gazettes; but Fame (capricious strumpet),
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet,

XVI.

And cannot tune those discords of narration,[i.]
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme;
Yet there were several worth commemoration,
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime;
Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration
Of Londonderry drawling against time,
Ending in "ischskin," "ousckin," "iffskchy," "ouski,"
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,[1]

XVII.

Scherematoff and Chrematoff, Koklophti,
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoffed high[2]
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin:
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,
And no more handy substitute been near.

XVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers;

i. —— *these discords of damnation.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["La première attaque était composée de trois colonnes, commandées par les lieutenans-généraux Paul Potiemkin, Serge Lwow, les généraux-majors Maurice Lascy, Théodore Meknop. . . . Trois autres colonnes . . . avaient pour chefs le comte de Samoïlow, les généraux Élie de Bezborodko, Michel Koutousow; les brigadiers Orlow, Platow, Ribaupierre. . . . La troisième attaque par eau n'avait que deux colonnes, sous les ordres des généraux-majors Ribas et Arséniew, des brigadiers Markoff et Tchépéga," etc.—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 207.

Compare—

"Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in -offsky.
. . . . . .
And Kutousoff he cut them off," etc.
Southey's *March to Moscow*, 1813.]

2. [Count Boris Petrowitch Scheremetov, Russian general, died 1819; Prince Alexis Borisovitch Kourakin (1759–1829), and Count Alexis Iwanowitch Moussine-Pouschkine (1744–1817) were distinguished statesmen; Chrematoff is, perhaps, a rhyming double of Scherematoff, and Koklophti "a match-piece" to Koclobski.]

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Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brigadiers;
Also to have the sacking of a town;—
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all the rest
Had been called "*Jemmy*," after the great bard;
I don't know whether they had arms or crest,
But such a godfather 's as good a card.
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the best
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward,
Was *he*, since so renowned "in country quarters
At Halifax;"[1] but now he served the Tartars.

XX.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and Bills,
But when I 've added that the elder Jack Smith
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,
I 've said all *I* know of a name that fills
Three lines of the despatch in taking "Schmacksmith,"
A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt 's a god I
Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*
May make up for a *bullet in* his body?
I hope this little question is no sin,
Because, though I am but a simple noddy,
I think one Shakespeare puts the same thought in

1. [Captain Smith, in the song—

"A Captain bold, in Halifax,
That dwelt in country quarters,
Seduc'd a maid who hang'd herself
One Monday in her garters."

See George Colman's farce, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, 1818, p. 31.]

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The mouth of some one in his plays so doting,
Which many people pass for wits by quoting.[1]

XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young, and gay;
But I 'm too great a patriot to record
Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;
I 'd rather tell ten lies than say a word
Of truth;—such truths are treason; they betray
Their country; and as traitors are abhorred,
Who name the French in English, save to show
How Peace should make John Bull the Frenchman's foe.

XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view;
The first was to bombard it, and knock down
The public buildings and the private too,
No matter what poor souls might be undone:[1]
The city's shape suggested this, 't is true,
Formed like an amphitheatre—each dwelling
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.[2]

XXIV.

The second object was to profit by
The moment of the general consternation,
To attack the Turk's flotilla, which lay nigh
Extremely tranquil, anchored at its station:
But a third motive was as probably
To frighten them into capitulation;[3]

1. *The Conquest seemed not difficult* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare—

"While to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds."

Hamlet, act iv. sc. 4, lines 56–59.]

2. ["On s'était proposé deux buts également avantageux, par la construction de deux batteries sur l'île qui avoisine Ismaël: le premier, de bombarder la place, d'en abattre les principaux édifices avec du canon de quarante-huit, effet d'autant plus probable, que la ville étant bâtie en amphithéâtre, presque aucun coup ne serait perdu."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 203.]

3. ["Le second objet était de profiter de ce moment d'alarme pour

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A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and fox-terriers.[i]

XXV.

A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising those we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The cause [1] of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith—
One of the valorous "Smiths" whom we shall miss
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to "pith;"
But 't is a name so spread o'er "Sir" and "Madam,"
That one would think the *first* who bore it "*Adam*."

XXVI.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,
Because they were constructed in a hurry;[2]
Thus the same cause which makes a verse want feet,
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John Murray,
When the sale of new books is not so fleet
As they who print them think is necessary,
May likewise put off for a time what story
Sometimes calls "Murder," and at others "Glory."

XXVII.

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,
Their haste or waste, I neither know nor care,
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware

i. *Unless they are as game as bull-dogs or even tarriers.*
or, *A thing which sometimes hath occurred to warriors,*
Unless they happened to be as game as tarriers.—
[*MS. A. Alternative reading.*]
Unless they are Game as bull-dogs or even terriers.—[*MS. B.*]
(Byron erased the reading of MS. B. and superscribed the reading of the text.)

que la flottille, agissant en même temps, pût détruire celle des Turcs. Un troisième motif, et vraisemblablement le plus plausible, était de jeter la consternation parmi les Turcs, et de les engager à capituler."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 203.]

1. ["Une habitude blâmable, celle de mépriser son ennemi, fut la cause."—*Ibid.*, p. 203.]

2. ["... du défaut de perfection dans la construction des batteries; on voulait agir promptement, et on négligea de donner aux ouvrages la solidité qu'ils exigaient."—*Ibid.*, p. 203.]

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Of homicide, but there was no solidity
In the new batteries erected there;
They either missed, or they were never missed,
And added greatly to the missing list.

XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance
Made all their naval matters incorrect;
Three fireships lost their amiable existence
Before they reached a spot to take effect;
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance
Could remedy this lubberly defect;
They blew up in the middle of the river,
While, though 't was dawn, the Turks slept fast as ever.[1]

XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and surveyed
The Russ flotilla getting under way;
'T was nine, when still advancing undismayed,
Within a cable's length their vessels lay
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,
Which was returned with interest, I may say,
And by a fire of musketry and grape,
And shells and shot of every size and shape.[2]

XXX.

For six hours bore they without intermission
The Turkish fire, and, aided by their own
Land batteries, worked their guns with great precision;
At length they found mere cannonade alone
By no means would produce the town's submission,
And made a signal to retreat at one.
One bark blew up, a second near the works
Running aground, was taken by the Turks.[3]

1. ["Le même esprit fit manquer l'effet de trois brûlots; on calcula mal la distance; on se pressa d'allumer la méche, ils brûlèrent au milieu du fleuve, et quoiqu'il fût six heures du matin, les Turcs, encore couchés, n'en prirent aucun ombrage."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 203.]

2. ["1er Dec. 1790. La flottille russe s'avança vers les sept heures; il en était neuf lorsqu'elle se trouva à cinquante toises de la ville [d'Ismaël]: elle souffrit, avec une constance calme, un feu de mitraille et de mousqueterie. . . ."—*Ibid.*, p. 204.]

3. [". . . près de six heures . . . les batteries de terre secondaient

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XXXI.

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men;
But when they saw the enemy retire,
Their Delhis[1] manned some boats, and sailed again,
And galled the Russians with a heavy fire,
And tried to make a landing on the main;
But here the effect fell short of their desire:
Count Damas drove them back into the water
Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter.[2]

XXXII.

"If" (says the historian here) "I could report
All that the Russians did upon this day,
I think that several volumes would fall short,
And I should still have many things to say;"[3]
And so he says no more—but pays his court
To some distinguished strangers in that fray;
The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,
Names great as any that the roll of Fame has.[4]

la flottille; mais on reconnut alors que les canonnades ne suffiraient pas pour réduire la place, on fit la retraite à une heure. Un lançon sauta pendant l'action, un autre dériva par la force du courant, et fut pris par l'ennemi."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 204.]

1. [For Delhis, see *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 149, *note* 1.]

2. ["Les Turcs perdirent beaucoup de monde et plusieurs vaisseaux. A peine la retraite des Russes fut-elle remarquée, que les plus braves d'entre les ennemis se jetèrent dans de petites barques et essayèrent une descente: le Comte de Damas les mit en fuite, et leur tua plusieurs officiers et grand nombre de soldats."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, p. 204.]

3. ["On ne tarirait pas si on voulait rapporter tout ce que les Russes firent de mémorable dans cette journée; pour conter les hauts faits d'armes, pour particulariser toutes les actions d'éclat, il faudrait composer des volumes."—*Ibid.*, p. 204.]

4. ["Parmi les étrangers, le prince de Ligne se distingua de manière à mériter l'estime générale; de vrais chevaliers français, attirés par l'amour de la gloire, se montrèrent dignes d'elle: les plus marquans étaient le jeune Duc de Richelieu, les Comtes de Langeron et de Damas."—*Ibid.*, p. 204.

Andrault, Comte de Langeron, born at Paris, January 13, 1763, on the outbreak of the Revolution (1790) took service in the Russian Army. He fought against the Swedes in 1790, and the Turks in 1791, and, after serving as a volunteer in the army of the Duke of Brunswick (1792–93), returned to Russia, and was raised to the rank of general in 1799. He commanded a division of the Russian Army in the German campaign of 1813, and entered Paris with Blücher, March 30, 1814. He was afterwards Governor of Odessa and of New Russia; and, a second time, fought against the Turks in 1828. He died at St.

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XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what Fame *is*:
For out of these three "*preux Chevaliers*," how
Many of common readers give a guess
That such existed? (and they may live now
For aught we know.) Renown 's all hit or miss;
There 's fortune even in Fame, we must allow.
'T is true, the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne [1]
Have half withdrawn from *him* Oblivion's screen.

XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions
As gallantly as ever heroes fought,
But buried in the heap of such transactions
Their names are rarely found, nor often sought.
Thus even good fame may suffer sad contractions,
And is extinguished sooner than she ought:
Of all our modern battles, I will bet
You can't repeat nine names from each Gazette.

XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,
Showed that *somewhere*, *somehow*, there was a fault,
And Admiral Ribas [2] (known in Russian story)
Most strongly recommended an assault;

Petersburg, July 4, 1831. Joseph Elizabeth Roger, Comte de Damas d'Antigny, born at Paris, September 4, 1765, owed his commission in the Russian Army to the influence of the Prince de Ligne. He fought against the Turks in 1787-88, and was distinguished for bravery and daring. At the Restoration in 1814 he re-entered the French Army, was made Governor of Lyons; shared the temporary exile of Louis XVIII. at Ghent in 1815, and, in the following year, as commandant of a division, took part in repressing the revolutionary disturbances in the central and southern departments of France. He died at Cirey, September 3, 1823.—*La Grande Encyclopédie.*]

1. [Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne, was born at Brussels, May 12, 1735. In 1782 he visited St. Petersburg as envoy of the Emperor Joseph II., won Catherine's favour, and was appointed Field Marshal in the Russian Army. In 1788 he was sent to assist Potemkin at the siege of Ochakof. His *Mélanges Militaires, etc.*, were first published in 1795. He died in November, 1814.

Josef de Ribas (1737-c. 1797).]

2. ["L'Amiral de Ribas . . . déclara, en plein conseil, que ce n'était qu'en donnant l'assaut qu'on obtiendrait la place: cet avis parut hardi; on lui opposa mille raisons, auxquelles il répondit par de meilleures." —*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 205.]

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In which he was opposed by young and hoary,
Which made a long debate; but I must halt,
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.

XXXVI.

There was a man, if that he was a man,
Not that his manhood could be called in question,
For had he not been Hercules, his span
Had been as short in youth as indigestion
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

XXXVII.

This was Potemkin [1]—a great thing in days
When homicide and harlotry made great;

1. [Prince (Gregor Alexandrovitch) Potemkin, born 1736, died October 15, 1791. "He alighted from his carriage in the midst of the highway, threw himself on the grass, and died under a tree" (*Life of Catherine II.*, by W. Tooke, 1880, iii. 324. His character has been drawn by Louis Philippe, Comte de Ségur, who, writes Tooke (*ibid.*, p. 326), "lived a long time in habits of intimacy with him, and was so obliging as to delineate it at our solicitation." "In his person were collected the most opposite defects and advantages of every kind. He was avaricious and ostentatious, . . . haughty and obliging, politic and confiding, licentious and superstitious, bold and timid, ambitious and indiscreet; lavish of his bounties to his relations, his mistresses, and his favourites, yet frequently paying neither his household nor his creditors. His consequence always depended on a woman, and he was always unfaithful to her. Nothing could equal the activity of his mind, nor the indolence of his body. No dangers could appal his courage; no difficulties force him to abandon his projects. But the success of an enterprise always brought on disgust. . . . Everything with him was desultory; business, pleasure, temper, carriage. His presence was a restraint on every company. He was morose to all that stood in awe of him, and caressed all such as accosted him with familiarity. . . . None had read less than he; few people were better informed. . . . One while he formed the project of becoming Duke of Courland; at another he thought of bestowing on himself the crown of Poland. He frequently gave intimations of an intention to make himself a bishop, or even a simple monk. He built a superb palace, and wanted to sell it before it was finished. In his youth he had pleased her [Catherine] by the ardour of his passion, by his valour, and by his masculine beauty. . . . Become the rival of Orloff, he performed for his sovereign whatever the most romantic passion could inspire. He put out his eye, to free it from a blemish which diminished his beauty. Banished by his rival, he ran to meet death in battle, and returned with glory."]

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If stars and titles could entail long praise,
His glory might half equal his estate.
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise
A kind of phantasy proportionate
In the then Sovereign of the Russian people,
Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent
A courier to the Prince, and he succeeded
In ordering matters after his own bent;
I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,
But shortly he had cause to be content.
In the mean time, the batteries proceeded,
And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border
Were briskly fired and answered in due order.[1]

XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part
Of the troops were embarked, the siege to raise,
A courier on the spur inspired new heart
Into all panters for newspaper praise,[i]
As well as dilettanti in War's art,
By his despatches (couched in pithy phrase)
Announcing the appointment of that lover of
Battles to the command, Field-Marshal Souvaroff.[2]

XL.

The letter of the Prince to the same Marshal
Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause
Been one to which a good heart could be partial—
Defence of freedom, country, or of laws;

i. *Into all aspirants for martial praise.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Ce projet, remis à un autre jour, éprouva encore les plus grandes difficultés; son courage les surmonta: il ne s'agissait que de déterminer le Prince Potiemkin; il y réussit. Tandis qu'il se démenait pour l'exécution de projet agréé, on construisait de nouvelles batteries; on comptait, le 12 décembre, quatre-vingts pièces de canon sur le bord du Danube, et cette journée se passa en vives canonnades.'—*Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 205.]

2. ["Le 13e, une partie des troupes était embarquée; on allait lever le siège: un courrier arrive. . . . Ce courrier annonce, de la part du prince, que le maréchal Souwarow va prendre le commandement des forces réunies sous Ismaël."—*Ibid.*, p. 205.]

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But as it was mere lust of Power to o'er-arch all
With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,
"You will take Ismail at whatever price."[1]

XLI.

"Let there be Light! said God, and there was Light!"
"Let there be Blood!" says man, and there 's a sea!
The fiat of this spoiled child of the Night
(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright
Summers could renovate, though they should be
Lovely as those which ripened Eden's fruit;
For War cuts up not only branch, but root.

XLII.

Our friends, the Turks, who with loud "Allahs" now
Began to signalise the Russ retreat,[2]
Were damnably mistaken; few are slow
In thinking that their enemy is beat,[3]
(Or *beaten*, if you insist on grammar, though
I never think about it in a heat,)
But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,
Who hating hogs, yet wished to save their bacon.

XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew
In sight two horsemen, who were deemed Cossacques
For some time, till they came in nearer view:
They had but little baggage at their backs,
For there were but *three* shirts between the two;
But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,
Till, in approaching, were at length descried
In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.[4]

1. ["La lettre du Prince Potiemkin à Souwarow est très courte; elle peint le caractère de ces deux personnages. La voici dans toute sa teneur: '*Vous prendrez Ismaël à quel prix que ce soit!*'"—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 205.]

2. ["[Le courrier] est témoin des cris de joie du Turc, qui se croyait à la fin de ses maux."—*Ibid.*, p. 205.]

3. ["Beat," as in "dead-beat," is occasionally used for "beaten."—See *N. E. D.*, art. "Beat," 10.]

4. ["Le 16e, on voit venir de loin deux hommes courant à toute bride: on les prit pour des Kozaks; l'un était Souwarow, et l'autre

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XLIV.

"Great joy to London now!" says some great fool,
When London had a grand illumination,
Which to that bottle-conjuror, John Bull,
Is of all dreams the first hallucination;
So that the streets of coloured lamps are full,
That sage (*said* John) surrenders at discretion[1]
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his nonsense,
To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

XLV.

'T is strange that he should further "Damn his eyes,"
For they are damned; that once all-famous oath
Is to the Devil now no further prize,
Since John has lately lost the use of both.
Debt he calls Wealth, and taxes Paradise;
And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,

1. *That sage John Bull* ——.—[*MS.*]
That fool John Bull ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

son guide, portant un paquet gros comme le poing, et renfermant le bagage du général."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 205.

M. de Castelnau in his description of the arrival of Suvóroff on the field of battle (*Hist. de la N. R.*, 1827, ii. pp. 205, 206) summarizes the Journal of the Duc de Richelieu. The original passage runs as follows:—

"L'arrivée du comte Souvorow produisit un grand effet parmi les troupes. . . . La manière d'être plus que simple, puis-qu'il logeait sous une canonnière, et qu'il n'avait pas même de chaises dans sa tente, son affabilité, sa bonhomie lui conciliaient l'affection de tous les individus de son armée. Cet homme singulier qui ressemble plus à un chef de cosaques ou de Tartares, qu'au général d'une armée européenne, est doué d'une intrépidité et d'une hardiesse peu communes. . . . La manière de vivre, de s'habiller et de parler du comte Souvorow, est aussi singulière que ses opinions militaires. . . . Il mangeait dans sa tente assis par terre autour d'une natte sur laquelle il prenait le plus détestable repas. L'après-midi, un semblable repas lui servait de souper, il s'endormait ensuite pendant quelques heures, passait une partie de la nuit à chanter, et à la pointe du jour il sortait presque nu et se roulait sur l'herbe assurant que cet exercice lui était nécessaire pour le préserver des rhumatismes. . . . Sa manière de s'exprimer dans toutes les langues est aussi singulière que toute sa façon d'être, ses phrases sont incohérentes, et s'il n'est pas insensé, il dit et fait du moins tout ce qu'il faut pour le paraître; mais il est heureux et cette qualité dont le Cardinal Mazarin faisait tant de cas, est, à bon droit, fort estimée de l'Impératrice et du Prince Potemkin . . . Le moment de l'arrivée du Comte Souvorow fut annoncé par une décharge générale des batteries ou camp et de la flotte."—*Journal de mon Voyage en Allemagne. Soc. Imp. d'Hist de Russie*, 1886, tom. liv. pp. 168, 169.]

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Which stare him in the face, he won't examine,
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

XLVI.

But to the tale;—great joy unto the camp!
To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cossacque,
O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,
Presaging a most luminous attack;
Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,
Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,
He flitted to and fro a dancing light,
Which all who saw it followed, wrong or right.

XLVII.

But, certes, matters took a different face;
There was enthusiasm and much applause,
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,
And all presaged good fortune to their cause.
Within a cannot-shot length of the place
They drew, constructed ladders, repaired flaws
In former works, made new, prepared fascines,
And all kinds of benevolent machines.

XLVIII.

'T is thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection;
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual;
Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

XLIX.

The whole camp rung with joy; you would have thought
That they were going to a marriage feast
(This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,
Since there is discord after both at least):
There was not now a luggage boy but sought
Danger and spoil with ardour much increased;
And why? because a little—odd—old man,
Stripped to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

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L.

But so it was; and every preparation
Was made with all alacrity: the first
Detachment of three columns took its station,
And waited but the signal's voice to burst
Upon the foe: the second's ordination
Was also in three columns, with a thirst
For Glory gaping o'er a sea of Slaughter:
The third, in columns two, attacked by water.[1]

LI.

New batteries were erected, and was held
A general council, in which Unanimity,
That stranger to most councils, here prevailed,[2]
As sometimes happens in a great extremity;[i.]
And every difficulty being dispelled,
Glory began to dawn with due sublimity,[ii.]
While Souvaroff, determined to obtain it,
Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.[3]

LII.

It is an actual fact, that he, commander
In chief, in proper person deigned to drill
The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
His time, a corporal's duty to fulfil;
Just as you'd break a sucking salamander
To swallow flame, and never take it ill:[iii.]
He showed them how to mount a ladder (which
Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.[4]

i. *For once by some odd sort of magnanimity.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Bellona shook her spear with much sublimity,*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. —— *and neither swerve nor spill.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["La première attaque était composée de trois colonnes . . . Trois autres colonnes, destinées a la seconde attaque, avaient pour chefs, etc. . . . La troisième attaque par eau n'avait que deux colonnes."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 207.]

2. ["On construisit de nouvelles batteries le 18e. . . . On tint un conseil de guerre, on y examina les plans pour l'assaut proposés par M. de Ribas, ils réunirent tous les souffrages."—*Ibid.*, p. 208.]

3. Fact: Suwaroff did this in person.

4. ["Le 19e et le 20e, Souwarow exerçaıles soldats; il leur montra comment il fallait s'y prendre pour escalader; il enseigna aux recrues la manière de donner le coup de baïonette."—*Ibid.*, p. 208.]

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LIII.

Also he dressed up, for the nonce, fascines
Like men with turbans, scimitars, and dirks,
And made them charge with bayonet these machines,
By way of lesson against actual Turks;[1]
And when well practised in these mimic scenes,
He judged them proper to assail the works,—
(At which your wise men sneered in phrases witty),[i.]
He made no answer—but he took the city.

LIV.

Most things were in this posture on the eve
Of the assault, and all the camp was in
A stern repose; which you would scarce conceive;
Yet men resolved to dash through thick and thin
Are very silent when they once believe
That all is settled:—there was little din,
For some were thinking of their home and friends,
And others of themselves and latter ends.[ii.]

LV.

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pondering;
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering;
Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt,
Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering—
Now Mars, now Momus—and when bent to storm
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.[2]

i. *At which your wise men laughed, but all their Wit is*
Lost, for his repartee was taking cities.—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *For some were thinking of their wives and families,*
And others of themselves (as poet Samuel is).—
[*MS. Alternative reading.*]
And others of themselves (as my friend Samuel is).—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Pour ces exercices d'un nouveau genre, il se servit de fascines disposées de manière à représenter un Turc."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 208.]

2. [For a detailed account of Suvóroff's personal characteristics, see *The Life of Field-Marshal Souvaroff*, by L. M. P. Tranchant de Laverne, 1814, pp. 267–291; and *Suvóroff*, by Lieut.-Colonel Spalding, 1890, pp. 222–229.

Byron's epithet "buffoon" (line 5) may, perhaps, be traced to the

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LVI.

The day before the assault, while upon drill—
For this great conqueror played the corporal—
Some Cossacques, hovering like hawks round a hill,
Had met a party towards the Twilight's fall,
One of whom spoke their tongue—or well or ill,
'T was much that he was understood at all;
But whether from his voice, or speech, or manner,
They found that he had fought beneath their banner.

LVII.

Whereon immediately at his request
They brought him and his comrades to head-quarters;
Their dress was Moslem, but you might have guessed
That these were merely masquerading Tartars,
And that beneath each Turkish-fashioned vest
Lurked Christianity—which sometimes barters
Her inward grace for outward show, and makes
It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

following anecdote recorded by Tranchant de Laverne (p. 281): "During the first war of Poland . . . he published, in the order of the day, that at the first crowing of the cock the troops would march to attack the enemy, and caused the spy to send word that the Russians would be upon them some time after midnight. But about eight o'clock Souvarof ran through the camp, imitating the crowing of a cock. . . . The enemy, completely surprised, lost a great number of men."

For his "praying" (line 6), *vide ibid.*, pp. 272, 273: "He made a short prayer after each meal, and again when going to bed. He usually performed his devotions before an image of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Russia."

"Half-dirt" (line 5) is, however, a calumny (*ibid.* p. 272): "It was his custom to rise at the earliest dawn; several buckets of cold water were thrown over his naked body."

The same writer (p. 268) repudiates the charges of excessive barbarity and cruelty brought against Suvóroff by C. F. P. Masson, in his *Mémoires Secrets sur la Russie* (*vide, e.g.*, ed. 1800, i. 311): "Souvorow ne scroit que le plus ridicule bouffon, s'il n'étoit pas montré le plus barbare guerrier. C'est un monstre, qui renferme dans le corps d'un singe l'âme d'un chien de boucher. Attila, son compatriote, et dont il descend, peut-être ne fut ni si heureux, ni si féroce."

Suvóroff did not regard himself as "half-demon." "Your pencil," he reminded the artist Müller, "will delineate the features of my face. These are visible: but my inner man is hidden. I must tell you that I have shed rivers of blood. I tremble, but I love my neighbour. In my whole life I have made no one unhappy; not an insect hath perished by my hand. I was little; I was big. In fortune's ebb and flow, relying on God, I stood immovable—even as now." (*Suvóroff*, 1890, p. 228, *note.*)]

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LVIII.

Suwarrow, who was standing in his shirt
Before a company of Calmucks, drilling,
Exclaiming, fooling, swearing at the inert,
And lecturing on the noble art of killing,—
For deeming human clay but common dirt
This great philosopher was thus instilling
His maxims,[1] which to martial comprehension
Proved death in battle equal to a pension;—

LIX.

Suwarrow, when he saw this company
Of Cossacques and their prey, turned round and cast
Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye:—
"Whence come ye?"—"From Constantinople last,
Captives just now escaped," was the reply.
"What are ye?"—"What you see us." Briefly passed
This dialogue; for he who answered knew
To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

LX.

"Your names?"—"Mine 's Johnson, and my comrade 's
Juan;
The other two are women, and the third
Is neither man nor woman." The Chief threw on
The party a slight glance, then said, "I have heard
Your name before, the second is a new one:
To bring the other three here was absurd:
But let that pass:—I think I have heard your name
In the Nikolaiew regiment?"—"The same."

LXI.

"You served at Widdin?"—"Yes."—"You led the
attack?"
"I did."—"What next?"—"I really hardly know"—
"You were the first i' the breach?"—"I was not slack
At least to follow those who might be so"—

1. [See, for instance, *The Storm*, in "Souvarof's Catechism," Appendix (pp. 299–305) to the *Life, etc.*, by Tranchant de Laverne, 1814: "Break down the fence. . . . Fly over the walls! Stab them on the ramparts! . . . Fire down the streets! Fire briskly! . . . Kill every enemy in the streets! Let the cavalry hack them!" etc.]

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"What followed?"—"A shot laid me on my back,
And I became a prisoner to the foe"—
"You shall have vengeance, for the town surrounded
Is twice as strong as that where you were wounded.

LXII.

"Where will you serve?"—"Where'er you please."—"I know
You like to be the hope of the forlorn,
And doubtless would be foremost on the foe
After the hardships you 've already borne.
And this young fellow—say what can he do?
He with the beardless chin and garments torn?"—
"Why, General, if he hath no greater fault
In War than Love, he had better lead the assault"—

LXIII.

"He shall if that he dare." Here Juan bowed
Low as the compliment deserved. Suwarrow
Continued: "Your old regiment 's allowed,
By special providence, to lead to-morrow,
Or, it may be, to-night, the assault: I have vowed
To several Saints, that shortly plough or harrow
Shall pass o'er what was Ismail, and its tusk [1]
Be unimpeded by the proudest mosque.

LXIV.

"So now, my lads, for Glory!"—Here he turned
And drilled away in the most classic Russian,
Until each high heroic bosom burned
For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion
A preacher had held forth (who nobly spurned
All earthly goods save tithes) and bade them push on
To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering
The armies of the Christian Empress Catherine.

LXV.

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy
Himself a favourite, ventured to address
Suwarrow, though engaged with accents high
In his resumed amusement. "I confess

1. [The "tusk" of the plough is the coulter or share. Compare "Dens vomeris" (Virg., *Georg.*, i. 22).]

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My debt in being thus allowed to die
Among the foremost; but if you 'd express
Explicitly our several posts, my friend
And self would know what duty to attend."

LXVI.

"Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why, you
Will join your former regiment, which should be
Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to"—
(Here he called up a Polish orderly)
"His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaiew:
The stranger stripling may remain with me;
He 's a fine boy. The women may be sent
To the other baggage, or to the sick tent."

LXVII.

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:
The ladies,—who by no means had been bred
To be disposed of in a way so new,
Although their Harem education led,
Doubtless, to that of doctrines the most true,
Passive obedience,—now raised up the head
With flashing eyes and starting tears, and flung
Their arms, as hens their wings about their young,

LXVIII.

O'er the promoted couple of brave men
Who were thus honoured by the greatest Chief
That ever peopled Hell with heroes slain,
Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.
Oh, foolish mortals! Always taught in vain!
Oh, glorious Laurel! since for one sole leaf
Of thine imaginary deathless tree,
Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing sea.[i]

LXIX.

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,
And not much sympathy for blood, surveyed
The women with their hair about their ears
And natural agonies, with a slight shade

i. *Of thine imaginary deathless bough*
The unebbing sea of blood and tears must flow.—[*MS. erased.*]

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Of feeling: for however Habit sears
Men's hearts against whole millions, when their trade
Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow
Will touch even heroes—and such was Suwarrow.

LXX.

He said,—and in the kindest Calmuck tone,—
"Why, Johnson, what the devil do you mean
By bringing women here? They shall be shown
All the attention possible, and seen
In safety to the waggons, where alone
In fact they can be safe. You should have been
Aware this kind of baggage never thrives;
Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives"—

LXXI.

"May it please your Excellency," thus replied
Our British friend, "these are the wives of others,
And not our own. I am too qualified
By service with my military brothers
To break the rules by bringing one's own bride
Into a camp: I know that nought so bothers
The hearts of the heroic on a charge,
As leaving a small family at large.

LXXII.

"But these are but two Turkish ladies, who
With their attendant aided our escape,
And afterwards accompanied us through
A thousand perils in this dubious shape.
To me this kind of life is not so new;
To them, poor things, it is an awkward scrape:
I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,
Request that they may both be used genteelly."

LXXIII.

Meantime these two poor girls, with swimming eyes,
Looked on as if in doubt if they could trust
Their own protectors; nor was their surprise
Less than their grief (and truly not less just)
To see an old man, rather wild than wise
In aspect, plainly clad, besmeared with dust,

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Stripped to his waistcoat, and that not too clean,
More feared than all the Sultans ever seen.

LXXIV.

For everything seemed resting on his nod,
As they could read in all eyes. Now to them,
Who were accustomed, as a sort of god,
To see the Sultan, rich in many a gem,
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad
(That royal bird, whose tail 's a diadem,)
With all the pomp of Power, it was a doubt
How Power could condescend to do without.

LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,
Though little versed in feelings oriental,
Suggested some slight comfort in his way:
Don Juan, who was much more sentimental,
Swore they should see him by the dawn of day,
Or that the Russian army should repent all:
And, strange to say, they found some consolation
In this—for females like exaggeration.

LXXVI.

And then with tears, and sighs, and some slight kisses,
They parted for the present—these to await,
According to the artillery's hits or misses,
What sages call Chance, Providence, or Fate—
(Uncertainty is one of many blisses,
A mortgage on Humanity's estate;)—[i]
While their beloved friends began to arm,
To burn a town which never did them harm.

LXXVII.

Suwarrow,—who but saw things in the gross,
Being much too gross to see them in detail,
Who calculated life as so much dross,
And as the wind a widowed nation's wail,
And cared as little for his army's loss
(So that their efforts should at length prevail)
As wife and friends did for the boils of Job,—
What was 't to him to hear two women sob?

i. *Entailed upon Humanity's estate.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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LXXVIII.

Nothing.—The work of Glory still went on
In preparations for a cannonade
As terrible as that of Ilion,
If Homer had found mortars ready made;
But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,
We only can but talk of escalade,
Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries, bayonets, bullets—
Hard words, which stick in the soft Muses' gullets.

LXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! who couldst charm
All ears, though long; all ages, though so short,
By merely wielding with poetic arm
Arms to which men will never more resort,
Unless gunpowder should be found to harm
Much less than is the hope of every court,
Which now is leagued young Freedom to annoy;
But they will not find Liberty a Troy:—

LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! I have now
To paint a siege, wherein more men were slain,
With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,
Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign;
And yet, like all men else, I must allow,
To vie with thee would be about as vain
As for a brook to cope with Ocean's flood,—
But still we moderns equal you in blood:[1]

LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact;
And fact is Truth, the grand desideratum!
Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each act,
There should be ne'ertheless a slight substratum.
But now the town is going to be attacked;
Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate 'em?

1. *As a brook's stream to cope with Ocean's flood shed*
But still we moderns equal you in bloodshed.—[*MS. erased.*]

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Souls of immortal Generals! Phœbus watches
To colour up his rays from your despatches.[i]

LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte!
Oh, ye less grand long lists of killed and wounded!
Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,
When my poor Greece was once, as now, surrounded!
Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries! now impart, ye
Shadows of Glory! (lest I be confounded),
A portion of your fading twilight hues—
So beautiful, so fleeting—to the Muse.

LXXXIII.

When I call "fading" martial immortality,
I mean, that every age and every year,
And almost every day, in sad reality,
Some sucking hero is compelled to rear,
Who, when we come to sum up the totality
Of deeds to human happiness most dear,
Turns out to be a butcher in great business,
Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness.

LXXXIV.

Medals, rank, ribands, lace, embroidery, scarlet,
Are things immortal to immortal man,
As purple to the Babylonian harlot:[ii]
An uniform to boys is like a fan
To women; there is scarce a crimson varlet
But deems himself the first in Glory's van.
But Glory's glory; and if you would find
What *that* is—ask the pig who sees the wind!

LXXXV.

At least *he feels it*, and some say he *sees*,
Because he runs before it like a pig;
Or, if that simple sentence should displease,
Say, that he scuds before it like a brig,

i. *As in a General's letter when well whacked*
Whatever deeds be done I will relate 'em,
With some small variations in the text
Of killed and wounded who will not be missed.—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *Whose leisure hours are wasted on an harlot.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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Dimond Sc. Cowell

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General Suvóroff

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A schooner, or—but it is time to ease
This Canto, ere my Muse perceives fatigue.
The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,
Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

LXXXVI.

Hark! through the silence of the cold, dull night,
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!
Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguered wall and bristling bank
Of the armed river, while with straggling light
The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
Which curl in various wreaths:—how soon the smoke
Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!

LXXXVII.

Here pause we for the present—as even then
That awful pause, dividing Life from Death,
Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,—
Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath!
A moment—and all will be Life again!
The march! the charge! the shouts of either faith,
Hurrah! and Allah! and one moment more—
The death-cry drowning in the Battle's roar.[i. 1]

i. *The desperate death-cry and the Battle's roar.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. End of Canto 7. 1822.—[*MS.*]

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CANTO THE EIGHTH.

I.

Oh, blood and thunder! and oh, blood and wounds!
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds:—
And so they are; yet thus is Glory's dream
Unriddled, and as my true Muse expounds
At present such things, since they are her theme,
So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars.

II.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array,—
The army, like a lion from his den,
Marched forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay,—
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding way,
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain
Immediately in others grew again.

III.

History can only take things in the gross;
But could we know them in detail, perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,
War's merit it by no means might enhance,
To waste so much gold for a little dross,
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.
The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

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IV.

And why?—because it brings self-approbation;
Whereas the other, after all its glare,
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,
Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,
A higher title, or a loftier station,
Though they may make Corruption gape or stare,
Yet, in the end, except in Freedom's battles,
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

V.

And such they are—and such they will be found:
Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victor's may appal or stun
The servile and the vain—such names will be
A watchword till the Future shall be free.

VI.

The night was dark, and the thick mist allowed
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arched the horizon like a fiery cloud,
And in the Danube's waters shone the same—[1]
A mirrored Hell! the volleying roar, and loud
Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame
The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's flashes
Spare, or smite rarely—Man's make millions ashes!

VII.

The column ordered on the assault scarce passed
Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,
Answering the Christian thunders with like voices:
Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream embraced,
Which rocked as 't were beneath the mighty noises;

1. ["La nuit était obscure; un brouillard épais ne nous permettait de distinguer autre chose que le feu de notre artillerie, dont l'horizon était embrasé de tous côtés: ce feu, partant du milieu du Danube, se réfléchissait sur les eaux, et offrait un coup d'œil très-singulier."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 209.]

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While the whole rampart blazed like Etna, when
The restless Titan hiccups in his den;[1]

VIII.

And one enormous shout of "Allah!"[2] rose
In the same moment, loud as even the roar
Of War's most mortal engines, to their foes
Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore
Resounded "Allah!" and the clouds which close
With thickening canopy the conflict o'er,
Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark! through
All sounds it pierceth—"Allah! Allah Hu!"[3]

IX.

The columns were in movement one and all,
But of the portion which attacked by water,
Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,[4]
Though led by Arseniew, that great son of slaughter,
As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball.
"Carnage" (so Wordsworth tells you) "is God's daughter:"[5]

1. ["À peine eut-on parcouru l'espace de quelques toises au-delà des batteries, que les Turcs, qui n'avaient point tiré pendant toute la nuit s'apperçevant de nos mouvemens, commencèrent de leur côté un feu très-vif, qui embrasa le reste de l'horizon: mais ce fut bien autre chose lorsque, avancés davantage, le feu de la mousqueterie commença dans toute l'étendue du rempart que nous appercevions. Ce fut alors que la place parut à nos yeux comme un volcan dont le feu sortait de toutes parts."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 209.]

2. ["Un cri universel d'*allah*, qui se répétait tout autour de la ville, vint encore rendre plus extraordinaire cet instant, dont il est impossible de se faire une idée."—*Ibid.*, p. 209.]

3. Allah Hu! is properly the war-cry of the Mussulmans, and they dwell on the last syllable, which gives it a wild and peculiar effect.

[See *The Giaour*, line 734, *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 120, *note* 1; see, too, *Siege of Corinth*, line 713, *ibid.*, p. 481.]

4. ["Toutes les colonnes étaient en mouvement; celles qui attaquaient par eau commandées par le général Arséniew, essuyèrent un feu épouvantable, et perdirent avant le jour un tiers de leurs officiers."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 209.]

5. "But *Thy** most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,

* To wit, the Deity's: this is perhaps as pretty a pedigree for murder as ever was found out by Garter King at Arms.—What would have been said, had any free-spoken people discovered such a lineage?

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If *he* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

X.

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee;
Count Chapeau-Bras,[i] too, had a ball between
His cap and head,[1] which proves the head to be
Aristocratic as was ever seen,
Because it then received no injury
More than the cap; in fact, the ball could mean
No harm unto a right legitimate head;
"Ashes to ashes"—why not lead to lead?

XI.

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,
Insisting on removal of *the Prince*
Amidst some groaning thousands dying near,—
All common fellows, who might writhe and wince,
And shriek for water into a deaf ear,—
The General Markow, who could thus evince

i. *The Duc de Richelieu* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—
Yea, *Carnage is thy daughter!*"
Wordsworth's *Thanksgiving Ode* (January 18, 1816),
stanza xii. lines 20, 23.

[Wordsworth omitted the lines in the last edition of his poems, which was revised by his own hand.]

1. ["Le Prince de Ligne fut blessé au genou; le Duc de Richelieu eut une balle entre le fond de son bonnet et sa tête."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 210.

For the gallantry of Prince Charles de Ligne (died September 14, 1792) eldest son of Prince Charles Joseph de Ligne (1735-1814), see *The Prince de Ligne*, 1899, ii. 46.

Armand Emanuel du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, born 1767, a grandson of Louis François Duc de Richelieu, the Marshal of France (1696-1780), served under Catherine II., and afterwards under the Czar Paul. On the restoration of Louis XVIII. he entered the King's household; and after the battle of Waterloo took office as President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs. His *Journal de mon Voyage en Allemagne*, which was then unpublished, was placed at the disposal of the Marquis de Castelnau (see *Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, 1827, i. 241). It has been printed in full by the *Société Impériale d'Histoire de Russie*, 1886, tom. liv. pp. 111-198. See for further mention of the manuscript, *Le Duc de Richelieu*, par Raoul de Cisternes, 1898, Preface, p. 3, *note* 1. He died May 17, 1822, two months before Cantos VI., VII., VIII. were completed.]

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His sympathy for rank, by the same token,
To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.[1]

XII.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills
Like hail, to make a bloody Diuretic.[2]
Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills:
Thy plagues—thy famines—thy physicians—yet tick,
Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills
Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battle-field;

XIII.

There the still varying pangs, which multiply
Until their very number makes men hard
By the infinities of agony,
Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may regard—
The groan, the roll in dust, the all-*white* eye
Turned back within its socket,—these reward
Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
May win perhaps a riband at the breast!

XIV.

Yet I love Glory;—Glory 's a great thing:—
Think what it is to be in your old age
Maintained at the expense of your good King:
A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,
And Heroes are but made for bards to sing,
Which is still better—thus, in verse, to wage
Your wars eternally, besides enjoying
Half-pay for life, make Mankind worth destroying.

XV.

The troops, already disembarked, pushed on
To take a battery on the right: the others,

1. ["Le brigadier Markow, insistant pour qu'on emportât le prince blessé, reçut un coup de fusil qui lui fracassa le pied."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 210.]

2. ["Trois cents bouches à feu vomissaient sans interruption, et trente mille fusils alimentaient sans relâche une grêle de balles."—*Ibid.*, p. 210.]

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Who landed lower down, their landing done,
Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:
Being grenadiers, they mounted one by one,
Cheerful as children climb the breasts of mothers,
O'er the intrenchment and the palisade,[1]
Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

XVI.

And this was admirable: for so hot
The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded,
Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot
And shells or hells, it could not more have goaded.
Of officers a third fell on the spot,
A thing which Victory by no means boded
To gentlemen engaged in the assault:
Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are at fault.

XVII.

But here I leave the general concern
To track our Hero on his path of Fame:
He must his laurels separately earn—
For fifty thousand heroes, name by name,
Though all deserving equally to turn
A couplet, or an elegy to claim,
Would form a lengthy lexicon of Glory,
And, what is worse still, a much longer story:

XVIII.

And therefore we must give the greater number
To the Gazette—which doubtless fairly dealt
By the deceased, who lie in famous slumber
In ditches, fields, or wheresoe'er they felt
Their clay for the last time their souls encumber;—
Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.[2]

1. ["Les troupes, déjà débarquées, se portèrent à droite pour s'emparer d'une batterie; et celles débarquées plus bas, principalement composées des grenadiers de Fanagorie, escaladaient le retranchement et la palissade."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 210.]

2. A fact: see the Waterloo Gazettes. I recollect remarking at the time to a friend:—"*There* is *fame!* a man is killed, his name is Grose, and they print it Grove." I was at college with the deceased, who was

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XIX.

Juan and Johnson joined a certain corps,
And fought away with might and main, not knowing
The way which they had never trod before,
And still less guessing where they might be going;
But on they marched, dead bodies trampling o'er,
Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating, glowing,
But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,
To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright bulletin.

XX.

Thus on they wallowed in the bloody mire
Of dead and dying thousands,—sometimes gaining
A yard or two of ground, which brought them nigher
To some odd angle for which all were straining;
At other times, repulsed by the close fire,
Which really poured as if all Hell were raining
Instead of Heaven, they stumbled backwards o'er
A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

XXI.

Though 't was Don Juan's first of fields, and though
The nightly muster and the silent march
In the chill dark, when Courage does not glow
So much as under a triumphal arch,
Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw
A glance on the dull clouds (as thick as starch,
Which stiffened Heaven) as if he wished for day;—
Yet for all this he did not run away.

XXII.

Indeed he could not. But what if he had?
There *have been* and *are* heroes who begun

a very amiable and clever man, and his society in great request for his wit, gaiety, and "Chansons à boire."

[In the *London Gazette Extraordinary* of June 22, 1815, Captain Grove, 1st Guards, is among the list of killed. In the supplement to the *London Gazette*, published July 3, 1815, the mistake was corrected, and the entry runs, "1st Guards, 3d Batt. Lieut. Edward Grose, (Captain)." I am indebted to the courtesy of the Registrar of the University of Cambridge for the information that Edward Grose matriculated at St. John's College as a pensioner, December 7, 1805. Thanks to the "misprint" in the *Gazette*, and to Byron, he is "a name for ever."—*Vir nullâ non donatus laurû!*]

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With something not much better, or as bad:
Frederick the Great from Molwitz [1] deigned to run,
For the first and last time; for, like a pad,
Or hawk, or bride, most mortals after one
Warm bout are broken in to their new tricks,
And fight like fiends for pay or politics.

XXIII.

He was what Erin calls, in her sublime
Old Erse or Irish, or it may be *Punic*;—
(The antiquarians [2]—who can settle Time,
Which settles all things, Roman, Greek, or Runic—
Swear that Pat's language sprung from the same clime
With Hannibal, and wears the Tyrian tunic
Of Dido's alphabet—and this is rational
As any other notion, and not national;)—

XXIV.

But Juan was quite "a broth of a boy,"
A thing of impulse and a child of song;
Now swimming in the sentiment of joy,
Or the *sensation* (if that phrase seem wrong),
And afterward, if he must needs destroy,
In such good company as always throng

1. [At the Battle of Mollwitz, April 10, 1741, "the king vanishes for sixteen hours into the regions of Myth 'into Fairyland,' . . . of the king's flight . . . the king himself, who alone could have told us fully, maintained always rigorous silence, and nowhere drops the least hint. So that the small fact has come down to us involved in a great bulk of fabulous cobwebs, mostly of an ill-natured character, set a-going by Voltaire, Valori, and others."—Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, 1862, iii. 314, 322, *sq.*]

2. See General Valancey and Sir Lawrence Parsons.

[Charles Vallancey (1721–1812), general in the Royal Engineers, published an "Essay on the Celtic Language," etc., in 1782. "The language [the Iberno-Celtic]," he writes (p. 4), "we are now going to explain, had such an affinity with the Punic, that it may be said to have been, in a great degree, the language of Hanibal (*sic*), Hamilcar, and of Asdrubal." Sir Laurence Parsons (1758–1841), second Earl of Rosse, represented the University of Dublin 1782–90, and afterwards King's County, in the Irish House of Commons. He was an opponent of the Union. In a pamphlet entitled *Defence of the Antient History of Ireland*, published in 1795, he maintains (p. 158) "that the Carthaginian and the Irish language being originally the same, either the Carthaginians must have been descended from the Irish, or the Irish from the Carthaginians."]

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To battles, sieges, and that kind of pleasure,
No less delighted to employ his leisure;

XXV.

But always without malice: if he warred
Or loved, it was with what we call "the best
Intentions," which form all Mankind's *trump card*,
To be produced when brought up to the test.
The statesman—hero—harlot—lawyer—ward
Off each attack, when people are in quest
Of their designs, by saying they *meant well;*
'T is pity "that such meaning should pave Hell." [1]

XXVI.

I almost lately have begun to doubt
Whether Hell's pavement—if it be so *paved*—
Must not have latterly been quite worn out,
Not by the numbers good intent hath saved,
But by the mass who go below without
Those ancient good intentions, which once shaved
And smoothed the brimstone of that street of Hell
Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall Mall.[i]

XXVII.

Juan, by some strange chance, which oft divides
Warrior from warrior in their grim career,
Like chastest wives from constant husbands' sides
Just at the close of the first bridal year,
By one of those odd turns of Fortune's tides,
Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,
When, after a good deal of heavy firing,
He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

XXVIII.

I don't know how the thing occurred—it might
Be that the greater part were killed or wounded,
And that the rest had faced unto the right
About; a circumstance which has confounded

i. *At least the sharp points of that "burning marle."*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. The Portuguese proverb says that "hell is paved with good intentions."—[See *Vision of Judgment*, stanza xxxvii. line 8, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 499, *note* 2.]

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Cæsar himself, who, in the very sight
Of his whole army, which so much abounded
In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield,
And rally back his Romans to the field.[1]

XXIX.

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was
No Cæsar, but a fine young lad, who fought
He knew not why, arriving at this pass,
Stopped for a minute, as perhaps he ought
For a much longer time; then, like an ass
(Start not, kind reader, since great Homer[2] thought
This simile enough for Ajax, Juan
Perhaps may find it better than a new one);

XXX.

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,
And, what was stranger, never looked behind;
But seeing, flashing forward, like the day
Over the hills, a fire enough to blind
Those who dislike to look upon a fray,
He stumbled on, to try if he could find
A path, to add his own slight arm and forces
To corps, the greater part of which were corses.

XXXI.

Perceiving then no more the commandant
Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which had
Quite disappeared—the gods know how! (I can't
Account for everything which may look bad
In history; but we at least may grant
It was not marvellous that a mere lad,

1. ["The Nervii marched to the number of sixty thousand, and fell upon Cæsar, as he was fortifying his camp, and had not the least notion of so sudden an attack. They first routed his cavalry, and then surrounded the twelfth and the seventh legions, and killed all the officers. Had not Cæsar snatched a buckler from one of his own men, forced his way through the combatants before him, and rushed upon the barbarians; or had not the tenth legion, seeing his danger, ran from the heights where they were posted, and mowed down the enemy's ranks, not one Roman would have survived the battle."—Plutarch, *Cæsar*, Langhorne's translation, 1838, p. 502.]

2. ["As near a field of corn, a stubborn ass . . .
E'en so great Ajax son of Telamon."
The Iliad, Lord Derby's translation, bk. xi. lines 639, 645.]

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In search of Glory, should look on before,
Nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps :)—[i.]

XXXII.

Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,
And left at large, like a young heir, to make
His way to—where he knew not—single handed;
As travellers follow over bog and brake
An "ignis fatuus;" or as sailors stranded
Unto the nearest hut themselves betake;
So Juan, following Honour and his nose,
Rushed where the thickest fire announced most foes.[1]

XXXIII.

He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,
For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins
Filled as with lightning—for his spirit shared
The hour, as is the case with lively brains;
And where the hottest fire was seen and heard,
And the loud cannon pealed his hoarsest strains,
He rushed, while earth and air were sadly shaken
By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon![ii. 2]

XXXIV.

And as he rushed along, it came to pass he
Fell in with what was late the second column,
Under the orders of the General Lascy,
But now reduced, as is a bulky volume

i. *Nor care a single damn about his corps.*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *For he was dizzy, busy, and his blood*
Lightening along his veins, and where he heard
The liveliest fire, and saw the fiercest flood
Of Friar Bacon's mild discovery, shared
By Turks and Christians equally, he could
No longer now resist the attraction of gunpowder
But flew to where the merry orchestra played louder.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["N'apercevant plus le commandant du corps dont je faisais partie, et ignorant où je devais porter mes pas, je crus reconnaître le lieu où le rempart était situé; on y faisait un feu assez vif, que je jugeai être celui . . . du général-major de Lascy."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 210. The speaker is the Duc de Richelieu. See, for original, his *Journal de mon Voyage, etc., Soc. Imp. d'Hist. de Russie*, tom. liv. p. 179.]

2. Gunpowder is said to have been discovered by this friar. [N.B. Though Friar Bacon seems to have discovered gunpowder, he had the *humanity* not to record his discovery in intelligible language.]

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Into an elegant extract (much less massy)
Of heroism, and took his place with solemn
Air 'midst the rest, who kept their valiant faces
And levelled weapons still against the Glacis.[1]

XXXV.

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,
Who had "retreated," as the phrase is when
Men run away much rather than go through
Destruction's jaws into the Devil's den;
But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
Knew when and how "to cut and come again,"
And never ran away, except when running
Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

XXXVI.

And so, when all his corps were dead or dying,
Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose
More virgin valour never dreamt of flying,
From ignorance of danger, which indues
Its votaries, like Innocence relying
On its own strength, with careless nerves and thews,—
Johnson retired a little, just to rally
Those who catch cold in "shadows of Death's valley."

XXXVII.

And there, a little sheltered from the shot,
Which rained from bastion, battery, parapet,
Rampart, wall, casement, house—for there was not
In this extensive city, sore beset
By Christian soldiery, a single spot
Which did not combat like the Devil, as yet,—
He found a number of Chasseurs, all scattered
By the resistance of the chase they battered.

XXXVIII.

And these he called on; and, what 's strange, they came
Unto his call, unlike "the spirits from

1. —— *whose short breath, and long faces*
Kept always pushing onwards to the Glacis.—[*MS. erased.*]

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The vasty deep," to whom you may exclaim,
Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave their home :—[1]
Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame
At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,
And that odd impulse, which in wars or creeds[i]
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

XXXIX.

By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,
And though his name, than Ajax or Achilles,
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun soon
We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his
Man quite as quietly as blows the Monsoon
Her steady breath (which some months the same *still* is):
Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,
And could be very busy without bustle;

XL.

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so
Upon reflection, knowing that behind
He would find others who would fain be rid so
Of idle apprehensions, which like wind
Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their lids so
Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not blind,
But when they light upon immediate death,
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

XLI.

But Johnson only ran off, to return
With many other warriors, as we said,
Unto that rather somewhat misty bourne,
Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.[2]
To Jack, howe'er, this gave but slight concern:
His soul (like galvanism upon the dead)
Acted upon the living as on wire,
And led them back into the heaviest fire.

i. *And that mechanic impulse* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [1 *Henry IV.*, act iii. sc. 1, line 53.]
2. [*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1, lines 79, 80.]

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XLII.

Egad! they found the second time what they
The first time thought quite terrible enough
To fly from, malgré all which people say
Of Glory, and all that immortal stuff
Which fills a regiment (besides their pay,
That daily shilling which makes warriors tough)—
They found on their return the self-same welcome,
Which made some *think*, and others *know*, a *hell* come.

XLIII.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,
Grass before scythes, or corn below the sickle,
Proving that trite old truth, that Life 's as frail
As any other boon for which men stickle.
The Turkish batteries thrashed them like a flail,
Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle
Putting the very bravest, who were knocked
Upon the head before their guns were cocked.

XLIV.

The Turks behind the traverses and flanks
Of the next bastion, fired away like devils,
And swept, as gales sweep foam away, whole ranks:
However, Heaven knows how, the Fate who levels
Towns—nations—worlds, in her revolving pranks,
So ordered it, amidst these sulphury revels,
That Johnson, and some few who had not scampered,
Reached the interior "talus" [1] of the rampart.[2]

XLV.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen
Came mounting quickly up, for it was now

1. ["*Talus:* the slope or inclination of a wall, whereby, reclining at the top so as to fall within its base, the thickness is gradually lessened according to the height."—*Milit. Dict.*]

2. ["Appelant ceux des chasseurs qui étaient autour de moi en assez grand nombre, je m'avançai et reconnus ne m'être point trompé dans mon calcul; c'était en effet cette colonne qui à l'instant parvenait au sommet du rempart. Les Turcs de derrière les travers et les flancs des bastions voisins fasaient sur elle un feu très-vif de canon et de mousqueterie. Je gravis, avec les gens qui m'avaient suivi, le talus intérieur du rempart."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 210.]

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All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or rosin,
Flame was showered forth above, as well 's below,
So that you scarce could say who best had chosen,
The gentlemen that were the first to show
Their martial faces on the parapet,
Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

XLVI.

But those who scaled, found out that their advance
Was favoured by an accident or blunder:
The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's [1] ignorance
Had pallisadoed in a way you 'd wonder
To see in forts of Netherlands or France—
(Though these to our Gibraltar must knock under)—
Right in the middle of the parapet
Just named, these palisades were primly set: [2]

XLVII.

So that on either side some nine or ten
Paces were left, whereon you could contrive
To march; a great convenience to our men,
At least to all those who were left alive,
Who thus could form a line and fight again;
And that which farther aided them to strive
Was, that they could kick down the palisades,
Which scarcely rose much higher than grass blades.[3]

XLVIII.

Among the first,—I will not say *the first*,
For such precedence upon such occasions

1. [Baron Menno van Coehoorn (circ. 1641–1704), a Dutch military engineer, the contemporary and rival of Vauban, invented a mortar which bore his name. He was the author of a celebrated work on fortification, published in 1692.]

2. ["Ce fut dans cet instant que je reconnus combien l'ignorance du constructeur des palissades était importante pour nous; car, comme elles étaient placées au milieu du parapet," etc.—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 211.]

3. They were but two feet above the level.—[MS.]
["Il y avait de chaque côté neuf à dix pieds sur lesquels on pouvait marcher; et les soldats, après être montés, avaient pu se ranger commodément sur l'espace extérieur et enjamber ensuite les palissades, qui ne s'élevaient que d'à-peu-près deux pieds au-dessus du niveau de la terre."—*Ibid.*, p. 211.]

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Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst
Out between friends as well as allied nations:
The Briton must be bold who really durst
Put to such trial John Bull's partial patience,
As say that Wellington at Waterloo
Was beaten,—though the Prussians say so too;—

XLIX.

And that if Blucher, Bulow, Gneisenau,
And God knows who besides in "au" and "ow,"
Had not come up in time to cast an awe [1]
Into the hearts of those who fought till now
As tigers combat with an empty craw,
The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show
His Orders—also to receive his pensions,
Which are the heaviest that our history mentions.

L.

But never mind;—"God save the King!" and *Kings!*
For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer—
I think I hear a little bird, who sings
The people by and by will be the stronger:
The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob
At last fall sick of imitating Job.

LI.

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,
Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a Giant;
At last it takes to weapons such as men
Snatch when Despair makes human hearts less pliant.

1. [Friederich Wilhelm, Baron von Bülow (1755-1816), was in command of the 4th corps of the Prussian Army at Waterloo. August Wilhelm Antonius Neidhart von Gneisenau (1760-1831) was chief of staff, and after Blücher was disabled by a fall at Ligny, assumed temporary command, June 16-17, 1815. He headed the triumphant pursuit of the French on the night of the battle. For Blücher's official account of the battles of Ligny and Waterloo (subscribed by Gneisenau), see W. H. Maxwell's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, 1841, iii. 566-571; and for Wellington's acknowledgment of Blücher's "cordial and timely assistance," see *Dispatches*, 1847, viii. 150. See, too, *The Life of Wellington*, by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., 1899, ii. 88, *et passim.*]

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Then comes "the tug of war;"—'t will come again,
I rather doubt; and I would fain say "fie on 't,"
If I had not perceived that Revolution
Alone can save the earth from Hell's pollution.

LII.

But to continue:—I say not *the* first,
But of the first, our little friend Don Juan
Walked o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed
Amidst such scenes—though this was quite a new one
To him, and I should hope to *most*. The thirst
Of Glory, which so pierces through and through one,
Pervaded him—although a generous creature,
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.[i]

LIII.

And here he was—who upon Woman's breast,
Even from a child, felt like a child; howe'er
The Man in all the rest might be confessed,
To him it was Elysium to be there;
And he could even withstand that awkward test
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious fair,
"Observe your lover when he *leaves* your arms;"
But Juan never *left* them—while they had charms,

LIV.

Unless compelled by Fate, or wave, or wind,
Or near relations—who are much the same.
But *here* he was!—where each tie that can bind
Humanity must yield to steel and flame:
And *he* whose very body was all mind,
Flung here by Fate or Circumstance, which tame
The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,
Dashed on like a spurred blood-horse in a race.

LV.

So was his blood stirred while he found resistance,
As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,
Or double post and rail, where the existence
Of Britain's youth depends upon their weight—

i. —— *as feminine of feature.*—[*MS.*]
Led him on—although he was the gentlest creature,
As kind in heart as feminine of feature.—[*MS. erased.*]

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The lightest being the safest: at a distance
He hated cruelty, as all men hate
Blood, until heated—and even then his own
At times would curdle o'er some heavy groan.

LVI.

The General Lascy, who had been hard pressed,
Seeing arrive an aid so opportune
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,
Who came as if just dropped down from the moon
To Juan, who was nearest him, addressed
His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,
Not reckoning him to be a "base Bezonian" [1]
(As Pistol calls it), but a young Livonian.[2]

LVII.

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew
As much of German as of Sanscrit, and
In answer made an inclination to
The General who held him in command;
For seeing one with ribands, black and blue,
Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in hand,
Addressing him in tones which seemed to thank,
He recognised an officer of rank.

LVIII.

Short speeches pass between two men who speak
No common language; and besides, in time
Of war and taking towns, when many a shriek
Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime
Is perpetrated ere a word can break
Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime
In like church-bells, with sigh, howl, groan, yell, prayer,
There cannot be much conversation there.

1. [Pistol's "*Bezonian*" is a corruption of *bisognoso*—a rogue, needy fellow. Byron, quoting from memory, confuses two passages. In 2 *Henry VI.*, act iv. sc. 1, line 134, Suffolk says, "Great men oft die of vile bezonians;" in 2 *Henry IV.*, act v. sc. 3, line 112, Pistol says, "Under which King, Besonian? speak or die."]

2. ["Le Général Lascy, voyant arriver un corps, si à-propos à son secours, s'avança vers l'officier qui l'avait conduit, et, le prenant pour un Livonien, lui fit, en allemand, les complimens les plus flatteurs; le jeune militaire (le Duc de Richelieu) qui parlait parfaitement cette langue, y répondit avec sa modestie ordinaire."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 211.]

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LIX.

And therefore all we have related in
Two long octaves, passed in a little minute;
But in the same small minute, every sin
Contrived to get itself comprised within it.
The very cannon, deafened by the din,
Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a linnet,
As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise
Of Human Nature's agonizing voice!

LX.

The town was entered. Oh Eternity!—
"God made the country, and man made the town,"
So Cowper says[1]—and I begin to be
Of his opinion, when I see cast down
Rome—Babylon—Tyre—Carthage—Nineveh—
All walls men know, and many never known;
And pondering on the present and the past,
To deem the woods shall be our home at last:—

LXI.

Of all men, saving Sylla,[2] the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boon, back-woodsman of Kentucky,[3]

1. [*The Task*, bk. i. line 749. It was pointed out to Cowper that the same thought had been expressed by Isaac Hawkins Browne, in *The Fire-side, a Pastoral Soliloquy*, lines 15, 16 (*Poems*, ed. 1768, p. 125)—

"I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,
That the town is Man's world, but that this is of God."

There is a parallel passage in M. T. Varro, *Rerum Rusticarum*, lib. iii. 1. 4, "Nec mirum, quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes."—See *The Task, etc.*, ed. by H. T. Griffith, 1896, ii. 234.]

2. [Sulla spoke of himself as the "fortunate," and in the twenty-second book of his Commentaries, finished only two days before his death, "he tells us that the Chaldeans had predicted, that after a life of glory he would depart in the height of his prosperity." He was fortunate, too, with regard to his funeral, for, at first, a brisk wind blew which fanned the pile into flame, and it was not till the fire had begun to die out that the rain, which had been expected throughout the day, began to fall in torrents.—Langhorne's *Plutarch*, 1838, pp. 334, 335. See, too, *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, stanza vii. *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 308, *note* 1.]

3. [Daniel Boone (1735–1820) was the grandson of an English settler,

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Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere;
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

LXII.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude; Health shrank not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety;

George Boone, of Exeter. His great work in life was the conquest of Kentucky. Following in the steps of another pioneer, John Finley, he left his home in North Carolina in May, 1769, and, after numerous adventures, effected a settlement on the Kentucky river. He constructed a fort, which he named Boonesborough, and carried on a protracted campaign with varying but final success against the Indians. When Kentucky was admitted into the Union, February 4, 1791, he failed to make good his title to his property at Boonesborough, and withdrew to Mount Pleasant, beyond the Ohio. Thence, in 1795, he removed to Missouri, then a Spanish possession. Napoleon wrested Missouri from the Spaniards, only to sell the territory to the United States, with the result that in 1810 he was confirmed in the possession of 850 out of the 8000 acres which he had acquired in 1795. "Boone was then seventy-five years of age, hale and strong. The charm of the hunter's life clung to him to the last, and in his eighty-second year he went on a hunting excursion to the mouth of the Kansas river."—Appleton's *Encyclopedia, etc.*, art. "Boone." His fine and gracious nature reveals itself in his autobiography (*The Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boon, Formerly a Hunter; Containing a Narrative of the Wars of Kentucky;* Imlay's *North America*, 1793, ii. 52–54). "One day," he writes (pp. 330, *sq.*), "I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature . . . expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and, looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains, the beauteous tracts below. On the other hand, I surveyed the famous river Ohio, that rolled in silent dignity, marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. . . . All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loins of a buck, which a few hours before I had killed. . . . No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found here." (See, too, *The Kentucky Pioneers*, by John Brown, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 1887, vol. lxxv. pp. 48–71.)]

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LXIII.

And, what 's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,
Without which Glory 's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the *antipodes* of Shame,
Which Hate nor Envy e'er could tinge with wrong;
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of Nature—or the Man of Ross[1] run wild.

LXIV.

'T is true he shrank from men even of his nation,
When they built up unto his darling trees,—
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease;
The inconvenience of civilisation
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please;
But where he met the individual man,
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

LXV.

He was not all alone: around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unwakened world was ever new,
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on Nature's or on human face;
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

LXVI.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions;
No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage—and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

1. [For John Kyrle, "the Man of Ross" (1635-1724), see Pope's *Moral Essays*, epist. iii. lines 249-284. See, too, *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, 1895 (letter to R. Southey, July 13, 1794), i. 77.]

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LXVII.

Motion was in their days, Rest in their slumbers,
And Cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;
The lust which stings, the splendour which encumbers,
With the free foresters divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

LXVIII.

So much for Nature:—by way of variety,
Now back to thy great joys, Civilisation!
And the sweet consequence of large society,
War—pestilence—the despot's desolation,
The kingly scourge, the lust of notoriety,
The millions slain by soldiers for their ration,
The scenes like Catherine's boudoir at threescore,[1]
With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

LXIX.

The town was entered: first one column made
Its sanguinary way good—then another;
The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade
Clashed 'gainst the scimitar, and babe and mother
With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to upbraid:—
Still closer sulphury clouds began to smother
The breath of morn and man, where foot by foot
The maddened Turks their city still dispute.

LXX.

Koutousow,[2] he who afterwards beat back
(With some assistance from the frost and snow)

1. [Byron seems to have derived his knowledge of Catherine's *vie intime* from the *Mémoires Secrets sur la Russie*, of C. F. P. Masson, which were published in Amsterdam in 1800, and translated into English in the same year.]

2. [Michailo Smolenskoi Koutousof (1743–1813), who was raised to eminence through the influence of Potemkin, was in command of the Austro-Russian Army at Austerlitz. During the retreat from Moscow he repulsed Napoleon at Malo-yaroslavetz, and pursued the French to Kalisz. Tolstoi introduces Koutousof in his novel, *War and Peace*, and dwells on his fatalism.]

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Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,
It happened was himself beat back just now:
He was a jolly fellow, and could crack
His jest alike in face of friend or foe,
Though Life, and Death, and Victory were at stake;[1]
But here it seemed his jokes had ceased to take:

LXXI.

For having thrown himself into a ditch,
Followed in haste by various grenadiers,
Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich,
He climbed to where the parapet appears;
But there his project reached its utmost pitch
('Mongst other deaths the General Ribaupierre's
Was much regretted), for the Moslem men
Threw them all down into the ditch again.[2]

LXXII.

And had it not been for some stray troops landing
They knew not where, being carried by the stream
To some spot, where they lost their understanding,
And wandered up and down as in a dream,
Until they reached, as daybreak was expanding,
That which a portal to their eyes did seem,—
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain
Where three parts of his column yet remain.[3]

LXXIII.

And scrambling round the rampart, these same troops,
After the taking of the "Cavalier,"[4]

1. ["Parmi les colonnes, une de celles qui souffrirent le plus était commandée par le général Koutouzow (aujourd'hui Prince de Smolensko). Ce brave militaire réunit l'intrépidité à un grand nombre de connaissances acquises; il marche au feu avec la même gaieté qu'il va à une fête; il sait commander avec autant de sang froid qu'il déploie d'esprit et d'amabilité dans le commerce habituel de la vie."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 212.]

2. ["Ce brave Koutouzow se jeta dans le fossé, fut suivi des siens, et ne pénétra jusqu'au haut du parapet qu'après avoir éprouvé des difficultés incroyables. (Le brigadier de Ribaupierre perdit la vie dans cette occasion: il avait fixé l'estime générale, et sa mort occasionna beaucoup de regrets.) Les Turcs accoururent en grand nombre; cette multitude repoussa deux fois le général jusqu'au fossé."—*Ibid.*, p. 212.]

3. ["Quelques troupes russes, emportées par le courant, n'ayant pu débarquer sur le terrain qu'on leur avait prescrit," etc.—*Ibid.*, p. 213.]

4. [A "Cavalier" is an elevation of earth, situated ordinarily in the

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Just as Koutousow's most "forlorn" of "hopes"
Took, like chameleons, some slight tinge of fear,
Opened the gate called "Kilia," to the groups[1]
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,
Now thawed into a marsh of human blood.

LXXIV.

The Kozacks, or, if so you please, Cossacques—
(I don't much pique myself upon orthography,
So that I do not grossly err in facts,
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geography)—
Having been used to serve on horses' backs,
And no great dilettanti in topography
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.[2]

LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries thundered
Upon them, ne'ertheless had reached the rampart,[3]
And naturally thought they could have plundered
The city, without being farther hampered;
But as it happens to brave men, they blundered—
The Turks at first pretended to have scampered,
Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion corners,[4]
From whence they sallied on those Christian scorners.

LXXVI.

Then being taken by the tail—a taking
Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these[1]
Cossacques were all cut off as day was breaking,
And found their lives were let at a short lease—

1. *Fatal to warriors as to women—these.*—[*MS.*]

gorge of a bastion, bordered with a parapet, and cut into more or fewer embrasures, according to its capacity."—*Milit. Dict.*]

1. ["... longèrent le rempart, après la prise du cavalier, et ouvrirent la porte dite *de Kilia* aux soldats du général Koutouzow."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 213.]

2. ["Il était réservé aux Kozaks de combler de leurs corps la partie du fossé où ils combattaient; leur colonne avait été divisée entre MM. Platow et d' Orlow ..."—*Ibid.*, p. 213.]

3. ["... la première partie, devant se joindre à la gauche du général Arséniew, fut foudroyée par le feu des batteries, et parvint néanmoins au haut du rempart."—*Ibid.*, p. 213.]

4. ["Les Turcs la laissèrent un peu s'avancer, dans la ville, et firent deux sorties par les angles saillans des bastions."—*Ibid.*, p. 213.]

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But perished without shivering or shaking,
Leaving as ladders their heaped carcasses,
O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesouskoi
Marched with the brave battalion of Polouzki:—[1]

LXXVII.

This valiant man killed all the Turks he met,
But could not eat them, being in his turn
Slain by some Mussulmans,[2] who would not yet,
Without resistance, see their city burn.
The walls were won, but 't was an even bet
Which of the armies would have cause to mourn:
'T was blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor 't other flinch.

LXXVIII.

Another column also suffered much:—
And here we may remark with the historian,
You should but give few cartridges to such
Troops as are meant to march with greatest glory on:
When matters must be carried by the touch
Of the bright bayonet, and they all should hurry on;
They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,
Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.[3]

LXXIX.

A junction of the General Meknop's men
(Without the General, who had fallen some time

1. ["Alors, se trouvant prise en queue, elle fut écrasée; cependant le Lieutenant-colonel Yesouskoï, qui commandait la réserve composée d'un bataillon du régiment de Polozk, traversa le fossé sur les cadavres des Kozaks . . ."—*Hist. de la Nouvell Russie*, ii. 212.]

2. ["... et extermina tous les Turcs qu'il eut en tête: ce brave homme fut tué pendant l'action."—*Ibid.*, p. 213.]

3. ["L'autre partie des Kozaks, qu' Orlow commandait, souffrit de la manière la plus cruelle: elle attaqua à maintes reprises, fut souvent repoussée, et perdit les deux tiers de son monde (c'est ici le lieu de placer une observation, que nous prenons dans les mémoires qui nous guident; elle fait remarquer combien il est mal vu de donner beaucoup de cartouches aux soldats qui doivent emporter un poste de vive force, et par conséquent où la baïonnette doit principalement agir; ils pensent ne devoir se servir de cette dernière arme, que lorsque les cartouches sont épuisées: dans cette persuasion, ils retardent leur marche, et restent plus long-temps exposés au canon et à la mitraille de l'ennemi)."—*Ibid.*, p. 214.]

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Before, being badly seconded just then)
Was made at length with those who dared to climb
The death-disgorging rampart once again;
And, though the Turk's resistance was sublime,
They took the bastion, which the Seraskier
Defended at a price extremely dear.[1]

LXXX.

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers,
Among the foremost, offered him good quarter,
A word which little suits with Seraskiers,
Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.
He died, deserving well his country's tears,
A savage sort of military martyr:
An English naval officer, who wished
To make him prisoner, was also dished:

LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition
Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead;[2]
On which the rest, without more intermission,
Began to lay about with steel and lead—
The pious metals most in requisition
On such occasions: not a single head
Was spared;—three thousand Moslems perished here,
And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.[3]

LXXXII.

The city 's taken—only part by part—
And Death is drunk with gore: there 's not a street
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart
For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.[4]

1. ["La jonction de la colonne de Meknop—(le général fut mal secondé et tué)—ne put s'effectuer avec celle qui l'avoisinait, . . . ces colonnes attaquèrent un bastion, et éprouvèrent une résistance opiniâtre; mais bientôt des cris de victoire se font entendre de toutes parts, et le bastion est emporté: le séraskier défendait cette partie."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 214.]

2. [". . . un officier de marine Anglais veut le faire prisonnier, et reçoit un coup de pistolet qui l'étend roide mort."—*Ibid.*, p. 214.]

3. ["Les Russes passent trois mille Turcs au fil de l'épée; seize baïonnettes percent à la fois le séraskier."—*Ibid.*, p. 214.]

4. ["La ville est emportée; l'image de la mort et de la désolation se représente de tous les côtés; le soldat furieux n'écoute plus la voix

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Here War forgot his own destructive art
In more destroying Nature; and the heat
Of Carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,
Engendered monstrous shapes of every crime.

LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial tread
Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel
Seized fast, as if 't were by the serpent's head
Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed to feel;
In vain he kicked, and swore, and writhed, and bled,
And howled for help as wolves do for a meal—
The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
As do the subtle snakes described of old.[i]

LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
Of a foe o'er him, snatched at it, and bit
The very tendon which is most acute—
(That which some ancient Muse or modern wit
Named after thee, Achilles!) and quite through 't
He made the teeth meet, nor relinquished it
Even with his life—for (but they lie) 't is said
To the live leg still clung the severed head.

LXXXV.

However this may be, 't is pretty sure
The Russian officer for life was lamed,
For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,
And left him 'midst the invalid and maimed:
The regimental surgeon could not cure
His patient, and, perhaps, was to be blamed
More than the head of the inveterate foe,
Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

LXXXVI.

But then the fact 's a fact—and 't is the part
Of a true poet to escape from fiction
Whene'er he can; for there is little art
In leaving verse more free from the restriction

i. *As do the subtle snake's denounced of old.*—[*MS.*]

de ses officiers, il ne respire que le carnage; altéré de sang, tout est indifférent pour lui."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 214.]

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Of Truth than prose, unless to suit the mart
For what is sometimes called poetic diction,
And that outrageous appetite for lies
Which Satan angles with for souls, like flies.[i.]

LXXXVII.

The city 's taken, but not rendered!—No!
There 's not a Moslem that hath yielded sword:
The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow
Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word
Acknowledge aught of dread of Death or foe:
In vain the yell of victory is roared
By the advancing Muscovite—the groan
Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

LXXXVIII.

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,
And human lives are lavished everywhere,
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves[ii.]
When the stripped forest bows to the bleak air,
And groans; and thus the peopled city grieves,
Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare;
But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,
As oaks blown down with all their thousand winters.

LXXXIX.

It is an awful topic—but 't is not
My cue for any time to be terrific:
For checkered as is seen our human lot
With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific
Of melancholy merriment, to quote
Too much of one sort would be soporific;—
Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

XC.

And one good action in the midst of crimes
Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase[1]

i. *Which most of all doth man characterise.*—
[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

ii. *As Autumn winds disperse the yellow leaves.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [See *The Blues*, ecl. i. line 25, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 574, *note* 3.]

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Of these ambrosial, Pharisaic times,
With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,
And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes,
A little scorched at present with the blaze
Of conquest and its consequences, which
Make Epic poesy so rare and rich.

XCI.

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
Thousands of slaughtered men, a yet warm group
Of murdered women, who had found their way
To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
A female child of ten years tried to stoop
And hide her little palpitating breast
Amidst the bodies lulled in bloody rest.[1]

XCII.

Two villanous Cossacques pursued the child
With flashing eyes and weapons: matched with *them*,
The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
Has feelings pure and polished as a gem,—
The bear is civilised, the wolf is mild;
And whom for this at last must we condemn?
Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ
All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

XCIII.

Their sabres glittered o'er her little head,
Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright,
Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:
When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,
I shall not say exactly what he *said*,
Because it might not solace "ears polite;"[2]

1. ["Je sauvai la vie à une fille de dix ans, dont l'innocence et la candeur formaient un contraste bien frappant avec la rage de tout ce qui m'environnait. En arrivant sur le bastion où commença le carnage, j'aperçus un groupe de quatre femmes égorgées, entre lesquelles cet enfant, d'une figure charmante, cherchait un asile contre la fureur de deux Kozaks qui étaient sur le point de la massacrer."—Duc de Richelieu. (See *Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 217.)]

2. ["Who never mentions Hell to ears polite."—Pope, *Moral Essays*, ep. iv. line 150:]

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But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,
The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.

XCIV.

One's hip he slashed, and split the other's shoulder,
And drove them with their brutal yells to seek
If there might be chirurgeons who could solder
The wounds they richly merited,[1] and shriek
Their baffled rage and pain; while waxing colder
As he turned o'er each pale and gory cheek,
Don Juan raised his little captive from
The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

XCV.

And she was chill as they, and on her face
A slender streak of blood announced how near
Her fate had been to that of all her race;
For the same blow which laid her mother here
Had scarred her brow, and left its crimson trace,
As the last link with all she had held dear;[2]
But else unhurt, she opened her large eyes,
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

XCVI.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fixed
Upon each other, with dilated glance,

1. ["Ce spectacle m'attira bientôt, et je n'hésitai pas, comme on peut le croire, à prendre entre mes bras cette infortunée, que les barbares voulaient y poursuivre encore. J'eus bien de la peine à me retenir et à ne pas percer ces misérables du sabre que je tenais suspendu sur leur tête:—je me contentai cependant de les éloigner, non sans leur prodiguer les coups et les injures qu'ils méritaient. . . ."—Duc de Richelieu, *vide Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 217.]

2. ["... J'eus le plaisir d'apercevoir que ma petite prisonnière n'avait d'autre mal qu'une coupure légère que lui avait faite au visage le même fer qui avait percé sa mère."—Duc de Richelieu, *ibid.*

The Turks clamoured for the child, and Richelieu was forced to give way. But in the original the story ends unhappily.

"Je fus obligé de céder à leurs instances et à celles de l'officier qui parlementait avec eux; . . . ce ne fut pas sans de grandes difficultés et sans une promesse expresse de la part de cet officier [Colonel Ribas] de me la faire rendre aussitôt que les Turcs auraient mis bas les armes. Je me séparai donc de cet enfant qui m'était déjà devenu très-cher, et même à présent, je ne puis penser à ce moment sans amertume, puisque malgré toutes les recherches et les peines que je me donnai pour la retrouver, il me fut impossible d'y réussir, et je n'ai que trop sujet de craindre qu'elle n'ait péri malheureusement."—*Société Imperiale d'Histoire de Russie*, tom. liv. p. 185.]

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In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mixed
With joy to save, and dread of some mischance
Unto his protégée; while hers, transfixed
With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase:— [1]

XCVII.

Up came John Johnson (I will not say "*Jack*,"
For that were vulgar, cold, and common-place
On great occasions, such as an attack
On cities, as hath been the present case):
Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back,
Exclaiming—"Juan! Juan! On, boy! brace
Your arm, and I 'll bet Moscow to a dollar,
That you and I will win St. George's collar.[2]

XCVIII.

"The Seraskier is knocked upon the head,
But the stone bastion still remains, wherein
The old Pacha sits among some hundreds dead,
Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst the din
Of our artillery and his own: 't is said
Our killed, already piled up to the chin,
Lie round the battery; but still it batters,
And grape in volleys, like a vineyard, scatters.

XCIX.

"Then up with me!"—But Juan answered, "Look
Upon this child—I saved her—must not leave
Her life to chance; but point me out some nook
Of safety, where she less may shrink and grieve,
And I am with you."—Whereon Johnson took
A glance around—and shrugged—and twitched his sleeve

1. [Sir Walter Scott (*Quarterly Review*, October, 1816, vol. xvi. p. 177) says that a "brother-poet" compared Byron's features to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. Byron alludes to this comparison in his *Detached Thoughts*, October 15, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 408. It may be noted that Lorenzo Bartolini, the Italian sculptor who took a bust of Byron at Pisa, in the spring of 1822, had been employed by Napoleon, in 1814, to design marble vases for a terrace at Elba, which were to be illuminated at night "from within."]

2. A Russian military order.

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And black silk neckcloth—and replied, " You 're right;
Poor thing! what 's to be done? I'm puzzled quite."

C.

Said Juan—" Whatsoever is to be
Done, I 'll not quit her till she seems secure
Of present life a good deal more than we."—
Quoth Johnson—" *Neither* will I quite insure;
But at the least *you* may die gloriously."—
Juan replied—" At least I will endure
Whate'er is to be borne—but not resign
This child, who is parentless, and therefore mine."

CI.

Johnson said—" Juan, we 've no time to lose;
The child 's a pretty child—a very pretty—
I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose
Between your fame and feelings, pride and pity:—
Hark! how the roar increases!—no excuse
Will serve when there is plunder in a city;—
I should be loath to march without you, but,
By God! we 'll be too late for the first cut."

CII.

But Juan was immovable; until
Johnson, who really loved him in his way,
Picked out amongst his followers with some skill
Such as he thought the least given up to prey,
And, swearing, if the infant came to ill
That they should all be shot on the next day,—
But if she were delivered safe and sound,
They should at least have fifty rubles round,

CIII.

And all allowances besides of plunder
In fair proportion with their comrades;—then
Juan consented to march on through thunder,
Which thinned at every step their ranks of men:
And yet the rest rushed eagerly—no wonder,
For they were heated by the hope of gain,
A thing which happens everywhere each day—
No hero trusteth wholly to half pay.

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CIV.

And such is Victory, and such is Man!
At least nine tenths of what we call so:—God
May have another name for half we scan
As human beings, or his ways are odd.
But to our subject: a brave Tartar Khan—
Or "Sultan," as the author (to whose nod
In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call
This chieftain—somehow would not yield at all:

CV.

But flanked by *five* brave sons (such is polygamy,
That she spawns warriors by the score, where none
Are prosecuted for that false crime bigamy),
He never would believe the city won
While Courage clung but to a single twig.—Am I
Describing Priam's, Peleus', or Jove's son?
Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate man,
Who fought with his five children in the van.[1]

CVI.

To *take* him was the point.—The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield and save;—
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity: even as sometimes nods
The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.

CVII.

But he would *not* be *taken*, and replied
To all the propositions of surrender
By mowing Christians down on every side,
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at Bender.[2]

1. ["Le sultan périt dans l'action en brave homme, digne d'un meilleur destin; ce fut lui qui rallia les Turcs lorsque l'ennemi pénétra dans la place . . . ce sultan, d'une valeur éprouvée, surpassait en générosité les plus civilisés de sa nation; cinq de ses fils combattaient à ses côtés, il les encourageait par son exemple."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 215.]

2. ["When Charles XII. reached Bender, August 1, 1709, he refused, in the first instance, to cross the river Dniester, and on yielding

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His five brave boys no less the foe defied;
Whereon the Russian pathos grew less tender
As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,[i]
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

CVIII.

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who
Expended all their Eastern phraseology
In begging him, for God's sake, just to show
So much less fight as might form an apology
For *them* in saving such a desperate foe—
He hewed away, like Doctors of Theology
When they dispute with sceptics; and with curses
Struck at his friends, as babies beat their nurses.

CIX.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, both
Juan and Johnson; whereupon they fell,
The first with sighs, the second with an oath,
Upon his angry Sultanship, pell-mell,
And all around were grown exceeding wroth
At such a pertinacious infidel,
And poured upon him and his sons like rain,
Which they resisted like a sandy plain

CX.

That drinks and still is dry. At last they perished—
His second son was levelled by a shot;
His third was sabred; and the fourth, most cherished
Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot;
The fifth, who, by a Christian mother nourished,
Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,
Because deformed, yet died all game and bottom,[ii]
To save a Sire who blushed that he begot him.

i. —— *like celestial patience.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Because a hunch-back* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

to the representations of the Turks, he declined to enter the town, but decided on remaining encamped on an island, in spite of the assurances of the inhabitants that it was occasionally flooded." But, perhaps, Byron had in mind Voltaire's remarks on Charles's *Opiniâtreté.* (See *Histoire de Charles XII.*, 1772, p. 377. See, too, *Charles XII.*, by Oscar Browning, 1899, pp. 231–234.)]

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CXI.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,
As great a scorner of the Nazarene
As ever Mahomet picked out for a martyr,
Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,
Who make the beds of those who won't take quarter
On earth, in Paradise; and when once seen,
Those houris, like all other pretty creatures,
Do just whate'er they please, by dint of features.

CXII.

And what they pleased to do with the young Khan
In Heaven I know not, nor pretend to guess;
But doubtless they prefer a fine young man
To tough old heroes, and can do no less;[i]
And that 's the cause no doubt why, if we scan
A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,
You 'll find ten thousand handsome coxcombs bloody.

CXIII.

Your houris also have a natural pleasure
In lopping off your lately married men,
Before the bridal hours have danced their measure
And the sad, second moon grows dim again,
Or dull Repentance hath had dreary leisure
To wish him back a bachelor now and then:
And thus your Houri (it may be) disputes
Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

CXIV.

Thus the young Khan, with Houris in his sight,
Thought not upon the charms of four young brides,
But bravely rushed on his first heavenly night.
In short, howe'er *our* better faith derides,
These black-eyed virgins make the Moslems fight,
As though there were one Heaven and none besides—
Whereas, if all be true we hear of Heaven
And Hell, there must at least be six or seven.

i. *In battle to old age and ugliness.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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CXV.

So fully flashed the phantom on his eyes,
That when the very lance was in his heart,
He shouted "Allah!" and saw Paradise
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,
And bright Eternity without disguise
On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart:—
With Prophets—Houris—Angels—Saints, descried
In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died,—[h]

CXVI.

But with a heavenly rapture on his face.
The good old Khan, who long had ceased to see
Houris, or aught except his florid race,
Who grew like cedars round him gloriously—
When he beheld his latest hero grace
The earth, which he became like a felled tree,
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

CXVII.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,
Stopped as if once more willing to concede
Quarter, in case he bade them not "aroynt!"
As he before had done. He did not heed
Their pause nor signs: his heart was out of joint,
And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,
As he looked down upon his children gone,
And felt—though done with life—he was alone.[1]

CXVIII.

But 't was a transient tremor:—with a spring
Upon the Russian steel his breast he flung,
As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies: he clung

h. *In one immortal glance, and then he died.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Tous cinq furent tous tués sous ces yeux: il ne cessa point de se battre, répondit par des coups de sabre aux propositions de se rendre, et ne fut atteint du coup mortel qu' après avoir abattu de sa main beaucoup de Kozaks des plus acharnés à sa prise; le reste de sa troupe fut massacré."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 215.]

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Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,
Unto the bayonets which had pierced his young;
And throwing back a dim look on his sons,
In one wide wound poured forth his soul at once.

CXIX.

'T is strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers, who
Spared neither sex nor age in their career
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced through,
And lay before them with his children near,
Touched by the heroism of him they slew,
Were melted for a moment; though no tear
Flowed from their bloodshot eyes, all red with strife,
They honoured such determined scorn of Life.

CXX.

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,
Where the chief Pacha calmly held his post:
Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,
And baffled the assaults of all their host;
At length he condescended to inquire
If yet the city's rest were won or lost;
And being told the latter, sent a Bey
To answer Ribas' summons to give way.[1]

CXXI.

In the mean time, cross-legged, with great sang-froid,
Among the scorching ruins he sat smoking
Tobacco on a little carpet;—Troy
Saw nothing like the scene around;—yet looking
With martial Stoicism, nought seemed to annoy
His stern philosophy; but gently stroking
His beard, he puffed his pipe's ambrosial gales,
As if he had three lives, as well as tails.[2]

1. ["Quoique les Russes fussent répandus dans la ville, le bastion de pierre résistait encore; il était défendu par un vieillard, pacha à trois queues, et commandant les forces réunies à Ismaël. On lui proposa une capitulation; il demanda si le reste de la ville était conquis; sur cette réponse, il autorisa quelques-uns de ces officiers à capituler avec M. de Ribas."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 215.]

2. ["Pendant ce colloque, il resta étendu sur des tapis placés sur les ruines de la forteresse, fumant sa pipe avec la même tranquillité et la même indifférence que s'il eût été étranger à tout ce qui se passait."—*Ibid.*, p. 215.]

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CXXII.

The town was taken—whether he might yield
Himself or bastion, little mattered now:
His stubborn valour was no future shield.
Ismail 's no more! The Crescent's silver bow
Sunk, and the crimson Cross glared o'er the field,
But red with no *redeeming* gore: the glow
Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,
Was imaged back in blood, the sea of slaughter.[i.]

CXXIII.

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses—
All that the body perpetrates of bad;
All that we read—hear—dream, of man's distresses—
All that the Devil would do if run stark mad;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses,—
All by which Hell is peopled, or as sad
As Hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

CXXIV.

If here and there some transient trait of pity
Was shown, and some more noble heart broke through
Its bloody bond, and saved, perhaps, some pretty
Child, or an agéd, helpless man or two—
What 's this in one annihilated city,
Where thousand loves, and ties, and duties grew?
Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!
Just ponder what a pious pastime War is.[ii.]

CXXV.

Think how the joys of reading a Gazette
Are purchased by all agonies and crimes:
Or if these do not move you, don't forget
Such doom may be your own in after-times.
Meantime the Taxes, Castlereagh, and Debt,
Are hints as good as sermons, or as rhymes.

i. *Of burning cities, those full moons of slaughter*
Was imaged back in blood instead of water.—
[*MS. Alternative reading.*]

ii. *Would* you *do less*, "pro focis et pro aris"?—[*MS. erased.*]

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Read your own hearts and Ireland's present story,
Then feed her famine fat with Wellesley's glory.

CXXVI.

But still there is unto a patriot nation,
Which loves so well its country and its King,
A subject of sublimest exultation—
Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!
Howe'er the mighty locust, Desolation,
Strip your green fields, and to your harvests cling,
Gaunt famine never shall approach the throne—
Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty stone.

CXXVII.

But let me put an end unto my theme:
There was an end of Ismail—hapless town!
Far flashed her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,
And redly ran his blushing waters down.
The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream
Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown:
Of forty thousand who had manned the wall,
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all![2]

CXXVIII.

In one thing ne'ertheless 't is fit to praise
The Russian army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,
And therefore worthy of commemoration:[i.]
The topic 's tender, so shall be my phrase—
Perhaps the season 's chill, and their long station
In Winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
Had made them chaste;—they ravished very little.

i. —— *of my peroration.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare—

"Spread—spread for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuffed to the gorge!"
The Irish Avatar, stanza 20, *Poetical Works*, 1891, iv. 559.]

2. ["On égorgea indistinctement, on saccagea la place; et la rage du vainqueur . . . se répandit comme un torrent furieux qui a renversé les digues qui le retenaient: personne obtint de grâce, et *trente huit mille huit cent soixante* Turcs périrent dans cette journée de sang."—*Hist. de la Nouvelle Russie*, ii. 216.]

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Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A. del.

Ada, Countess of Lovelace.

From a drawing in the possession of
Sir J.G. Tollemache Sinclair Bart.

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CXXIX.

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less
Might here and there occur some violation
In the other line;—but not to such excess
As when the French, that dissipated nation,
Take towns by storm: no causes can I guess,
Except cold weather and commiseration;[i]
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
Were almost as much virgins as before.

CXXX.

Some odd mistakes, too, happened in the dark,
Which showed a want of lanterns, or of taste—
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark
Their friends from foes,—besides such things from haste
Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark
Of light to save the venerably chaste:
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
Were all deflowered by different grenadiers.

CXXXI.

But on the whole their continence was great;
So that some disappointment there ensued
To those who had felt the inconvenient state
Of "single blessedness," and thought it good
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,
To bear these crosses) for each waning prude
To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

CXXXII.

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged
Were also heard to wonder in the din
(Widows of forty were these birds long caged)
"Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!"
But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,
There was small leisure for superfluous sin;
But whether they escaped or no, lies hid
In darkness—I can only hope they did.

i. —— *the cause I cannot guess—*
I hardly think it was commiseration.—[*MS. erased.*]

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CXXXIII.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allayed,
With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch;
And here exactly follows what he said:—
"Glory to *God* and to the Empress!" (*Powers*
Eternal! such names mingled!) "Ismail 's ours." [1]

CXXXIV.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
Since "MENE, MENE, TEKEL," and "UPHARSIN,"
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.
Heaven help me! I 'm but little of a parson:
What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord's,
Severe, sublime; the prophet wrote no farce on
The fate of nations;—but this Russ so witty
Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

CXXXV.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—
For I will teach, if possible, the stones

1. In the original Russian—

"Slava bogu! slava vam!
Krépost vzata i ya tam;"

a kind of couplet; for he was a poet.

[J. H. Castéra (*Vie de Catherine II.*, 1797, ii. 374) relates this incident in connection with the fall of Turtukey (or Tutrakaw) in Bulgaria, giving the words in French, "Gloire à Dieu! Louange à Catherine! Toutoukai est pris. Souwaroff y est entré." W. Tooke (*Life of Catherine II.*, 1800, iii. 278), Castéra's translator, gives the original Russian with an English version. But according to Spalding (*Suvóroff*, 1890, pp. 42, 43), the words, which were written on a scrap of paper, and addressed to Soltikoff, ran thus: "Your Excellency, we have conquered. Glory to God! Glory to you! Alexander Suvóroff." When Ismail was taken he wrote to Potemkin, "The Russian standard floats above the walls of Ismail," and to the Empress, "Proud Ismail lies at your Majesty's feet." The tenour of the poetical message on the fall of Tutrakaw recalls the triumphant piety of the Emperor William I. of Germany. See, too, for "mad Suwarrow's rhymes," Canto IX. stanza lx. lines 1-4.]

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To rise against Earth's tyrants. Never let it
Be said that we still truckle unto thrones;—
But ye—our children's children! think how we
Showed *what things were* before the World was free!

CXXXVI.

That hour is not for us, but 't is for you:
And as, in the great joy of your Millennium,
You hardly will believe such things were true
As now occur, I thought that I would pen you 'em;
But may their very memory perish too!—
Yet if perchance remembered, still disdain you 'em
More than you scorn the savages of yore,
Who *painted* their *bare* limbs, but *not* with gore.

CXXXVII.

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,
And those that sate upon them, let it be
As we now gaze upon the mammoth's bones,
And wonder what old world such things could see,
Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,
The pleasant riddles of futurity—
Guessing at what shall happily be hid,
As the real purpose of a pyramid.

CXXXVIII.

Reader! I have kept my word,—at least so far
As the first Canto promised. You have now
Had sketches of Love—Tempest—Travel—War,—
All very accurate, you must allow,
And *Epic*, if plain truth should prove no bar;
For I have drawn much less with a long bow
Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,
But Phœbus lends me now and then a string,

CXXXIX.

With which I still can harp, and carp, and fiddle.
What further hath befallen or may befall
The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
I by and by may tell you, if at all:
But now I choose to break off in the middle,
Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall,

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While Juan is sent off with the despatch,
For which all Petersburgh is on the watch.

CXL.

This special honour was conferred, because
He had behaved with courage and humanity—
Which *last* men like, when they have time to pause
From their ferocities produced by vanity.
His little captive gained him some applause
For saving her amidst the wild insanity
Of carnage,—and I think he was more glad in her
Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,
For she was homeless, houseless, helpless; all
Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,
Had perished in the field or by the wall:
Her very place of birth was but a spectre
Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's call
To prayer was heard no more!—and Juan wept,
And made a vow to shield her, which he kept.

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CANTO THE NINTH.

I.[1]

Oh, Wellington! (or "Villainton"[2]—for Fame[i.]
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;
France could not even conquer your great name,
But punned it down to this facetious phrase—
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same,)
You have obtained great pensions and much praise:
Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise, and thunder "Nay!"[3]

II.

I don't think that you used Kinnaird quite well
In Marinèt's affair[4]—in fact, 't was shabby,

i. *Oh Wellington (or "Vilainton")* ——.—[*MS. B.*]

1. [Stanzas i.–viii., which are headed "*Don Juan*, Canto III., July 10, 1819," are in the handwriting of (?) the Countess Guiccioli. Stanzas ix., x., which were written on the same sheet of paper, are in Byron's handwriting. The original MS. opens with stanza xi., "Death laughs," etc. (See letter to Moore, July 12, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 96.)]

2. ["Faut qu' lord Villain-ton ait tout pris;
N'y a plus d' argent dans c' gueux de Paris."
De Béranger, "Complainte d'une de ces Demoiselles a l'Occasion des Affaires du Temps (Février, 1816)," *Chansons*, 1821, ii. 17.

Compare a retaliatory epigram which appeared in a contemporary newspaper—

"These French *petit-maîtres* who the spectacle throng,
Say of Wellington's dress *qu'il fait vilain ton!*
But, at Waterloo, Wellington made the French stare
When their army he dressed *à la mode Angleterre!*"]

3. Query, *Ney*?—Printer's Devil. [Michel Ney, Duke of Elchingen, "the bravest of the brave" (see *Ode from the French*, stanza i. *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 431), born January 10, 1769, was arrested August 5, and shot December 7, 1815.]

4. [The story of the attempted assassination (February 11, 1818) of

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And like some other things won't do to tell
Upon your tomb in Westminster's old Abbey.
Upon the rest 't is not worth while to dwell,
Such tales being for the tea-hours of some tabby; [1]

the Duke of Wellington, which is dismissed by Alison in a few words (*Hist. of Europe* (1815–1852), 1853, i. 577, 578), occupies many pages of the *Supplementary Despatches* (1865, xii. 271–546). Byron probably drew his own conclusions as to the Kinnaird-Marinet incident, from the *Letter to the Duke of Wellington on the Arrest of M. Marinet*, by Lord Kinnaird, 1818. The story, which is full of interest, may be briefly recounted. On January 30, 1818, Lord Kinnaird informed Sir George Murray (Chief of the Staff of the Army of Occupation) that a person, whose name he withheld, had revealed to him the existence of a plot to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. At 12.30 a.m., February 11, 1818, the Duke, on returning to his Hôtel, was fired at by an unknown person; and then, but not till then, he wrote to urge Lord Clancarty to advise the Prince Regent to take steps to persuade or force Kinnaird to disclose the name of his informant. A Mr. G. W. Chad, of the Consular Service, was empowered to proceed to Brussels, and to seek an interview with Kinnaird. He carried with him, among other documents, a letter from the Duke to Lord Clancarty, dated February 12, 1818. A postscript contained this intimation: "It may be proper to mention to you that the French Government are disposed to go every length in the way of negotiation with the person mentioned by Lord Kinnaird, or others, to discover the plot."

Kinnaird absolutely declined to give up the name of his informant, but, acting on the strength of the postscript, which had been read but not shown to him, started for Paris with "the great unknown." Some days after their arrival, and while Kinnaird was a guest of the Duke, the man was arrested, and discovered to be one Nicholle or Marinet, who had been appointed *receveur* under the restored government of Louis XVIII., but during the *Cent jours* had fled to Belgium, retaining the funds he had amassed during his term of office. Kinnaird regarded this action of the French Government as a breach of faith, and in a "Memorial" to the French Chamber of Peers, and his *Letter*, maintained that the Duke's postscript implied a promise of a safe conduct for Marinet to and from Paris to Brussels. The Duke, on the other hand, was equally positive (see his letter to Lord Liverpool, May 30, 1818) "that he never intended to have any negotiations with anybody." Kinnaird was a "dog with a bad name." He had been accused (see his *Letter to the Earl of Liverpool*, 1816, p. 16) of "the promulgation of dangerous opinions," and of intimacy "with persons suspected." The Duke speaks of him as "the friend of Revolutionists"! It is evident that he held the dangerous doctrine that a promise to a rogue *is* a promise, and that the authorities took a different view of the ethics of the situation. It is clear, too, that the Duke's postscript was ambiguous, but that it did not warrant the assumption that if Marinet went to Paris he should be protected. The air was full of plots. The great Duke despised and was inclined to ignore the pistol or the dagger of the assassin; but he believed that "mischief was afoot," and that "great personages" might or might not be responsible. He was beset by difficulties at every turn, and would have been more than mortal if he had put too favourable a construction on the scruples, or condoned the imprudence of a "friend of Revolutionists."]

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But though your years as *man* tend fast to zero,
In fact your Grace is still but a *young Hero.*

III.

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more:
You have repaired Legitimacy's crutch,
A prop not quite so certain as before:
The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,
Have seen, and felt, how strongly you *restore;*
And Waterloo has made the world your debtor
(I wish your bards would sing it rather better).

IV.

You are "the best of cut-throats:"[2]—do not start;
The phrase is Shakespeare's, and not misapplied:—
War 's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
If you have acted *once* a generous part,
The World, not the World's masters, will decide,
And I shall be delighted to learn who,
Save you and yours, have gained by Waterloo?

V.

I am no flatterer—you 've supped full of flattery:[3]
They say you like it too—'t is no great wonder.
He whose whole life has been assault and battery,
At last may get a little tired of thunder;
And swallowing eulogy much more than satire, he
May like being praised for every lucky blunder,
Called "Saviour of the Nations"—not yet saved,—
And "Europe's Liberator"—still enslaved.[4]

1. [The reference may be to the Duke of Wellington's intimacy with Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster. Byron had "passed that way" himself (see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 251, *note* 1, 323, etc.), and could hardly attack the Duke on *that* score.]

2. ["Thou art the best o' the cut-throats."
Macbeth, act iii. sc. 4, line 17.]

3. ["I have supped full of horrors."
Macbeth, act v. sc. 5, line 13.]

4. *Vide* speeches in Parliament, after the battle of Waterloo.

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VI.

I 've done. Now go and dine from off the plate
Presented by the Prince of the Brazils,
And send the sentinel before your gate
A slice or two from your luxurious meals:[1]
He fought, but has not fed so well of late.
Some hunger, too, they say the people feels:—
There is no doubt that you deserve your ration,
But pray give back a little to the nation.

VII.

I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as
You, my lord Duke! is far above reflection:
The high Roman fashion, too, of Cincinnatus,
With modern history has but small connection:
Though as an Irishman you love potatoes,
You need not take them under your direction;
And half a million for your Sabine farm
Is rather dear!—I 'm sure I mean no harm.

VIII.

Great men have always scorned great recompenses:
Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses:[2]
George Washington had thanks, and nought beside,
Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's is)
To free his country: Pitt too had his pride,
And as a high-souled Minister of state is
Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis.[3]

1. ["I at this time got a post, being for fatigue, with four others. We were sent to break biscuit, and make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds. I was very hungry, and thought it a good job at the time, as we got our own fill, while we broke the biscuit,—a thing I had not got for some days. When thus engaged, the Prodigal Son was never once out of my mind; and I sighed, as I fed the dogs, over my humble situation and my ruined hopes."—*Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment*, 1806 to 1815 (Edinburgh, 1822), pp. 132, 133.]

2. ["We are assured that Epaminondas died so poor that the Thebans buried him at the public charge; for at his death nothing was found in his house but an iron spit."—Plutarch's *Fabius Maximus*, Langhorne's translation, 1838, p. 140. See, too, Cornelius Nepos, *Epam.*, cap. iii. "Paupertatem adeo facilè perpessus est, ut de Republicâ nihil præter gloriam ceperit."]

3. [For Pitt's refusal to accept £100,000 from the merchants of

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IX.

Never had mortal man such opportunity,
Except Napoleon, or abused it more:
You might have freed fallen Europe from the unity
Of Tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore:
And *now*—what *is* your fame? Shall the Muse tune it ye?
Now—that the rabble's first vain shouts are o'er?
Go! hear it in your famished country's cries!
Behold the World! and curse your victories!

X.

As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,
To *you* the unflattering Muse deigns to inscribe[1]
Truths, that you will not read in the Gazettes,
But which 't is time to teach the hireling tribe
Who fatten on their country's gore, and debts,
Must be recited—and without a bribe.
You *did great* things, but not being *great* in mind,
Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and mankind.

XI.

Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skeleton
With which men image out the unknown thing
That hides the past world, like to a set sun
Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter spring—
Death laughs at all you weep for!—look upon
This hourly dread of all! whose *threatened sting*
Turns Life to terror, even though in its sheath:
Mark! how its lipless mouth grins without breath!

XII.

Mark! how it laughs and scorns at all you are!
And yet *was* what you are; from *ear* to *ear*
It *laughs not*—there is now no fleshy bar
So called; the Antic long hath ceased to *hear*,
But still he *smiles*; and whether near or far,
He strips from man that mantle (far more dear

1. *To* you *this* one *unflattering Muse inscribes.*—[*MS. erased.*]

London towards the payment of his debts, or £30,000 from the King's Privy Purse, see *Pitt*, by Lord Rosebery, 1891, p. 231.]

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Than even the tailor's), his incarnate skin,[i]
White, black, or copper—the dead bones will grin.

XIII.

And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment,
But still it *is* so; and with such example
Why should not Life be equally content
With his Superior, in a smile to trample
Upon the nothings which are daily spent
Like bubbles on an Ocean much less ample
Than the Eternal Deluge, which devours
Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like hours?

XIV.

"To be, or not to be? *that* is the question,"
Says Shakespeare,[1] who just now is much in fashion.
I am neither Alexander nor Hephæstion,
Nor ever had for *abstract* fame much passion;
But would much rather have a sound digestion
Than Buonaparte's cancer:—could I dash on
Through fifty victories to shame or fame—
Without a stomach what were a good name?

XV.

"*O dura ilia messorum!*"[2]—"Oh
Ye rigid guts of reapers!" I translate[ii]
For the great benefit of those who know
What indigestion is—that inward fate
Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow.
A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate:
Let *this* one toil for bread—*that* rack for rent,
He who sleeps best may be the most content.

XVI.

"To be, or not to be?"—Ere I decide,
I should be glad to know that which *is being*.
'T is true we speculate both far and wide,
And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing:*

i. *He strips from man his mantle (which is dear*
Though beautiful in youth) his carnal skin.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Ye iron guts* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1, line 56.]
2. ["O dura messorum ilia!" etc.—Hor., *Epod.* iii. 4.]

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For my part, I 'll enlist on neither side,
Until I see both sides for once agreeing.
For me, I sometimes think that Life is Death,
Rather than Life a mere affair of breath.

XVII.

"*Que scais-je?*"[1] was the motto of Montaigne,
As also of the first academicians:
That all is dubious which man may attain,
Was one of their most favourite positions.
There 's no such thing as certainty, that 's plain
As any of Mortality's conditions;
So little do we know what we 're about in
This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

XVIII.

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,
Like Pyrrho,[2] on a sea of speculation;
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
Your wise men don't know much of navigation;
And swimming long in the abyss of thought
Is apt to tire: a calm and shallow station
Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down and gathers
Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers.

XIX.

"But Heaven," as Cassio says, "is above all—[3]
No more of this, then, let us pray!" We have

1. ["Ce n'est qu'à l'édition de 1635 qu'on voit paraître la devise que Montaigne avait adoptée, le *que sais-je?* avec l'emblème des balances. . . . Ce *que sais-je* que Pascal a si sévèrement analysé se lit au chapitre douze du livre ii; il caractérise parfaitement la philosophie de Montaigne; il est la conséquence de cette maxime qu'il avait inscrite en grec sur les solives de sa librairie: 'Il n'est point de raisonnement au quel on n'oppose un raissonnement contraire.'"—*Œuvres de . . . Montaigne*, 1837, "Notice Bibliographique," p. xvii.]

2. [Concerning the Pyrrhonists or Sceptics and their master Pyrrho, who held that Truth was incomprehensible (*imprensibilis*), and that you may not affirm of aught that it be rather this or that, or neither this nor that (*οὐ μᾶλλον οὕτως ἔχει τόδε ἢ ἐκεῖνως ἢ οὐδετέρως*), see Aul. Gellii *Noct. Attic.*, lib. xi. cap. v.]

3. See *Othello*, [act ii. sc. 3, lines 206, 207: "Well, God's above all, and there be souls must be saved; and there be souls must not be saved—Let's have no more of this."]

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Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,
Which tumbled all mankind into the grave,
Besides fish, beasts, and birds. "The sparrow's fall
Is special providence," [1] though how *it* gave
Offence, we know not; probably it perched
Upon the tree which Eve so fondly searched.

XX.

Oh! ye immortal Gods! what is Theogony?
Oh! thou, too, mortal man! what is Philanthropy?
Oh! World, which was and is, what is Cosmogony?
Some people have accused me of Misanthropy;
And yet I know no more than the mahogany
That forms this desk, of what they mean;—*Lykanthropy* [2]
I comprehend, for without transformation
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

XXI.

But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,
Like Moses, or Melancthon,[3] who have ne'er [i]
Done anything exceedingly unkind,—
And (though I could not now and then forbear
Following the bent of body or of mind)
Have always had a tendency to spare,—
Why do they call me Misanthrope? Because
They hate me, not I them:—and here we 'll pause.

XXII.

'T is time we should proceed with our good poem,—
For I maintain that it is really good,
Not only in the body but the proem,
However little both are understood

i. *Like Moses or like Cobbett who have ne'er.*
Moses and Cobbet proclaim themselves the "meekest of men." See their writings.—[*MS.*]
Like Moses who was "very meek" had ne'er.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [*Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2, lines 94, 98, 102.]
2. [For "Lycanthropy," see "The Soldier's Story" in the *Satyricôn* of Petronius Arbiter, cap. 62; see, too, *Letters on Demonology, etc.*, by Sir W. Scott, 1830, pp. 211, 212.]
3. [In respect of suavity and forbearance Melancthon was the counterpart of Luther. John Arrowsmith (1602–1657), in his *Tractica Sacra*, describes him as "Vir in quo cum pietate doctrina, et cum utrâque candor certavit."]

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Just now,—but by and by the Truth will show 'em
Herself in her sublimest attitude:
And till she doth, I fain must be content
To share her beauty and her banishment.

XXIII.

Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader! yours)
Was left upon his way to the chief city
Of the immortal Peter's polished boors,
Who still have shown themselves more brave than witty.
I know its mighty Empire now allures
Much flattery—even Voltaire's,[1] and that 's a pity.
For me, I deem an absolute autocrat
Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

XXIV.

And I will war, at least in words (and—should
My chance so happen—deeds), with all who war
With Thought;—and of Thought's foes by far most rude,
Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.
I know not who may conquer: if I could
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation.[i]

XXV.

It is not that I adulate the people:
Without *me*, there are demagogues enough,[2]
And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
Whether they may sow scepticism to reap Hell,
As is the Christian dogma rather rough,

i. *Of everything that ever cursed a nation.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [See his "Correspondance avec L'Impératrice de Russie," *Œuvres Complètes* de Voltaire, 1836, x. 393-477. M. Waliszewski, in his *Story of a Throne*, 1895, i. 224, has gathered a handful of these flowers of speech: "She is the chief person in the world. . . . She is the fire and life of nations. . . . She is a saint. . . . She is above all saints. . . . She is equal to the mother of God. . . . She is the divinity of the North.—*Te Catherinam laudamus, te Dominam confitemur, etc., etc.*"]

2. ["It is still more difficult to say which form of government is the *worst*—all are so bad. As for democracy, it is the worst of the whole; for what is (*in fact*) democracy?—an Aristocracy of Blackguards."—See "My Dictionary" (May 1, 1821), *Letters*, 1901, v. 405, 406.]

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I do not know;—I wish men to be free
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.

XXVI.

The consequence is, being of no party,
I shall offend all parties:—never mind!
My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty
Than if I sought to sail before the wind.
He who has nought to gain can have small art: he
Who neither wishes to be bound nor bind,
May still expatiate freely, as will I,
Nor give my voice to slavery's jackal cry.[i.]

XXVII.

That 's an appropriate simile, *that jackal;*—
I 've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl [1]
By night, as do that mercenary pack all,
Power's base purveyors, who for pickings prowl,
And scent the prey their masters would attack all.
However, the poor jackals are less foul
(As being the brave lions' keen providers)
Than human insects, catering for spiders.[ii.]

XXVIII.

Raise but an arm! 't will brush their web away,
And without *that*, their poison and their claws
Are useless. Mind, good people! what I say—
(Or rather Peoples)—*go on* without pause!
The web of these Tarantulas each day
Increases, till you shall make common cause:
None, save the Spanish Fly and Attic Bee,
As yet are strongly stinging to be free.[iii.]

XXIX.

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,
Was left upon his way with the despatch,

i. *Though priests and slaves may join the servile cry.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Whereas the others hunt for rascal spiders.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Which still are strongly fluttering to be free.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. In Greece I never saw or heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds.
[See *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza cliii. line 6, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 441; and *Siege of Corinth*, line 329, *ibid.*, 1900, iii. 462, *note* 1.]

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Where blood was talked of as we would of water;
And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch
O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter
Fair Catherine's pastime—who looked on the match
Between these nations as a main of cocks,
Wherein she liked her own to stand like rocks.

XXX.

And there in a *kibitka* he rolled on,
(A curséd sort of carriage without springs,
Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a whole bone,)
Pondering on Glory, Chivalry, and Kings,
And Orders, and on all that he had done—
And wishing that post-horses had the wings
Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises
Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is.

XXXI.

At every jolt—and they were many—still
He turned his eyes upon his little charge,
As if he wished that she should fare less ill
Than he, in these sad highways left at large
To ruts, and flints, and lovely Nature's skill,
Who is no paviour, nor admits a barge
On *her* canals, where God takes sea and land,
Fishery and farm, both into his own hand.

XXXII.

At least he pays no rent, and has best right
To be the first of what we used to call
"Gentlemen farmers"—a race worn out quite,
Since lately there have been no rents at all,
And "gentlemen" are in a piteous plight,
And "farmers" can't raise Ceres from her fall:
She fell with Buonaparte,[1]—What strange thoughts
Arise, when we see Emperors fall with oats!

XXXIII.

But Juan turned his eyes on the sweet child
Whem he had saved from slaughter—what a trophy

1. [Compare *The Age of Bronze*, line 576, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 570.]

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Oh! ye who build up monuments, defiled
With gore, like Nadir Shah,[1] that costive Sophy,
Who, after leaving Hindostan a wild,
And scarce to the Mogul a cup of coffee
To soothe his woes withal, was slain, the sinner!
Because he could no more digest his dinner;—[i. 2]

XXXIV.

Oh ye! or we! or he! or she! reflect,
That *one* life saved, especially if young
Or pretty, is a thing to recollect
Far sweeter than the greenest laurels sprung
From the manure of human clay, though decked
With all the praises ever said or sung:
Though hymned by every harp, unless within
Your heart joins chorus, Fame is but a din.

XXXV.

Oh! ye great authors luminous, voluminous!
Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes!
Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers, illumine us!
Whether you 're paid by government in bribes,
To prove the public debt is not consuming us—
Or, roughly treading on the "courtier's kibes"
With clownish heel[3] your popular circulation
Feeds you by printing half the realm's starvation;—

i. —— *went mad and was*
Killed because what he swallowed would not pass.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Nadir Shah, or Thamas Kouli Khan, born November, 1688, invaded India, 1739-40, was assassinated June 19, 1747.]

2. He was killed in a conspiracy, after his temper had been exasperated by his extreme costivity to a degree of insanity.

[To such a height had his madness (attributed to *melancholia* produced by dropsy) attained, that he actually ordered the Afghan chiefs to rise suddenly upon the Persian guard, and seize the . . . chief nobles; but the project being discovered, the intended victims conspired in turn, and a body of them, including Nadir's guard, and the chief of his own tribe of Afshar, entered his tent at midnight, and, after a moment's involuntary pause—when challenged by the deep voice at which they had so often trembled—rushed upon the king, who being brought to the ground by a sabre-stroke, begged for life, and attempted to rise, but soon expired beneath the repeated blows of the conspirators.—*The Indian Empire*, by R. Montgomery Martin (1857), i. 172.]

3. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza lxvii. line 5, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 64, *note* 3.]

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XXXVI.

Oh, ye great authors!—*À propos des bottes*,—
I have forgotten what I meant to say,
As sometimes have been greater sages' lots;—
'T was something calculated to allay
All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cots:
Certes it would have been but thrown away,
And that 's one comfort for my lost advice,
Although no doubt it was beyond all price.

XXXVII.

But let it go:—it will one day be found
With other relics of "a former World,"
When this World shall be *former*, underground,
Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisped, and curled,
Baked, fried, or burnt, turned inside-out, or drowned,
Like all the worlds before, which have been hurled
First out of, and then back again to chaos—
The superstratum which will overlay us.[1]

XXXVIII.

So Cuvier says:[1]—and then shall come again
Unto the new creation, rising out
From our old crash, some mystic, ancient strain
Of things destroyed and left in airy doubt;
Like to the notions we now entertain
Of Titans, giants, fellows of about
Some hundred feet in height, *not* to say *miles*,
And mammoths, and your wingéd crocodiles.

XXXIX.

Think if then George the Fourth should be dug up![2]
How the new worldlings of the then new East
Will wonder where such animals could sup!
(For they themselves will be but of the least:
Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they pup,
And every new creation hath decreased

i. *Or the substrata* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Preface to *Cain*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 210, *note* 1.]
2. [*Vide ante*, Canto VIII. stanza cxxvi. line 9, p. 368.]

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In size, from overworking the material—
Men are but maggots of some huge Earth's burial.)

XL.

How will—to these young people, just thrust out
From some fresh Paradise, and set to plough,
And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves about,
And plant, and reap, and spin, and grind, and sow,
Till all the arts at length are brought about,
Especially of War and taxing,—*how*,
I say, will these great relics, when they see 'em,
Look like the monsters of a new Museum!

XLI.

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:
"The time is out of joint,"[1]—and so am I;
I quite forget this poem 's merely quizzical,
And deviate into matters rather dry.
I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call[L]
Much too poetical: men should know why
They write, and for what end; but, note or text,
I never know the word which will come next.

XLII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
Now pondering:—it is time we should narrate.
I left Don Juan with his horses baiting—
Now we 'll get o'er the ground at a great rate:
I shall not be particular in stating
His journey, we 've so many tours of late:
Suppose him then at Petersburgh; suppose
That pleasant capital of painted snows;[2]

L. *I never know what 's next to come* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [*Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5, line 189.]

2. [It is possible that the phrase "painted snows" was suggested by Tooke's description of the winter-garden of the Taurida Palace: "The genial warmth, . . . the voluptuous silence that reigns in this enchanting garden, lull the fancy into sweet romantic dreams: we think ourselves in the groves of Italy, while torpid nature, through the windows of this pavilion, announces the severity of a northern winter" (*The Life, etc.*, 1800, iii. 48).]

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XLIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform—
A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,
Waving, like sails new shivered in a storm,
Over a cocked hat in a crowded room,
And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn Gorme,
Of yellow casimire we may presume,
White stockings drawn uncurdled as new milk
O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk;[i]

XLIV.

Suppose him sword by side, and hat in hand,
Made up by Youth, Fame, and an army tailor—
That great enchanter, at whose rod's command
Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns paler,[ii]
Seeing how Art can make her work more grand
(When she don't pin men's limbs in like a gaoler),—
Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He[iii]
Seems Love turned a Lieutenant of Artillery![1]

XLV.

His bandage slipped down into a cravat—
His wings subdued to epaulettes—his quiver
Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at
His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever—
His bow converted into a cocked hat—
But still so like, that Psyche were more clever
Than some wives (who make blunders no less stupid),
If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

XLVI.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whispered, and
The Empress smiled: the reigning favourite frowned—[iii]

i. *O'er limbs which mightily* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *in Youth and Glory's pillory.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *The Empress smiled while all the Orloff frowned—*
A numerous family, to whose heart or hand
Mild Catherine owed the chance of being crowned.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [In his *Notes sur le Don Juanisme* (*Mercure de France*, 1898, xxvi. 66), M. Bruchard says that this phrase defines and summarizes the Byronic Don Juan.]

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I quite forget which of them was in hand
Just then, as they are rather numerous found,[1]
Who took, by turns, that difficult command
Since first her Majesty was singly crowned:[2]
But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,
All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

XLVII.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,
Blushing and beardless; and, yet, ne'ertheless,
There was a something in his turn of limb,
And still more in his eye, which seemed to express,
That, though he looked one of the Seraphim,
There lurked a man beneath the Spirit's dress.

1. [C. F. P. Masson, in his *Mémoires Secrets, etc.*, 1880, i. 150–178, gives a list of twelve favourites, and in this Canto, Don Juan takes upon himself the characteristics of at least three, Lanskoï, Zoritch (or Zovitch), and Plato Zoubof. For example (p. 167), "Zoritch . . . est le seul étranger qu'elle ait osé créer son favori pendant son règne. C'étoit un *Servien* échappé du bagne de Constantinople où il étoit prisonnier: il parut, pour la première fois, en habit de hussard à la cour. Il éblouit tout le monde par sa beauté, et les vielles dames en parlent encore comme d'un Adonis." M. Waliszewski, in his *Romance of an Empress* (1894), devotes a chapter to "Private Life and Favouritism" (ii. 234–286), in which he graphically describes the election and inauguration of the *Vremienchtchik*, "the man of the moment," paramour regnant, and consort of the Empress *pro hac vice*: "'We may observe in Russia a sort of interregnum in affairs, caused by the displacement of one favourite and the installation of his successor.' . . . The interregnums are, however, of very short duration. Only one lasts for several months, between the death of Lanskoï (1784) and the succession of Iermolof. . . . There is no lack of candidates. The place is good. . . . Sometimes, too, on the height by the throne, reached at a bound, these spoilt children of fate grow giddy. . . . It is over in an instant, at an evening reception it is noticed that the Empress has gazed attentively at some obscure lieutenant, presented but just before . . . next day it is reported that he has been appointed aide-de-camp to her Majesty. What that means is well known. Next day he finds himself in the special suite of rooms. . . . The rooms are already vacated, and everything is prepared for the new-comer. All imaginable comfort and luxury . . . await him; and, on opening a drawer, he finds a hundred thousand roubles [about £20,000], the usual first gift, a foretaste of Pactolus. That evening, before the assembled court, the Empress appears, leaning familiarly on his arm, and on the stroke of ten, as she retires, the new favourite follows her" (*ibid.*, pp. 246–249).]

2. [After the death or murder of her husband, Peter III., Catherine Alexievna (1729–1796) (born Sophia Augusta), daughter of the Prince of Anhalt Zerbst, was solemnly crowned (September, 1762) Empress of all the Russias.]

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Besides, the Empress sometimes liked a boy,
And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoi.[i 1]

XLVIII.

No wonder then that Yermoloff, or Momonoff,[2]
Or Scherbatoff, or any other *off*
Or *on*, might dread her Majesty had not room enough
Within her bosom (which was not too tough),
For a new flame; a thought to cast of gloom enough
Along the aspect, whether smooth or rough,
Of him who, in the language of his station,
Then held that "high official situation."

XLIX.

O gentle ladies! should you seek to know
The import of this diplomatic phrase,
Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess[3] show
His parts of speech, and in the strange displays

i. *And almost died for the scarce-fledged Lanskoi.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. He was the grande passion of the grande Catherine. See her Lives under the head of "Lanskoi."

[Lanskoi was a youth of as fine and interesting a figure as the imagination can paint. Of all Catherine's favourites, he was the man whom she loved the most. In 1784 he was attacked with a fever, and perished in the arms of her Majesty. When he was no more, Catherine gave herself up to the most poignant grief, and remained three months without going out of her palace of Tzarsko-selo. She afterwards raised a superb monument to his memory. (See *Life of Catherine II.*, by W. Tooke, 1800, iii. 88, 89.)]

2. [Ten months after the death of Lanskoï, the Empress consoled herself with Iermolof, described, by Bezborodky, as "a modest refined young man, who cultivates the society of serious people." In less than a year this excellent youth is, in turn, displaced by Dmitrief Mamonof. His *petit nom* was *Red Coat*, and, for a time, he is a "priceless creature." "He has," says Catherine, "two superb black eyes, with eyebrows outlined as one rarely sees; about the middle height, noble in manner, easy in demeanour." But Mamonof suffered from "scruples of conscience," and, after a while, with Catherine's consent and blessing, was happily married to the Princess Shtcherbatof, a maid of honour, and not, as Byron supposed, a rival "man of the moment."—See *The Story of a Throne*, by K. Waliszewski, 1895, ii. 135, *sq.*]

3. This was written long before the suicide of that person. [For "his parts of speech" compare—

". . . that long mandarin
C—stle—r—agh (whom Fum calls the Confucius of Prose)
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose
To the deep double bass of the fat Idol's nose."
Moore's *Fum and Hum, The Two Birds of Royalty.*]

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Of that odd string of words, all in a row,
Which none divine, and every one obeys,
Perhaps you may pick out some queer *no* meaning,—
Of that weak wordy harvest the sole gleaning.

L.

I think I can explain myself without
That sad inexplicable beast of prey—
That Sphinx, whose words would ever be a doubt,
Did not his deeds unriddle them each day—
That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long spout
Of blood and water—leaden Castlereagh!
And here I must an anecdote relate,
But luckily of no great length or weight.

LI.

An English lady asked of an Italian,
What were the actual and official duties
Of the strange thing some women set a value on,
Which hovers oft about some married beauties,
Called "Cavalier Servente?"[1]—a Pygmalion
Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too true 't is)
Beneath his art:[1]—the dame, pressed to disclose them,
Said—"Lady, I beseech you to *suppose them*."

LII.

And thus I supplicate your supposition,
And mildest, matron-like interpretation,
Of the imperial favourite's condition.
'T was a high place, the highest in the nation
In fact, if not in rank; and the suspicion
Of any one's attaining to his station,
No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of shoulders,
If rather broad, made stocks rise—and their holders.

LIII.

Juan, I said, was a most beauteous boy,
And had retained his boyish look beyond

i. *Beneath his chisel—*
or, *Beneath his touches* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare *Beppo*, stanza xvii. line 8, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 165. See, too, letter to Hoppner, December 31, 1819, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 393.]

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The usual hirsute seasons which destroy,
With beards and whiskers, and the like, the fond
Parisian aspect, which upset old Troy
And founded Doctors' Commons:[1]—I have conned
The history of divorces, which, though chequered,
Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

LIV.

And Catherine, who loved all things (save her Lord,
Who was gone to his place), and passed for much,
Admiring those (by dainty dames abhorred)
Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch
Of sentiment: and he she most adored
Was the lamented Lanskoi, who was such
A lover as had cost her many a tear,
And yet but made a middling grenadier.

LV.

Oh thou "*teterrima causa*" of all "*belli*"—[1]
Thou gate of Life and Death—thou nondescript!
Whence is our exit and our entrance,—well I
May pause in pondering how all souls are dipped
In thy perennial fountain:—how man *fell* I
Know not, since Knowledge saw her branches stripped
Of her first fruit; but how he *falls* and rises
Since,—*thou* hast settled beyond all surmises.

LVI.

Some call thee "the *worst* cause of War," but I
Maintain thou art the *best:* for after all,
From thee we come, to thee we go, and why
To get at thee not batter down a wall,
Or waste a World? since no one can deny
Thou dost replenish worlds both great and small:
With—or without thee—all things at a stand[ii]
Are, or would be, thou sea of Life's dry land![iii]

i. —— *and bound fair Helen in a bond.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *That Riddle which all read, none understand.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. —— *thou Sea which lavest Life's sand.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. Hor., *Sat.*, lib. i. sat. iii. lines 107, 108.

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LVII.

Catherine, who was the grand Epitome
Of that great cause of War, or Peace, or what
You please (it causes all the things which be,
So you may take your choice of this or that)—
Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat [1]
Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel
With his despatch, forgot to break the seal.

LVIII.

Then recollecting the whole Empress, nor
Forgetting quite the Woman (which composed
At least three parts of this great whole), she tore
The letter open with an air which posed
The Court, that watched each look her visage wore,
Until a royal smile at length disclosed
Fair weather for the day. Though rather spacious,
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.[2]

LIX.

Great joy was hers, or rather joys: the first
Was a ta'en city, thirty thousand slain:
Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
As an East Indian sunrise on the main:—
These quenched a moment her Ambition's thirst—
So Arab deserts drink in Summer's rain:
In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!

1. ["Fortune and victory sit on thy helm."—*Richard III.*, act v. sc. 3, line 79.]

2. ["Catherine had been handsome in her youth, and she preserved a gracefulness and majesty to the last period of her life. She was of a moderate stature, but well proportioned; and as she carried her head very high, she appeared rather tall. She had an open front, an aquiline nose, an agreeable mouth, and her chin, though long, was not misshapen. Her hair was auburn, her eyebrows black and rather thick, and her blue eyes had a gentleness which was often affected, but oftener still a mixture of pride. Her physiognomy was not deficient in expression; but this expression never discovered what was passing in the soul of Catherine, or rather it served her the better to disguise it." —*Life of Catherine II.*, by W. Tooke, iii. 381 (translated from *Vie de Catherine II.* (J. H. Castéra), 1797, ii. 450).]

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LX.

Her next amusement was more fanciful;
She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who threw
Into a Russian couplet rather dull
The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew:
Her third was feminine enough to annul
The shudder which runs naturally through
Our veins, when things called Sovereigns think it best
To kill, and Generals turn it into jest.

LXI.

The two first feelings ran their course complete,
And lighted first her eye, and then her mouth:
The whole court looked immediately most sweet,
Like flowers well watered after a long drouth:—
But when on the Lieutenant at her feet
Her Majesty, who liked to gaze on youth
Almost as much as on a new despatch,
Glanced mildly,—all the world was on the watch.

LXII.

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and truculent,
When *wroth*—while *pleased*, she was as fine a figure
As those who like things rosy, ripe, and succulent,
Would wish to look on, while they are in vigour.
She could repay each amatory look you lent
With interest, and, in turn, was wont with rigour
To exact of Cupid's bills the full amount
At sight, nor would permit you to discount.

LXIII.

With her the latter, though at times convenient,
Was not so necessary; for they tell
That she was handsome, and though fierce *looked* lenient,
And always used her favourites too well.
If once beyond her boudoir's precincts in ye went,
Your "fortune" was in a fair way "to swell
A man" (as Giles says);[1] for though she would widow all
Nations, she liked Man as an individual.

1. ["His fortune swells him: 'Tis rank, he 's married."—*Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts*, act v. sc. 1.]

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LXIV.

What a strange thing is Man! and what a stranger
Is Woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her! Whether wed,
Or widow—maid—or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind: whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she 'll say or do;—
The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

LXV.

Oh Catherine! (for of all interjections,
To thee both *oh!* and *ah!* belong, of right,
In Love and War) how odd are the connections
Of human thoughts, which jostle in their flight!
Just now *yours* were cut out in different sections:
First Ismail's capture caught your fancy quite;
Next of new knights, the fresh and glorious batch:
And *thirdly* he who brought you the despatch!

LXVI.

Shakespeare talks of "the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:" [1]
And some such visions crossed her Majesty,
While her young herald knelt before her still.
'T is very true the hill seemed rather high,
For a Lieutenant to climb up; but skill
Smoothed even the Simplon's steep, and by God's blessing,
With Youth and Health all kisses are "Heaven-kissing."

LXVII.

Her Majesty looked down, the youth looked up—
And so they fell in love;—she with his face,
His grace, his God-knows-what: for Cupid's cup
With the first draught intoxicates apace,
A quintessential laudanum or "Black Drop,"
Which makes one drunk at once, without the base
Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye
In love drinks all Life's fountains (save tears) dry.

1. [*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. iv. lines 58, 59.]

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Catherine II.

from the portrait presented by her to the first Baron Dimsdale.

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LXVIII.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,
Fell into that no less imperious passion,
Self-love—which, when some sort of thing above
Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
Or Duchess—Princess—Empress, "deigns to prove" [1]
('T is Pope's phrase) a great longing, though a rash one,
For one especial person out of many,
Make us believe ourselves as good as any.

LXIX.

Besides, he was of that delighted age
Which makes all female ages equal—when
We don't much care with whom we may engage,
As bold as Daniel in the lions' den,
So that we can our native sun assuage
In the next ocean, which may flow just then—
To make a *twilight* in, just as Sol's heat is
Quenched in the lap of the salt sea, or Thetis.

LXX.

And Catherine (we must say thus much for Catherine),
Though bold and bloody, was the kind of thing
Whose temporary passion was quite flattering,
Because each lover looked a sort of King,
Made up upon an amatory pattern,
A royal husband in all save the *ring*— [1]
Which, (being the damnedest part of matrimony,)
Seemed taking out the sting to leave the honey:

LXXI.

And when you add to this, her Womanhood
In its meridian, her blue eyes [2] or gray—
(The last, if they have soul, are quite as good,
Or better, as the best examples say:

1. *O'er whom an Empress her Crown-jewels scattering*
Was wed with something better than a ring.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No! make me mistress to the man I love."
Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, lines 87, 88.]

2. ["Several persons who lived at the court affirm that Catherine had very blue eyes, and not brown, as M. Rulhières has stated."—*Life of Catherine II.*, by W. Tooke, 1800, iii. 382.]

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Napoleon's, Mary's [1] (Queen of Scotland), should
Lend to that colour a transcendent ray;
And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,
Too wise to look through optics black or blue)—

LXXII.

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic figure,[i]
Her plumpness, her imperial condescension,
Her preference of a boy to men much bigger
(Fellows whom Messalina's self would pension),
Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,
With other *extras*, which we need not mention,—
All these, or any one of these, explain
Enough to make a stripling very vain.

LXXIII.

And that 's enough, for Love is vanity,
Selfish in its beginning as its end,[ii]
Except where 't is a mere insanity,
A maddening spirit which would strive to blend
Itself with Beauty's frail inanity,
On which the Passion's self seems to depend;
And hence some heathenish philosophers
Make Love the main-spring of the Universe.

LXXIV.

Besides Platonic love, besides the love
Of God, the love of sentiment, the loving
Of faithful pairs—(I needs must rhyme with dove,
That good old steam-boat which keeps verses moving
'Gainst reason—Reason ne'er was hand-and-glove
With rhyme, but always leant less to improving
The sound than sense)—besides all these pretences
To Love, there are those things which words name senses;

LXXV.

Those movements, those improvements in our bodies
Which make all bodies anxious to get out

i. *Her figure, and her vigour, and her rigour.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *In its sincere beginning, or dull end.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The historic Catherine (*æt.* 62) was past her meridian in the spring of 1791.]

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Of their own sand-pits, to mix with a goddess,
For such all women are at first no doubt.[i]
How beautiful that moment! and how odd is
That fever which precedes the languid rout
Of our sensations! What a curious way
The whole thing is of clothing souls in clay![ii]

LXXVI.[1]

The noblest kind of love is love Platonical,
To end or to begin with; the next grand
Is that which may be christened love canonical,
Because the clergy take the thing in hand;
The third sort to be noted in our chronicle
As flourishing in every Christian land,
Is when chaste matrons to their other ties
Add what may be called *marriage in disguise.*

LXXVII.

Well, we won't analyse—our story must
Tell for itself: the Sovereign was smitten,
Juan much flattered by her love, or lust;—
I cannot stop to alter words once written,
And the *two* are so mixed with human dust,
That he who *names one*, both perchance may hit on:
But in such matters Russia's mighty Empress
Behaved no better than a common sempstress.

LXXVIII.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
And all lips were applied unto all ears!
The elder ladies' wrinkles curled much crisper
As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
On one another, and each lovely lisper
Smiled as she talked the matter o'er; but tears
Of rivalship rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army who stood by.

i. *For such all women are just* then, *no doubt.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Of such sensations, in the drowsy drear*
After—*which shadows the, say*—second *year.*—[*MS.*]
Of that sad heavy, drowsy, doubly drear
After, *which shadows the first—say, year.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Stanza lxxvi. is not in the *MS.*]

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LXXIX.

All the ambassadors of all the powers
Inquired, Who was this very new young man,
Who promised to be great in some few hours?
Which is full soon (though Life is but a span).
Already they beheld the silver showers
Of rubles rain, as fast as specie can,
Upon his cabinet, besides the presents
Of several ribands, and some thousand peasants.[1]

LXXX.

Catherine was generous,—all such ladies are:
Love—that great opener of the heart and all
The ways that lead there, be they near or far,
Above, below, by turnpikes great or small,—
Love—(though she had a curséd taste for War,
And was not the best wife unless we call
Such Clytemnestra, though perhaps 't is better
That one should die—than two drag on the fetter)—

LXXXI.

Love had made Catherine make each lover's fortune,
Unlike our own half-chaste Elizabeth,
Whose avarice all disbursements did importune,
If History, the grand liar, ever saith
The truth; and though grief her old age might shorten,
Because she put a favourite to death,
Her vile, ambiguous method of flirtation,
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and station.

LXXXII.

But when the levée rose, and all was bustle
In the dissolving circle, all the nations'
Ambassadors began as 't were to hustle
Round the young man with their congratulations.
Also the softer silks were heard to rustle
Of gentle dames, among whose recreations
It is to speculate on handsome faces,
Especially when such lead to high places.

1. A Russian estate is always valued by the number of the slaves upon it.

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LXXXIII.

Juan, who found himself, he knew not how,
A general object of attention, made
His answers with a very graceful bow,
As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written "Gentleman!" He said
Little, but to the purpose; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

LXXXIV.

An order from her Majesty consigned
Our young Lieutenant to the genial care
Of those in office: all the world looked kind,
(As it will look sometimes with the first stare,
Which Youth would not act ill to keep in mind,)
As also did Miss Protasoff[1] then there,[i]
Named from her mystic office "l'Eprouveuse,"
A term inexplicable to the Muse.

LXXXV.

With *her* then, as in humble duty bound,
Juan retired,—and so will I, until
My Pegasus shall tire of touching ground.
We have just lit on a "heaven-kissing hill,"
So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,
And all my fancies whirling like a mill;
Which is a signal to my nerves and brain,
To take a quiet ride in some green lane.[2]

i. *And not be dazzled by its early glare.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The "Protassova" (born 1744) was a cousin of the Orlofs. She survived Catherine by many years, and was, writes M. Waliszewski (*The Story of a Throne*, 1895, ii. 193), "present at the Congress of Vienna, covered with diamonds like a reliquary, and claiming precedence of every one." She is named *l'éprouveuse* in a note to the *Mémoires Secrets*, 1800, i. 148.]

2. End of Canto 9th, Augt. Sept., 1822. B.

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CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

WHEN Newton saw an apple fall, he found
In that slight startle from his contemplation—
'T is *said* (for I 'll not answer above ground
For any sage's creed or calculation)—
A mode of proving that the Earth turned round
In a most natural whirl, called "gravitation;"
And this is the sole mortal who could grapple,[i.]
Since Adam—with a fall—or with an apple.[ii. 1]

II.

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,
If this be true; for we must deem the mode
In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose
Through the then unpaved stars the turnpike road,[iii.]

i. *In a most natural whirling of rotation.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Since Adam—gloriously against an apple.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *To the then unploughed stars* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Neither Pemberton nor Whiston, who received from Newton himself the history of his first Ideas of Gravity, records the story of the falling apple. It was mentioned, however, to Voltaire by Catherine Barton (afterwards Mrs. Conduit), Newton's niece. We saw the apple tree in 1814. . . . The tree was so much decayed that it was taken down in 1820" (*Memoirs, etc., of Sir Isaac Newton*, by Sir David Brewster, 1855, i. 27, *note* 1). Voltaire tells the story thus (*Éléments de la Philosophie de Newton*, Partie III. chap. iii.): "Un jour, en l'année 1666 [1665], Newton, retiré à la campagne, et voyant tomber des fruits d'un arbre, à ce que m'a conté sa nièce (Madame Conduit), se laissa aller à une méditation profonde sur la cause qui entraîne ainsi tous les corps dans une ligne qui, si elle était prolongée, passerait à peu près par le centre de la terre."—*Œuvres Complètes*, 1837, v. 727.]

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A thing to counterbalance human woes:[1]
For ever since immortal man hath glowed
With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon
Steam-engines will conduct him to the moon.

III.

And wherefore this exordium?—Why, just now,
In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,
My bosom underwent a glorious glow,
And my internal spirit cut a caper:
And though so much inferior, as I know,
To those who, by the dint of glass and vapour,
Discover stars, and sail in the wind's eye,
I wish to do as much by Poesy.

IV.

In the wind's eye I have sailed, and sail; but for
The stars, I own my telescope is dim;
But at the least I have shunned the common shore,
And leaving land far out of sight, would skim
The Ocean of Eternity:[2] the roar
Of breakers has not daunted my slight, trim,
But *still* sea-worthy skiff; and she may float
Where ships have foundered, as doth many a boat.

V.

We left our hero, Juan, in the *bloom*
Of favouritism, but not yet in the *blush*;—
And far be it from my *Muses* to presume
(For I have more than one Muse at a push),
To follow him beyond the drawing-room:
It is enough that Fortune found him flush
Of Youth, and Vigour, Beauty, and those things
Which for an instant clip Enjoyment's wings.

VI.

But soon they grow again and leave their nest.
"Oh!" saith the Psalmist, "that I had a dove's

1. [Compare *Churchill's Grave*, line 23, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 47, *note* 1.]
2. [Shelley entitles him "The Pilgrim of Eternity," in his *Adonais* (stanza xxx. line 3), which was written and published at Pisa in 1821.]

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Pinions to flee away, and be at rest!"
And who that recollects young years and loves,—
Though hoary now, and with a withering breast,
And palsied Fancy, which no longer roves
Beyond its dimmed eye's sphere,—but would much rather
Sigh like his son, than cough like his grandfather?

VII.

But sighs subside, and tears (even widows') shrink,
Like Arno [1] in the summer, to a shallow,
So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
Which threatens inundations deep and yellow!
Such difference doth a few months make. You 'd think
Grief a rich field which never would lie fallow;
No more it doth—its ploughs but change their boys,
Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.

VIII.

But coughs will come when sighs depart—and now
And then before sighs cease; for oft the one
Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow
Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the Sun
Of Life reached ten o'clock: and while a glow,
Hectic and brief as summer's day nigh done,
O'erspreads the cheek which seems too pure for clay,
Thousands blaze, love, hope, die,—how happy they!—

IX.

But Juan was not meant to die so soon:—
We left him in the focus of such glory
As may be won by favour of the moon
Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory
Perhaps; but who would scorn the month of June,
Because December, with his breath so hoary,
Must come? Much rather should he court the ray,
To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

X.

Besides, he had some qualities which fix
Middle-aged ladies even more than young:

1. [Byron left Pisa (Palazzo Lanfranchi on the Arno) for the Villa Saluzzo at Genoa, in the autumn of 1822.]

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The former know what 's what; while new-fledged chicks
Know little more of Love than what is sung
In rhymes, or dreamt (for Fancy will play tricks)
In visions of those skies from whence Love sprung.
Some reckon women by their suns or years,
I rather think the Moon should date the dears.

XI.

And why? because she 's changeable and chaste:
I know no other reason, whatsoe'er
Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,[i]
May choose to tax me with; which is not fair,
Nor flattering to "their temper or their taste,"
As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an air:[1]
However, I forgive him, and I trust
He will forgive himself;—if not, I must.

XII.

Old enemies who have become new friends
Should so continue—'t is a point of honour;
And I know nothing which could make amends
For a return to Hatred: I would shun her
Like garlic, howsoever she extends
Her hundred arms and legs, and fain outrun her.
Old flames, new wives, become our bitterest foes—
Converted foes should scorn to join with those.

XIII.

This were the worst desertion:—renegadoes,
Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,[ii]

i. *Malicious people* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *that essence of all Lie.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["We think the abuse of Mr. Southey . . . by far too savage and intemperate. It is of ill example, we think, in the literary world, and does no honour either to the *taste or the temper* of the noble author."—*Edinburgh Review*, February, 1822, vol. xxxvi. p. 445.

"I have read the recent article of Jeffrey. . . . I suppose the long and the short of it is, that he wishes to provoke me to reply. But I won't, for I owe him a good turn still for his kindness by-gone. Indeed, I presume that the present opportunity of attacking me again was irresistible; and I can't blame him, knowing what human nature is."—Letter to Moore, June 8, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 80.]

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Would scarcely join again the "reformadoes,"[1]
Whom he forsook to fill the Laureate's sty;
And honest men from Iceland to Barbadoes,
Whether in Caledon or Italy,
Should not veer round with every breath, nor seize
To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

XIV.

The lawyer and the critic but behold
The baser sides of literature and life,
And nought remains unseen, but much untold,
By those who scour those double vales of strife.
While common men grow ignorantly old,
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
And with it all the process of digestion.

XV.[2]

A legal broom 's a moral chimney-sweeper,
And that 's the reason he himself 's so dirty;
The endless soot[3] bestows a tint far deeper
Than can be hid by altering his shirt; he
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,
In all their habits;—not so *you*, I own;
As Cæsar wore his robe you wear your gown.[4]

XVI.

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe

1. "Reformers," or rather "Reformed." The Baron Bradwardine in *Waverley* is authority for the word. [The word is certainly in Butler's *Hudibras*, Part II. Canto 2—

"Although your Church be opposite
To mine as Black Fryars are to White,
In *Rule* and *Order*, yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*."]

2. [Stanza xv. is not in the MS. The "legal broom," *sc.* Brougham, was an afterthought.]

3. Query, *suit*?—Printer's Devil.

4. [It has been argued that when "great Cæsar fell" he wore his "robe" to muffle up his face, and that, in like manner, Jeffrey sank the critic in the lawyer. A "deal likelier" interpretation is that Jeffrey wore "his gown" right royally, as Cæsar wore his "triumphal robe." (See Plutarch's *Julius Cæsar*, Langhorne's translation, 1838, p. 515.)]

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(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below),
Are over: Here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne!"
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

XVII.

And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne!"
'T is not addressed to you—the more 's the pity
For me, for I would rather take my wine
With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud city:
But somehow—it may seem a schoolboy's whine,
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—[1]

XVIII.

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,[2]
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee—the Don—Balgounie's brig's *black wall*—[3]
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,—
Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems

1. ["I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels (as they call them, though two of them are English, and the rest half so); but nothing can or could ever persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in your company, that you are *not* the man. To me these novels have so much of 'Auld Lang Syne' (I was bred a canny Scot till ten years old), that I never move without them."—Letter to Sir W. Scott, January 12, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 4, 5.]

2. [Compare *The Island*, Canto II. lines 280–297.]

3. The brig of Don, near the "auld toun" of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:—

"Brig of Balgounie, *black* 's your *wa'*,
Wi' a wife's *ae son*, and a mear's *ae foal*,
Doun ye shall fa'!"

[See for illustration of the Brig o' Balgownie, with its single Gothic arch, *Letters*, 1901 [L.P.], v. 406.]

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My childhood, in this childishness of mine:—
I care not—'t is a glimpse of "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

XIX.

And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,
Yet 't is in vain such sallies to permit,
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
I "*scotched* not killed" the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of "mountain and of flood."[1]

XX.

Don Juan, who was real, or ideal,—
For both are much the same, since what men think
Exists when the once thinkers are less real
Than what they thought, for Mind can never sink,
And 'gainst the Body makes a strong appeal;
And yet 't is very puzzling on the brink
Of what is called Eternity to stare,
And know no more of what is *here*, than *there*;—

XXI.

Don Juan grew a very polished Russian—
How we won't mention, *why* we need not say:
Few youthful minds can stand the strong concussion
Of any slight temptation in their way;
But *his* just now were spread as is a cushion
Smoothed for a Monarch's seat of honour: gay
Damsels, and dances, revels, ready money,
Made ice seem Paradise, and winter sunny.

XXII.

The favour of the Empress was agreeable;
And though the duty waxed a little hard,
Young people at his time of life should be able
To come off handsomely in that regard.
He was now growing up like a green tree, able
For Love, War, or Ambition, which reward

1. ["Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood," etc.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI. stanza ii.]

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Their luckier votaries, till old Age's tedium
Make some prefer the circulating medium.

XXIII.

About this time, as might have been anticipated,
Seduced by Youth and dangerous examples,
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated;
Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples
On our fresh feelings, but—as being participated
With all kinds of incorrigible samples
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,
And shut our souls up in us like a shell-fish.

XXIV.

This we pass over. We will also pass
The usual progress of intrigues between
Unequal matches, such as are, alas!
A young Lieutenant's with a *not old* Queen,
But one who is not so youthful as she was
In all the royalty of sweet seventeen.[i]
Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter,
And wrinkles, the d——d democrats! won't flatter.

XXV.

And Death, the Sovereign's Sovereign, though the great
Gracchus of all mortality, who levels,
With his *Agrarian* laws,[1] the high estate
Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars, and revels,
To one small grass-grown patch (which must await
Corruption for its crop) with the poor devils
Who never had a foot of land till now,—
Death 's a reformer—all men must allow.

XXVI.

He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and gloss, and glitter,

i. *Some thirty years before at fair eighteen.*—[*MS.*]
or, *Seven and twenty*—which, *it does not matter,*—
Wrinkles, those damnedst democrats, won't flatter.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. Tiberius Gracchus, being tribune of the people, demanded in their name the execution of the Agrarian law; by which all persons possessing above a certain number of acres were to be deprived of the surplus for the benefit of the poor citizens.

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In this gay clime of bear-skins black and furry—
Which (though I hate to say a thing that 's bitter)
Peep out sometimes, when things are in a flurry,
Through all the "purple and fine linen," fitter
For Babylon's than Russia's royal harlot—
And neutralise her outward show of scarlet.

XXVII.

And this same state we won't describe: we would
Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection;
But getting nigh grim Dante's "obscure wood," [1]
That horrid equinox, that hateful section
Of human years—that half-way house—that rude
Hut, whence wise travellers drive with circumspection [1]
Life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary frontier
Of Age, and looking back to Youth, give *one* tear;—

XXVIII.

I won't describe,—that is, if I can help
Description; and I won't reflect,—that is,
If I can stave off thought, which—as a whelp
Clings to its teat—sticks to me through the abyss
Of this odd labyrinth; or as the kelp
Holds by the rock; or as a lover's kiss
Drains its first draught of lips:—but, as I said,
I *won't* philosophise, and *will* be read.

XXIX.

Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted,—
A thing which happens rarely: this he owed
Much to his youth, and much to his reported
Valour; much also to the blood he showed,
Like a race-horse; much to each dress he sported,
Which set the beauty off in which he glowed,
As purple clouds befringe the sun; but most
He owed to an old woman and his post.

1. *Hut where we travellers bait with dim reflection.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. "Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura."
Inferno, Canto I. line 2.

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XXX.

He wrote to Spain;—and all his near relations,
Perceiving he was in a handsome way
Of getting on himself, and finding stations
For cousins also, answered the same day.
Several prepared themselves for emigrations;
And eating ices, were o'erheard to say,
That with the addition of a slight pelisse,
Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

XXXI.

His mother, Donna Inez, finding, too,
That in the lieu of drawing on his banker,
Where his assets were waxing rather few,
He had brought his spending to a handsome anchor,—
Replied, "that she was glad to see him through
Those pleasures after which wild youth will hanker;
As the sole sign of Man's being in his senses
Is—learning to reduce his past expenses.[i]

XXXII.

"She also recommended him to God,
And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother,
Warned him against Greek worship, which looks odd
In Catholic eyes; but told him, too, to smother
Outward dislike, which don't look well abroad;
Informed him that he had a little brother
Born in a second wedlock; and above
All, praised the Empress's *maternal* love.

XXXIII.

"She could not too much give her approbation
Unto an Empress, who preferred young men
Whose age, and what was better still, whose nation
And climate, stopped all scandal (now and then);—
At home it might have given her some vexation;
But where thermometers sink down to ten,
Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
Believe that Virtue thawed before the river."[ii]

i. *Is when he learns to limit his expenses.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *till the ice*
Cracked, she would ne'er believe in thaws for vice.—[*MS. erased.*]

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XXXIV.

Oh for a *forty-parson power*[1] to chant
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,
Not practise! Oh for trump of Cherubim!
Or the ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,[2]
Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,
Drew quiet consolation through its hint,
When she no more could read the pious print.

XXXV.

She was no Hypocrite at least, poor soul,
But went to heaven in as sincere a way
As anybody on the elected roll,
Which portions out upon the Judgment Day
Heaven's freeholds, in a sort of Doomsday scroll,
Such as the conqueror William did repay
His knights with, lotting others' properties
Into some sixty thousand new knights' fees.

XXXVI.

I can't complain, whose ancestors are there,
Erneis, Radulphus—eight-and-forty manors
(If that my memory doth not greatly err)
Were *their* reward for following Billy's banners:[3]

1. A metaphor taken from the "forty-horse power" of a steam-engine. That mad wag, the Reverend Sydney Smith, sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards that his dull neighbour had a "*twelve-parson power*" of conversation.

2. [In a letter to his sister, October 25, 1804 (*Letters*, 1898, i. 40), Byron mentions an aunt—"the amiable antiquated Sophia," and asks, "Is she yet in the land of the living, or does she sing psalms with the Blessed in the other world?" This was his father's sister, Sophia Maria, daughter of Admiral the Hon. John Byron. But his "good old aunt" is, more probably, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Byron, widow of George (born April 22, 1730) son of the fourth, and brother of the "Wicked" lord. She was the daughter and co-heiress of Ellis Levett, Esq., and lived "at Nottingham in her own house." She died, aged 86, June 13, 1822, not long before this Canto was written. She is described in the obituary notice of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1822, vol. 92, p. 573, as "Daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. John Byron (who sailed round the world with Lord Anson), grandfather of the present Lord Byron." But that is, chronologically, impossible. Byron must have retained a pleasing recollection of the ear-trumpet and the spectacles, and it gratified his kindlier humour to embalm their owner in his verse.]

3. [See Collins's *Peerage*, 1779, vii. 120. It is probable that Byron was

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And though I can't help thinking 't was scarce fair
To strip the Saxons of their *hydes* [1] like tanners;
Yet as they founded churches with the produce,
You 'll deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.[i]

XXXVII.

The gentle Juan flourished, though at times
He felt like other plants called sensitive,
Which shrink from touch, as Monarchs do from rhymes,
Save such as Southey can afford to give.
Perhaps he longed in bitter frosts for climes
In which the Neva's ice would cease to live
Before May-day: perhaps, despite his duty,
In Royalty's vast arms he sighed for Beauty:

XXXVIII.

Perhaps—but, sans perhaps, we need not seek[ii]
For causes young or old: the canker-worm
Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,
As well as further drain the withered form:
Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
His bills in, and however we may storm,
They must be paid: though six days smoothly run,
The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

XXXIX.

I don't know how it was, but he grew sick:
The Empress was alarmed, and her physician
(The same who physicked Peter) found the tick
Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition
Which augured of the dead, however *quick*
Itself, and showed a feverish disposition;

i. *And humbly hope that the same God which hath given*
Us land on earth, will do no less in Heaven.—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *Perhaps—but d—n perhaps* ——.—[*MS.*]

lineally descended from Ralph de Burun, of Horestan, who is mentioned in Doomsday Book (sect. xi.) as holding eight lordships in Notts and five in Derbyshire, but with regard to Ernysius or Erneis the pedigree is silent. (See *Pedigree of George Gordon, Sixth Lord Byron*, by Edward Bernard, 1870.)]

1. "Hyde."—I believe a hyde of land to be a legitimate word, and, as such, subject to the tax of a quibble.

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At which the whole Court was extremely troubled,
The Sovereign shocked, and all his medicines doubled.

XL.

Low were the whispers, manifold the rumours:
Some said he had been poisoned by Potemkin;
Others talked learnedly of certain tumours,
Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kin;[1]
Some said 't was a concoction of the humours,
Which with the blood too readily will claim kin:
Others again were ready to maintain,
"'T was only the fatigue of last campaign."

XLI.

But here is one prescription out of many:
"*Sodæ sulphat.* ʒvj. ʒfs. *Mannæ optim.*
Aq. fervent. f. ʒ ifs. ʒij. *tinct. Sennæ*
Haustus" (And here the surgeon came and cupped him)
"℞ *Pulv. Com.* gr. iij. *Ipecacuanhæ*"
(With more beside if Juan had not stopped 'em).
"*Bolus Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus,*
Et haustus ter in die capiendus."

XLII.

This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer;
While that "*hiatus maxime deflendus*"
To be filled up by spade or mattock 's near,
Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,
We tease mild Baillie,[2] or soft Abernethy.

1. [For the illness ("a scarlet fever, complicated by angina, both aggravated by premature exhaustion") and death of Lanskoï, see *The Story of a Throne*, by K. Waliszewsky, 1895, ii. 131, 133. For the rumour that he was poisoned by Potemkin, see *Mémoires Secrets, etc.* [by C. F. P. Masson], 1800, i. 170.]

2. [Matthew Baillie (1761–1823), the nephew of William Hunter, the brother of Agnes and Joanna Baillie, was a celebrated anatomist. He attended Byron (1799–1802), when an endeavour was made to effect a cure of the muscular contraction of his right leg and foot. He was consulted by Lady Byron, in 1816, with regard to her husband's supposed derangement, but was not admitted when he called at the house in Piccadilly. He is said to have "avoided technical and learned

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XLIII.

Juan demurred at this first notice to
Quit; and though Death had threatened an ejection,
His youth and constitution bore him through,
And sent the doctors in a new direction.
But still his state was delicate: the hue
Of health but flickered with a faint reflection
Along his wasted cheek, and seemed to gravel
The faculty—who said that he must travel.

XLIV.

The climate was too cold, they said, for him,
Meridian-born, to bloom in. This opinion
Made the chaste Catherine look a little grim,
Who did not like at first to lose her minion:
But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,
And drooping like an eagle's with clipt pinion,
She then resolved to send him on a mission,
But in a style becoming his condition.

XLV.

There was just then a kind of a discussion,
A sort of treaty or negotiation,
Between the British cabinet and Russian,
Maintained with all the due prevarication
With which great states such things are apt to push on;
Something about the Baltic's navigation,
Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,
Which Britons deem their *uti possidetis*.

XLVI.

So Catherine, who had a handsome way
Of fitting out her favourites, conferred

phrases; to have affected no sentimental tenderness, but expressed what he had to say in the simplest and plainest terms" (*Annual Biography*, 1824, p. 319). Jekyll (*Letters*, 1894, p. 110) repeats or invents an anecdote that "the old king, in his mad fits, used to say he could bring any dead people to converse with him, except those who had died under Baillie's care, for that the doctor always dissected them into so many morsels, that they had not a leg to walk to Windsor with." It is hardly necessary to say that John Abernethy (1764-1831) "expressed what *he* had to say" in the bluntest and rudest terms at his disposal.]

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This secret charge on Juan, to display
At once her royal splendour, and reward
His services. He kissed hands the next day,
Received instructions how to play his card,
Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,
Which showed what great discernment was the donor's.

XLVII.

But she was lucky, and luck 's all. Your Queens
Are generally prosperous in reigning—
Which puzzles us to know what Fortune means:—
But to continue—though her years were waning,
Her climacteric teased her like her teens;
And though her dignity brooked no complaining,
So much did Juan's setting off distress her,
She could not find at first a fit successor.

XLVIII.

But Time, the comforter, will come at last;
And four-and-twenty hours, and twice that number
Of candidates requesting to be placed,
Made Catherine taste next night a quiet slumber:—
Not that she meant to fix again in haste,
Nor did she find the quantity encumber,
But always choosing with deliberation,
Kept the place open for their emulation.

XLIX.

While this high post of honour 's in abeyance,
For one or two days, reader, we request
You 'll mount with our young hero the conveyance
Which wafted him from Petersburgh: the best
Barouche, which had the glory to display once
The fair Czarina's autocratic crest,
When, a new Iphigene, she went to Tauris,
Was given to her favourite,[1] and now *bore his*.

1. The empress went to the Crimea, accompanied by the Emperor Joseph, in the year—I forget which.

[The Prince de Ligne, who accompanied Catherine in her progress through her southern provinces, in 1787, gives the following particulars: "We have crossed during many days vast, solitary regions, from which her Majesty has driven Zaporogua, Budjak, and Nogais Tartars, who, ten years ago, threatened to ravage her empire. All these places

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L.

A bull-dog, and a bullfinch, and an ermine,
All private favourites of Don Juan;—for
(Let deeper sages the true cause determine)
He had a kind of inclination, or
Weakness, for what most people deem mere vermin,
Live animals: an old maid of threescore
For cats and birds more penchant ne'er displayed,
Although he was not old, nor even a maid;—

LI.

The animals aforesaid occupied
Their station: there were valets, secretaries,
In other vehicles; but at his side
Sat little Leila, who survived the parries
He made 'gainst Cossacque sabres in the wide
Slaughter of Ismail. Though my wild Muse varies
Her note, she don't forget the infant girl
Whom he preserved, a pure and living pearl.

LII.

Poor little thing! She was as fair as docile,
And with that gentle, serious character,
As rare in living beings as a fossile
Man, 'midst thy mouldy mammoths, "grand Cuvier!"[i]
Ill fitted was her ignorance to jostle
With this o'erwhelming world, where all must err:
But she was yet but ten years old, and therefore
Was tranquil, though she knew not why or wherefore.

LIII.

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as
Nor brother, father, sister, daughter love.—

i. *Man, midst thy mouldy mammoths, Cuvier.*—[*MS.*]

were furnished with magnificent tents for breakfasts, lunches, dinners, suppers, and sleeping-rooms . . . deserted regions were at once transformed into fields, groves, villages; . . . The Empress has left in each chief town gifts to the value of a hundred thousand roubles. Every day that we remained stationary was marked with diamonds, balls, fireworks, and illuminations throughout a circuit of ten leagues." —*The Prince de Ligne, His Memoirs, etc.*, translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, 1899, ii. 34.]

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I cannot tell exactly what it was;
He was not yet quite old enough to prove
Parental feelings, and the other class,
Called brotherly affection, could not move
His bosom,—for he never had a sister:
Ah! if he had—how much he would have missed her!

LIV.

And still less was it sensual; for besides
That he was not an ancient debauchee,
(Who like sour fruit, to stir their veins' salt tides,
As acids rouse a dormant alkali,) [i]
Although (*'t will* happen as our planet guides)
His youth was not the chastest that might be,
There was the purest Platonism at bottom
Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em.

LV.

Just now there was no peril of temptation;
He loved the infant orphan he had saved,
As patriots (now and then) may love a nation;
His pride, too, felt that she was not enslaved
Owing to him;—as also her salvation
Through his means and the Church's might be paved.
But one thing 's odd, which here must be inserted,
The little Turk refused to be converted.

LVI.

'T was strange enough she should retain the impression
Through such a scene of change, and dread, and slaughter;
But though three Bishops told her the transgression,
She showed a great dislike to holy water;
She also had no passion for confession;
Perhaps she had nothing to confess:—no matter,
Whate'er the cause, the Church made little of it—
She still held out that Mahomet was a prophet.

LVII.

In fact, the only Christian she could bear
Was Juan; whom she seemed to have selected

i. *Who like sour fruit to sharpen up the tides*
Of their salt veins, and stir their stagnancy.—[*MS. erased.*]

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In place of what her home and friends once *were*.
He naturally loved what he protected:
And thus they formed a rather curious pair,
A guardian green in years, a ward connected
In neither clime, time, blood, with her defender;
And yet this want of ties made theirs more tender.

LVIII.

They journeyed on through Poland and through Warsaw,
Famous for mines of salt and yokes of iron:
Through Courland also, which that famous farce saw
Which gave her dukes the graceless name of "Biron."[1]

1. In the Empress Anne's time, Biren, her favourite, assumed the name and arms of the "Birons" of France; which families are yet extant with that of England. There are still the daughters of Courland of that name; one of them I remember seeing in England in the blessed year of the Allies (1814)—the Duchess of S.—to whom the English Duchess of Somerset presented me as a namesake.

["Ernest John Biren was born in Courland [in 1690]. His grandfather had been head groom to James, the third Duke of Courland, and obtained from his master the present of a small estate in land. . . . In 1714 he made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and solicited the place of page to the Princess Charlotte, wife of the Tzarovitch Alexey; but being contemptuously rejected as a person of mean extraction, retired to Mittau, where he chanced to ingratiate himself with Count Bestuchef, Master of the Household to Anne, widow of Frederic William, Duke of Courland, who resided at Mittau. Being of a handsome figure and polite address, he soon gained the good will of the duchess, and became her secretary and chief favourite. On her being declared sovereign of Russia, Anne called Biren to Petersburg, and the secretary soon became Duke of Courland, and first minister or rather despot of Russia. On the death of Anne, which happened in 1740, Biren, being declared regent, continued daily increasing his vexations and cruelties, till he was arrested, on the 18th of December, only twenty days after he had been appointed to the regency; and at the revolution that ensued he was exiled to the frozen shores of the Oby."—*Catherine II.*, by W. Tooke, 1800, i. 160, *footnote*. He was recalled in 1763, and died in 1772.

In a letter to his sister, dated June 18, 1814, Byron gives a slightly different version of the incident, recorded in his note (*vide supra*): "The Duchess of Somerset also, to mend matters, insisted on presenting me to a Princess *Biron*, Duchess of Hohen-God-knows-what, and another person to her two sisters, Birons too. But I flew off, and *would* not, saying I had had enough of introductions for that night at least."—*Letters*, 1899, iii. 98. The "daughters of Courland" must have been descendants of "Pierre, dernier Duc de Courlande, De la Maison de Biron," viz. Jeanne Cathérine, born June 24, 1783, who married, in 1801, François Pignatelli de Belmonte, Duc d' Acerenza, and Dorothée, born August 21, 1793, who married, in 1809, Edmond de Talleyrand Périgord, Duc de Talleyrand, nephew to the Bishop of Autun. (See *Almanach de Gotha*, 1848, pp. 109, 110.)]

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'T is the same landscape which the modern Mars saw,
Who marched to Moscow, led by Fame, the Siren!
To lose by one month's frost some twenty years
Of conquest, and his guard of Grenadiers.

LIX.

Let this not seem an anti-climax:—"Oh!
My guard! my old guard!"[1] exclaimed that god of clay.
Think of the Thunderer's falling down below
Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh![i]
Alas! that glory should be chilled by snow!
But should we wish to warm us on our way
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name
Might scatter fire through ice, like Hecla's flame.

LX.

From Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Königsberg, the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.[2]
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes who spur more than their postilions.

LXI.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reached the castellated Rhine:—
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine!
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line

i. *Who now that he is dead has not a foe;*
The last expired in cut-throat Castlereagh.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Napoleon's exclamation at the Elysée Bourbon, June 23, 1815. "When his civil counsellors talked of defence, the word wrung from him the bitter ejaculation, 'Ah! my old guard! could they but defend themselves like you!'"—*Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, by Sir Walter Scott, *Prose Works*, 1846, ii. 760.]

2. [Immanuel Kant, born at Königsberg, in 1729, became Professor and Rector of the University, and died at Königsberg in 1804.]

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Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confines, half-seas-over.

LXII.

But Juan posted on through Mannheim, Bonn,
Which Drachenfels[1] frowns over like a spectre
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
On which I have not time just now to lecture.
From thence he was drawn onwards to Cologne,
A city which presents to the inspector
Eleven thousand maiden heads of bone.
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.[2]

LXIII.

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoetsluys,
That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,
Where juniper expresses its best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.
Senates and sages have condemned its use—
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good government has left them, seems but cruel.

LXIV.

Here he embarked, and with a flowing sail
Went bounding for the Island of the free,
Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale;
High dashed the spray, the bows dipped in the sea,
And sea-sick passengers turned somewhat pale;
But Juan, seasoned, as he well might be,
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs
Which passed, or catch the first glimpse of the cliffs.

LXV.

At length they rose, like a white wall along
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—

1. ["The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine," etc.
Childe Harold, Canto III.]

2. St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were still extant in 1816, and may be so yet, as much as ever.

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A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly dealt
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll.

LXVI.

I 've no great cause to love that spot of earth,
Which holds what *might have been* the noblest nation;
But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mixed regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,
When a man's country 's going to the devil.

LXVII.

Alas! could she but fully, truly, know
How her great name is now throughout abhorred;
How eager all the Earth is for the blow
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword;
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once adored
False friend, who held out Freedom to Mankind,
And now would chain them—to the very *mind*;—

LXVIII.

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free,
Who is but first of slaves? The nations are
In prison,—but the gaoler, what is he?
No less a victim to the bolt and bar.
Is the poor privilege to turn the key
Upon the captive, Freedom? He 's as far
From the enjoyment of the earth and air
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.

LXIX.

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover! harbour, and hotel;
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
To those who upon land or water dwell;

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And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

LXX.

Juan, though careless, young, and *magnifique*,
And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and credit,
Who did not limit much his bills per week,
Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it,—
(His Maggior Duomo, a smart, subtle Greek,
Before him summed the awful scroll and read it):
But, doubtless, as the air—though seldom sunny—
Is free, the respiration 's worth the money.

LXXI.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash through puddle;
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle
Along the road,[1] as if they went to bury
Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle
With "schnapps"—sad dogs! whom "Hundsfot," or "Verflucter,"[2]
Affect no more than lightning a conductor.[i]

LXXII.

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so 't is but in a hurry,

i. *With "Schnapps"—Democritus would cease to smile,*
By German post-boys driven a mile.—[*MS.*]
With "Schnapps"—and spite of "Dam'em," "dog" and "log"
Launched at their heads jog-jog-jog-jog-jog-jog.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["We left Ratzeburg at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening, and arrived at Lüneburg—*i.e.* 35 English miles—at 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. This is a fair specimen! In England I used to laugh at the 'flying waggons;' but compared with a German Post-Coach, the metaphor is perfectly justifiable, and for the future I shall never meet a flying waggon without thinking respectfully of its speed."—S. T. Coleridge, March 12, 1799, *Letters of S. T. C.*, 1895, i. 278.]

2. [See for German oaths, "Extracts from a Diary," January 12, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 172.]

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And merely for the sake of its own merits;
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great *end* of travel—which is driving.

LXXIII.

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral;
Black Edward's helm, and Becket's bloody stone,
Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,
In the same quaint, uninterested tone:—
There 's glory again for you, gentle reader! All
Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,[1]
Half-solved into these sodas or magnesias,
Which form that bitter draught, the human species.

LXXIV.

The effect on Juan was of course sublime:
He breathed a thousand Cressys, as he saw
That casque, which never stooped except to Time.
Even the bold Churchman's tomb excited awe,
Who died in the then great attempt to climb
O'er Kings, who *now* at least *must talk* of Law

1. [The French Inscription (see *Memorial Inscriptions*, etc., by Joseph Meadows Cowper, 1897, p. 134) on the Black Prince's monument is thus translated in the *History of Kent* (John Weevers' *Funerall Monuments*, 1636, pp. 205, 206)—

"Who so thou be that passeth by
Where this corps entombed lie,
Understand what I shall say,
As at this time, speake I may.
Such as thou art, sometime was I.
Such as I am, shalt thou be.
I little thought on th' oure of death,
So long as I enjoyèd breath.
Great riches here did I possess,
Whereof I made great nobleness;
I had gold, silver, wardrobes, and
Great treasure, horses, houses, land.
But now a caitife poore am I,
Deepe in the ground, lo! here I lie;
My beautie great is all quite gone,
My flesh is wasted to the bone.
My house is narrow now and throng,
Nothing but Truth comes from my tongue.
And if ye should see me this day,
I do not think but ye would say,
That I had never beene a man,
So much altered now I am."]

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Before they butcher. Little Leila gazed,
And asked why such a structure had been raised:

LXXV.

And being told it was "God's House," she said
He was well lodged, but only wondered how
He suffered Infidels in his homestead,
The cruel Nazarenes, who had laid low
His holy temples in the lands which bred
The True Believers;—and her infant brow
Was bent with grief that Mahomet should resign
A mosque so noble, flung like pearls to swine.

LXXVI.

On! on! through meadows, managed like a garden,
A paradise of hops and high production;
For, after years of travel by a bard in
Countries of greater heat, but lesser suction,
A green field is a sight which makes him pardon
The absence of that more sublime construction,
Which mixes up vines—olives—precipices—
Glaciers—volcanoes—oranges and ices.

LXXVII.

And when I think upon a pot of beer——
But I won't weep!—and so drive on, postilions!
As the smart boys spurred fast in their career,
Juan admired these highways of free millions—
A country in all senses the most dear
To foreigner or native, save some silly ones,
Who "kick against the pricks" just at this juncture,
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.[1]

LXXVIII.

What a delightful thing 's a turnpike road!
So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
The Earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving.
Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god
Had told his son to satisfy his craving

1. —— *of higher stations,*
And for their pains get smarter punctures.—[*MS. erased.*]

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With the York mail;—but onward as we roll,
Surgit amari aliquid—the toll![1]

LXXIX.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!
Take lives—take wives—take aught except men's purses:
As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest way to general curses.[2]
They hate a murderer much less than a claimant
On that sweet ore which everybody nurses.—
Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket:

LXXX.

So said the Florentine: ye monarchs, hearken
To your instructor. Juan now was borne,
Just as the day began to wane and darken,
O'er the high hill, which looks with pride or scorn
Toward the great city.—Ye who have a spark in
Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or mourn
According as you take things well or ill;—
Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill!

LXXXI.

The Sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from
A half-unquenched volcano, o'er a space
Which well beseemed the "Devil's drawing-room,"
As some have qualified that wondrous place:
But Juan felt, though not approaching *Home*,
As one who, though he were not of the race,
Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,
Who butchered half the earth, and bullied t' other.[3]

1. [See *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xxxii. line 2, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 93, *note* 16.]
2. [See *The Prince* (*Il Principe*), chap. xvii., by Niccolò Machiavelli, translated by Ninian Hill Thomson, 1897, p. 121: "But above all [a Prince] must abstain from the property of others. For men will sooner forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimony."]
3. [India; America.]

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LXXXII.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun Cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!

LXXXIII.

But Juan saw not this: each wreath of smoke
Appeared to him but as the magic vapour
Of some alchymic furnace, from whence broke
The wealth of worlds (a wealth of tax and paper):
The gloomy clouds, which o'er it as a yoke
Are bowed, and put the Sun out like a taper,
Were nothing but the natural atmosphere,
Extremely wholesome, though but rarely clear.

LXXXIV.

He paused—and so will I; as doth a crew
Before they give their broadside. By and by,
My gentle countrymen, we will renew
Our old acquaintance; and at least I 'll try
To tell you truths *you* will not take as true,
Because they are so;—a male Mrs. Fry,[1]
With a soft besom will I sweep your halls,
And brush a web or two from off the walls.

LXXXV.

Oh Mrs. Fry! Why go to Newgate? Why
Preach to *poor* rogues? And wherefore not begin
With Carlton, or with other houses? Try
Your hand at hardened and imperial Sin.
To mend the People 's an absurdity,
A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,

1. [Elizabeth Fry (1780–1845) began her visits to Newgate in 1813. In 1820 she corresponded with the Princess Sophie of Russia, and at a later period she was entertained by Louis Philippe, and by the King of Prussia at Kaiserwerth. She might have, she may have, admonished George IV. "with regard to all good things."]

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Unless you make their betters better:—Fie!
I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

LXXXVI.

Teach *them* the decencies of good threescore;
Cure *them* of tours, hussar and highland dresses;
Tell *them* that youth once gone returns no more,
That hired huzzas redeem no land's distresses;
Tell them Sir William Curtis [1] is a bore,
Too dull even for the dullest of excesses—
The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal,
A fool whose bells have ceased to ring at all.

LXXXVII.

Tell them, though it may be, perhaps, too late—
On Life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated—
To set up vain pretence of being *great*,
'T is not so to be *good;* and, be it stated,
The worthiest kings have ever loved least state:
And tell them——But you won't, and I have prated
Just now enough; but, by and by, I 'll prattle
Like Roland's horn [2] in Roncesvalles' battle.[i. 3]

i. *Like an old Roman trumpet ere a battle.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [See *The Age of Bronze*, line 768, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 578, *note* 1.]

2. ["O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died."
Marmion, Canto VI. stanza xxxiii. lines 7–12.]

3. B. Genoa, Oct. 6th, 1822. End of Canto 10th

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CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I.

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"[1]
And proved it—'t was no matter what he said:
They say his system 't is in vain to batter,
Too subtle for the airiest human head;
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter
Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
Or adamant, to find the World a spirit,
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

II.

What a sublime discovery 't was to make the
Universe universal egotism,
That all 's ideal—*all ourselves!*—I 'll stake the
World (be it what you will) that *that 's* no schism.
Oh Doubt!—if thou be'st Doubt, for which some take thee,
But which I doubt extremely—thou sole prism
Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit!
Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly bear it.

1. [Berkeley did not deny the reality of existence, but the reality of matter as an abstract conception. "It is plain," he says (*On the Principles of Human Knowledge*, sect. ix.), "that the very notion of what is called *matter* or *corporeal substance*, involves a contradiction in it." Again, "It were a mistake to think that what is here said derogates in the least from the reality of things." His contention was that this *reality* depended, not on an abstraction *called* matter, "an inert, extended unperceiving substance," but on "those unextended, indivisible substances or *spirits*, which act, and think, and perceive them [unthinking beings]."—*Ibid.*, sect. xci., *The Works* of George Berkeley, D.D., 1820, i. 27, 69, 70.]

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III.

For ever and anon comes Indigestion
(Not the most "dainty Ariel"),[1] and perplexes
Our soarings with another sort of question:
And that which after all my spirit vexes,
Is, that I find no spot where Man can rest eye on,
Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
Of Beings, Stars, and this unriddled wonder,
The World, which at the worst 's a *glorious* blunder—

IV.

If it be chance—or, if it be according
To the old text, still better:—lest it should
Turn out so, we 'll say nothing 'gainst the wording,
As several people think such hazards rude.
They 're right; our days are too brief for affording
Space to dispute what *no one* ever could
Decide, and *everybody one day* will
Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
Discussion, which is neither here nor there:
If I agree that what is, is; then this I call
Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair;
The truth is, I 've grown lately rather phthisical:[2]
I don't know what the reason is—the air
Perhaps; but as I suffer from the shocks
Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

VI.

The first attack at once proved the Divinity
(But *that* I never doubted, nor the Devil);
The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity;
The third, the usual Origin of Evil;

1. [*Tempest*, act v. sc. 1, line 95.]
2. ["I have been very unwell—four days confined to my bed in 'the worst inn's worst room' at Lerici, with a violent rheumatic and bilious attack, constipation, and the devil knows what."—Letter to Murray, October 9, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 121. The same letter contains an announcement that he had "a fifth [Canto of *Don Juan*] (the 10th) finished, but not transcribed yet; and the *eleventh* begun."]

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The fourth at once established the whole Trinity
On so uncontrovertible a level,
That I devoutly wished the three were four—
On purpose to believe so much the more.

VII.

To our theme.—The man who has stood on the Acropolis,
And looked down over Attica; or he
Who has sailed where picturesque Constantinople is,
Or seen Timbuctoo, or hath taken tea
In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis,
Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,[i]
May not think much of London's first appearance—
But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence!

VIII.

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill;
Sunset the time, the place the same declivity
Which looks along that vale of Good and Ill
Where London streets ferment in full activity,
While everything around was calm and still,
Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
Heard,—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy hum
Of cities, that boil over with their scum:—

IX.

I say, Don Juan, wrapped in contemplation,
Walked on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,
And lost in wonder of so great a nation,
Gave way to 't, since he could not overcome it.
"And here," he cried, "is Freedom's chosen station;
Here peals the People's voice, nor can entomb it
Racks—prisons—inquisitions; Resurrection
Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

X.

"Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay
But what they please; and if that things be dear,
'T is only that they love to throw away
Their cash, to show how much they have a-year.

i. *Or Rome, or Tiber—Naples or the sea.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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Here laws are all inviolate—none lay
Traps for the traveller—every highway 's clear—
Here"—he was interrupted by a knife,
With—"Damn your eyes! your money or your life!"—

XI.

These free-born sounds proceeded from four pads
In ambush laid, who had perceived him loiter
Behind his carriage; and, like handy lads,
Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself within that isle of riches
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

XII.

Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth, "God damn!" [1]
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought 't was only their "Salām,"
Or "God be with you!"—and 't is not absurd
To think so,—for half English as I am
(To my misfortune), never can I say
I heard them wish "God with you," save that way;—

XIII.

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
And being somewhat choleric and sudden,
Drew forth a pocket pistol from his vesture,
And fired it into one assailant's pudding—
Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
And roared out, as he writhed his native mud in,
Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
"Oh Jack! I 'm floored by that 'ere bloody Frenchman!"

XIV.

On which Jack and his train set off at speed,
And Juan's suite, late scattered at a distance,
Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,
And offering, as usual, late assistance.

1. [*Vide ante*, Canto I. stanza xiv. lines 7, 8.]

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Juan, who saw the moon's late minion [1] bleed
As if his veins would pour out his existence,
Stood calling out for bandages and lint,
And wished he had been less hasty with his flint.

XV.

"Perhaps," thought he, "it is the country's wont
To welcome foreigners in this way: now
I recollect some innkeepers who don't
Differ, except in robbing with a bow,
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front—
But what is to be done? I can't allow
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:
So take him up—I 'll help you with the load."

XVI.

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
The dying man cried, "Hold! I 've got my gruel!
Oh! for a glass of *max!* [2] We 've missed our booty;
Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel
Of Life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied
A kerchief, crying, "Give Sal that!"—and died.

XVII.

The cravat stained with bloody drops fell down
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell
Exactly why it was before him thrown,
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,
Full flash,[3] all fancy, until fairly diddled,
His pockets first and then his body riddled.

1. ["*Falstaff.* Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal."—1 *Henry IV.*, act i. sc. 2, lines 24–28.]

2. [Gin. Hence the antithesis of "*All Max*" in the East to Almack's in the West. (See *Life in London*, by Pierce Egan, 1823, pp. 284–290.)]

3. [According to the *Vocabulary of the Flash Language*, compiled by James Hardy Vaux, in 1812, and published at the end of his *Memoirs*,

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XVIII.

Don Juan, having done the best he could
In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as "Crowner's quest" [1] allowed, pursued
His travels to the capital apace;—
Esteeming it a little hard he should
In twelve hours' time, and very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a free-born native
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

XIX.

He from the world had cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
Booze in the ken, or at the spellken hustle?
Who queer a flat? [2] Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)
On the high toby-spice so flash the muzzle?
Who on a lark with black-eyed Sal (his blowing),
So prime—so swell—so nutty—and so knowing? [1, 3]

1. *Poor Tom was once a knowing one in town,*
Not a mere kiddy, *but a* real *one.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1819, ii. 149–227, a kiddy, or "flash-kiddy," is a thief of the lower orders, who, when he is *breeched* by a course of successful depredation dresses in the extreme of vulgar gentility, and affects a knowingness in his air and conversation. A "swell" or "rank swell" ("*real* swell" appears in Egan's *Life in London*) is the more recent "toff;" and "flash" is "fly," "down," or "awake," *i.e.* knowing, not easily imposed upon.]

1. [*Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1, line 21.]

2. ["Ken" is a house, *s.c.* a thieves' lodging-house; "spellken," a play-house; "high toby-spice" is robbery on horseback, as distinguished from "spice," *i.e.* footpad robbery; to "flash the muzzle" is to show off the face, to swagger openly; "blowing" or "blowen" is a doxy or trull; and "nutty" is, conjointly, amorous and fascinating.]

3. The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular at least in my early days:—

"On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,
In spite of each gallows old scout;
If you at the spellken can't hustle,
You 'll be hobbled in making a clout.
"Then your blowing will wax gallows haughty,
When she hears of your scaly mistake,
She 'll surely turn snitch for the forty—
That her Jack may be regular weight."

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XX.

But Tom 's no more—and so no more of Tom.
Heroes must die; and by God's blessing 't is
Not long before the most of them go home.
Hail! Thamis, hail! Upon thy verge it is
That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum
In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,
Through Kennington and all the other "tons,"
Which make us wish ourselves in town at once;—

XXI.

Through Groves, so called as being void of trees,
(Like *lucus* from *no* light); through prospects named
Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,
With "To be let," upon their doors proclaimed;
Through "Rows" most modestly called "Paradise," [1]
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;— [i.]

i. *Through rows called "Paradise," by way of showing*
Good Christians that to which they all are going.—[*MS. erased.*]

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

[Gentleman Jackson was of good renown. "Servility," says Egan (*Life in London*, 1823, p. 217), "is not known to him. Flattery he detests. Integrity, impartiality, good-nature, and manliness, are the corner-stones of his understanding." Byron once said of him that "his manners were infinitely superior to those of the Fellows of the College whom I meet at the high table" (J. W. Clark, *Cambridge*, 1890, p. 140). (See, too, letter to John Jackson, September 18, 1808, *Letters*, 1898, i. 189, *note* 2; *Hints from Horace*, line 638, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 433, *note* 3.) As to the stanza quoted by Egan (*Anecdotes of the Turf*, 1827, p. 44), but not *traduced* or interpreted, "To be hobbled for making a clout" is to be taken into custody for stealing a handkerchief," to "turn snitch" is to inform, and the "forty" is the £40 offered for the detection of a capital crime, and shared by the police or Bow Street runners. Dangerous characters were let alone and tacitly encouraged to continue their career of crime, until the measure of their iniquity was full, and they "weighed forty." If Jack was clumsy enough to be detected in a trifling theft, his "blowen" would go over to the enemy, and betray him for the sake of the Government reward (see *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, by Francis Grose, 1823, art. "Weigh forty").]

1. [Don Juan must have driven by *Pleasant Row*, and passed

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XXII.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of "purl,"[1]
There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distilled into the glimmering glass
(For in those days we had not got to gas—);[i. 2]

XXIII.

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach
Of travellers to mighty Babylon:
Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,
With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
I could say more, but do not choose to encroach
Upon the Guide-book's privilege. The Sun
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight, as the party crossed the bridge.

XXIV.

That 's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thamis—
Who vindicates a moment, too, his stream—
Though hardly heard through multifarious "damme's:"
The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,
The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine where Fame is
A spectral resident—whose pallid beam
In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

XXV.

The Druids' groves are gone—so much the better:
Stonehenge is not—but what the devil is it?—

i. —— *distilling into the re-kindling glass.*—[*MS.*]

within hail of *Paradise Row*, on the way from Kennington to Westminster Bridge. (See Cary's *New Pocket Plan of London, Westminster, and Southwark*, 1819.) But, perhaps, there is more in the names of streets and places than meets the eye. Here, as elsewhere, there is, or there may be, "a paltering with us in a double sense."]

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza lxix. line 8, *var.* ii., *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 66, *note* 2.]

2. [The streets of London were first regularly lighted with gas in 1812.]

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But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,
That madmen may not bite you on a visit;
The Bench too seats or suits full many a debtor;
The Mansion House,[1] too (though some people quiz it),
To me appears a stiff yet grand erection;
But then the Abbey 's worth the whole collection.

XXVI.

The line of lights,[2] too, up to Charing Cross,
Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation
Like gold as in comparison to dross,
Matched with the Continent's illumination,
Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss.
The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation,
And when they grew so—on their new-found lantern,
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.[3]

XXVII.

A row of Gentlemen along the streets
Suspended may illuminate mankind,
As also bonfires made of country seats;
But the old way is best for the purblind:
The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,
A sort of *ignis fatuus* to the mind,
Which, though 't is certain to perplex and frighten,
Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

1. [Thomas Pennant, in *Some Account of London*, 1793, p. 444, writes down the Mansion House (1739–1752) as "damned . . . to everlasting fame."]

2. [Fifty years ago "the lights of Piccadilly" were still regarded as one of the "sights" of London. Byron must often have looked at them from his house in Piccadilly Terrace.]

3. [Joseph François Foulon, army commissioner, provoked the penalty of the "lantern" (*i.e.* an improvised gallows on the yard of a lamp-post at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie) by his heartless sneer, "Eh bien! si cette canaille n'a pas de pain, elle mangera du foin." He was hanged, July 22, 1789. See *The Tale of Two Cities*, by Charles Dickens, cap. xxii.; see, too, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, 1839, i. 253: "With wild yells, Sansculottism clutches him, in its hundred hands: he is whirled . . . to the '*Lanterne*,' . . . pleading bitterly for life,—to the deaf winds. Only with the third rope (for two ropes broke, and the quavering voice still pleaded), can he be so much as got hanged! His Body is dragged through the streets; his Head goes aloft on a pike, the mouth filled with grass: amid sounds as of Tophet, from a grass-eating people."]

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XXVIII.

But London 's so well lit, that if Diogenes
Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*,
And found him not amidst the various progenies
Of this enormous City's spreading span,
'T were not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his
Yet undiscovered treasure. What *I* can,
I 've done to find the same throughout Life's journey,
But see the World is only one attorney.

XXIX.

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,
Through crowds and carriages, but waxing thinner
As thundered knockers broke the long sealed spell
Of doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner
Admitted a small party as night fell,—
Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,
Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
St. James's Palace, and St. James's "Hells." [1]

XXX.

They reached the hotel: forth streamed from the front door [i]
A tide of well-clad waiters, and around
The mob stood, and as usual several score
Of those pedestrian Paphians who abound
In decent London when the daylight 's o'er;
Commodious but immoral, they are found
Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage.—
But Juan now is stepping from his carriage

i. *At length the boys drew up before a door,*
From whence poured forth a tribe of well-clad waiters;
(While on the pavement many a hungry w—re
With which the moralest of cities caters
For gentlemen whose passions may boil o'er,
Stood as the unpacking gathered more spectators,)
And Juan found himself in an extensive
Apartment;—fashionable but expensive.—[*MS.*]

1. "Hells," gaming-houses. What their number may now be in this life, I know not. Before I was of age I knew them pretty accurately, both "gold" and "silver." I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, "In Silver Hell."

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XXXI.

Into one of the sweetest of hotels,[i. 1]
Especially for foreigners—and mostly
For those whom favour or whom Fortune swells,
And cannot find a bill's small items costly.
There many an envoy either dwelt or dwells
(The den of many a diplomatic lost lie),
Until to some conspicuous square they pass,
And blazon o'er the door their names in brass.

XXXII.

Juan, whose was a delicate commission,
Private, though publicly important, bore
No title to point out with due precision
The exact affair on which he was sent o'er.
'T was merely known, that on a secret mission
A foreigner of rank had graced our shore,
Young, handsome, and accomplished, who was said
(In whispers) to have turned his Sovereign's head.

XXXIII.

Some rumour also of some strange adventures
Had gone before him, and his wars and loves;
And as romantic heads are pretty painters,
And, above all, an Englishwoman's roves[ii.]
Into the excursive, breaking the indentures
Of sober reason, wheresoe'er it moves,
He found himself extremely in the fashion,
Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

XXXIV.

I don't mean that they are passionless, but quite
The contrary; but then 't is in the head;

i. *'T was one of the delightfullest hotels.*—[*MS.*]

ii. —— *of his loves and wars;*
And as romantic heads are pretty painters,
And ladies like a little spice of Mars.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Perhaps Grillion's Hotel (afterwards Grillion's Club) in Albemarle Street. In 1822 diplomats patronized more than one hotel in and near St. James's Street, but among the "Departures from Grillion's Hotel," recorded in the *Morning Chronicle* of September, 17, 1822, appositely enough, is that of H. E. Don Juan Garcia, del Rio.]

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Yet as the consequences are as bright
As if they acted with the heart instead,
What after all can signify the site
Of ladies' lucubrations? So they lead
In safety to the place for which you start,
What matters if the road be head or heart?

XXXV.

Juan presented in the proper place,
To proper placemen, every Russ credential;
And was received with all the due grimace
By those who govern in the mood potential,
Who, seeing a handsome stripling with smooth face,
Thought (what in state affairs is most essential),
That they as easily might *do* the youngster,
As hawks may pounce upon a woodland songster.

XXXVI.

They erred, as aged men will do; but by
And by we 'll talk of that; and if we don't,
'T will be because our notion is not high
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie:—
Now what I love in women is, they won't
Or can't do otherwise than lie—but do it
So well, the very Truth seems falsehood to it.

XXXVII.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade; and I defy[1]
Historians—heroes—lawyers—priests, to put
A fact without some leaven of a lie.
The very shadow of true Truth would shut
Up annals—revelations—poesy,
And prophecy—except it should be dated
Some years before the incidents related.

XXXVIII.

Praised be all liars and all lies! Who now
Can tax my mild Muse with misanthropy?

1. *The false attempt at Truth* ——.—[*MS.*]

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She rings the World's "Te Deum," and her brow
Blushes for those who will not:—but to sigh
Is idle; let us like most others bow,
Kiss hands—feet—any part of Majesty,
After the good example of "Green Erin,"[1]
Whose shamrock now seems rather worse for wearing.

XXXIX.

Don Juan was presented, and his dress
And mien excited general admiration—
I don't know which was more admired or less:
One monstrous diamond drew much observation,
Which Catherine in a moment of "*ivresse*"
(In Love or Brandy's fervent fermentation),
Bestowed upon him, as the public learned;
And, to say truth, it had been fairly earned.

XL.

Besides the ministers and underlings,
Who must be courteous to the accredited
Diplomatists of rather wavering Kings,
Until their royal riddle 's fully read,
The very clerks,—those somewhat dirty springs
Of Office, or the House of Office, fed
By foul corruption into streams,—even they
Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

XLI.

And insolence no doubt is what they are
Employed for, since it is their daily labour,
In the dear offices of Peace or War;
And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neighbour,
When for a passport, or some other bar
To freedom, he applied (a grief and a bore),

i. *Kiss hands—or feet—or what Man by and by*
Will *kiss, not in sad metaphor—but earnest,*
Unless on Tyrants' sterns—we turn the sternest.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"Lo! Erin, thy Lord!
Kiss his foot with thy blessing"——
The Irish Avatar, stanza 14, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 558.]

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If he found not this spawn of tax-born riches,
Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b——s.

XLII.

But Juan was received with much "*empressement:*"—
These phrases of refinement I must borrow
From our next neighbours' land, where, like a chessman,
There is a move set down for joy or sorrow,
Not only in mere talking, but the press. Man
In Islands is, it seems, downright and thorough,
More than on Continents—as if the Sea
(See Billingsgate) made even the tongue more free.

XLIII.

And yet the British "Damme" 's rather Attic,
Your continental oaths are but incontinent,
And turn on things which no aristocratic
Spirit would name, and therefore even I won't anent [1]
This subject quote; as it would be schismatic
In *politesse*, and have a sound affronting in 't;—
But "Damme" 's quite ethereal, though too daring—
Platonic blasphemy—the soul of swearing.[i]

XLIV.

For downright rudeness, ye may stay at home;
For true or false politeness (and scarce *that Now*) you may cross the blue deep and white foam—
The first the emblem (rarely though) of what
You leave behind, the next of much you come
To meet. However, 't is no time to chat
On general topics: poems must confine
Themselves to unity, like this of mine.[ii]

XLV.

In the great world,—which, being interpreted,
Meaneth the West or worst end of a city,

i. *But "Damme's" simple—dashing—free and daring*
The purest blasphemy ——.—[*MS.*]

ii. *About such general matters—but particular*
A poem's progress should be perpendicular.—[*MS.*]

1. "Anent" was a Scotch phrase meaning "concerning"—"with regard to:" it has been made English by the Scotch novels; and, as the Frenchman said, "If it *be not, ought to be* English." [See, for instance, *The Abbot*, chap. xvii. 132.]

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And about twice two thousand people bred
By no means to be very wise or witty,
But to sit up while others lie in bed,
And look down on the Universe with pity,—
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,
Was well received by persons of condition.

XLVI.

He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride,
The former's hymeneal hopes to flatter;
And (should she not hold fast by Love or Pride)
'T is also of some moment to the latter:
A rib 's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,
Requires decorum, and is apt to double
The horrid sin—and what 's still worse, the trouble.

XLVII.

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts,
And parts, and hearts: he danced and sung, and had
An air as sentimental as Mozart's
Softest of melodies; and could be sad
Or cheerful, without any "flaws or starts," [1]
Just at the proper time: and though a lad,
Had seen the world—which is a curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write.

XLVIII.

Fair virgins blushed upon him; wedded dames
Bloomed also in less transitory hues;[i.]
For both commodities dwell by the Thames,
The painting and the painted; Youth, Ceruse,[ii.]
Against his heart preferred their usual claims,
Such as no gentleman can quite refuse:
Daughters admired his dress, and pious mothers
Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

i. *Blushed, too, but it was hidden by their rouge.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *The natural and the prepared ceruse.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [*Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4, line 63.]

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XLIX.

The milliners who furnish "drapery Misses"[1]
Throughout the season, upon speculation
Of payment ere the Honeymoon's last kisses
Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,
Thought such an opportunity as this is,
Of a rich foreigner's initiation,
Not to be overlooked—and gave such credit,
That future bridegrooms swore, and sighed, and paid it.

L.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,
And with the pages of the last Review
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
Advanced in all their azure's highest hue:
They talked bad French or Spanish, and upon its
Late authors asked him for a hint or two;
And which was softest, Russian or Castilian?
And whether in his travels he saw Ilion?

LI.

Juan, who was a little superficial,
And not in literature a great Drawcansir,[2]
Examined by this learnéd and especial
Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to answer:
His duties warlike, loving or official,
His steady application as a dancer,

1. "Drapery Misses."—This term is probably anything now but a *mystery*. It was, however, almost so to me when I first returned from the East in 1811—1812. It means a pretty, a high-born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when married, by the *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the "drapery" of the "*untouchered*" but "pretty virginities" (like Mrs. Anne Page) of the *then* day, which has now been some years yesterday: she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. If necessary, authorities might be cited; in which case I could quote both "drapery" and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now obsolete.

2. [Compare *Hints from Horace*, line 173, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 401, *note* 1.]

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Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
Which now he found was blue instead of green.

LII.

However, he replied at hazard, with
A modest confidence and calm assurance,
Which lent his learnéd lucubrations pith,
And passed for arguments of good endurance.
That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith
(Who at sixteen translated "Hercules Furens"
Into as furious English), with her best look,
Set down his sayings in her common-place book.

LIII.

Juan knew several languages—as well
He might—and brought them up with skill, in time
To save his fame with each accomplished belle,
Who still regretted that he did not rhyme.
There wanted but this requisite to swell
His qualities (with them) into sublime:
Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,
Both longed extremely to be sung in Spanish.

LIV.

However, he did pretty well, and was
Admitted as an aspirant to all
The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
At great assemblies or in parties small,
He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
That being about their average numeral;
Also the eighty "greatest living poets," [1]
As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

LV.

In twice five years the "greatest living poet,"
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
Is called on to support his claim, or show it,
Although 't is an imaginary thing.

1. [In his so-called "Dedication" of *Marino Faliero* to Goethe, Byron makes fun of the "nineteen hundred and eighty-seven poets," whose names were to be found in *A Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors, etc.* (See Introduction to *Marino Faliero, Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 340, 341, *note* 1.)]

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Even I—albeit I 'm sure I did not know it,
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,—
Was reckoned, a considerable time,
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.[i]

LVI.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cain :[1]
La Belle Alliance of dunces down at zero,
Now that the Lion 's fallen, may rise again :
But I will fall at least as fell my Hero ;
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign ;
Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,
With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.[ii]

LVII.

Sir Walter reigned before me ; Moore and Campbell
Before and after ; but now grown more holy,
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
With poets almost clergymen, or wholly ;
And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble
Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,[iii. 2]
Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,
A modern Ancient Pistol—" by these hilts ! " [3]

LVIII.

Still he excels that artificial hard
Labourer in the same vineyard, though the vine

i. *A paper potentate* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *With turnkey Southey for my Hudson Lowe.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Beneath the reverend Cambyses Croly.*—[*MS.*]

1. [See " Introduction to *Cain*," *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 204.]

2. [The Reverend George Croly, D.D. (1780–1860), began his literary career as dramatic critic of the *Times*. " Croly," says H. C. Robinson (*Diary*, 1869, i. 412), " is a fierce-looking Irishman, very lively in conversation, and certainly has considerable talents as a writer ; his eloquence, like his person, is rather energetic than eloquent (hence the epithet " Cambyses," *i.e.* " King Cambyses' vein " in *var.* iii.). " He wrote tragedies, comedies, and novels ; and, at last, settled down as a preacher, with the rank of doctor, but of what faculty I do not know " (*ibid., footnote*, H. C. R., 1847). He wrote, *inter alia*, *Paris in* 1815, a poem ; *Catiline, A Tragedy*, 1822 ; and *Salathiel*, a novel, 1827. In lines 7, 8, Byron seems to refer to *The Angel of the World, An Arabian Poem*, published in 1820.]

3. [1 *Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 4, line 197.]

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Yields him but vinegar for his reward.—
That neutralised dull Dorus of the Nine;
That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor bard;
That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every line:—
Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least
The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest.—[1]

LIX.

Then there 's my gentle Euphues,—who, they say,[i.]
Sets up for being a sort of *moral me*;[2]
He 'll find it rather difficult some day
To turn out both, or either, it may be.
Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway;
And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three;
And that deep-mouthed Bœotian "Savage Landor"[3]
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

LX.

John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.[4]
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;

i. *Then there 's my gentle Barry—who they say.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Stanza lviii. was first published in 1837. The reference is to Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868). Byron was under the impression that Milman had influenced Murray against continuing the publication of *Don Juan*. Added to this surmise, was the mistaken belief that it was Milman who had written the article in the *Quarterly*, which "killed John Keats." Hence the virulence of the attack.
"Dull Dorus" is obscure, but compare Propertius, *Eleg.* III. vii. 44, where Callimachus is addressed as "Dore poeta." He is the "ox of verse," because he had been recently appointed to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. The "roaring Romans" are "The soldiery" who shout "All, All," in Croly's *Catiline*, act v. sc. 2.]

2. [Jeffrey, in his review of *A Sicilian Story, etc.*, Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), 1787–1874 (*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1820, vol. 33, pp. 144–155), compares *Diego de Montilla*, a poem in *ottava rima*, with *Don Juan*, favourably and unfavourably: "There is no profligacy and no horror . . . no mocking of virtue and honour, and no strong mixtures of buffoonery and grandeur." But it may fairly match with Byron and his Italian models "as to the better qualities of elegance, delicacy, and tenderness." See, too, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, March, 1820, vol. vi. pp. 153, 647.]

3. [See Preface to the *Vision of Judgment*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 484, *note* 3.]

4. [Croker's article in the *Quarterly* (April, 1818 [pub. September],

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'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,[i. 1]
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

LXI.

The list grows long of live and dead pretenders
To that which none will gain—or none will know
The conqueror at least; who, ere Time renders
His last award, will have the long grass grow
Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders.
If I might augur, I should rate but low
Their chances;—they 're too numerous, like the thirty[2]
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals waxed but dirty.

LXII.

This is the literary *lower* empire,
Where the prætorian bands take up the matter;—
A "dreadful trade," like his who "gathers samphire,"[3]
The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,
With the same feelings as you 'd coax a vampire.
Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
I 'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

LXIII.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn
Their flanks;—but it is hardly worth my while,
With such small gear to give myself concern:
Indeed I 've not the necessary bile;
My natural temper 's really aught but stern,
And even my Muse's worst reproof 's a smile;

i. *And weakly mind, to let that all celestial Particle.*—[*MS. erased.*]
or, *'T is strange the mind should let such phrases quell its*
Chief Impulse with a few, frail, paper pellets.—[*MS. erased.*]

vol. xix. pp. 204–208) did not "kill John Keats." See letter to George and Georgiana Keats, October, 1818 (*Letters, etc.*, 1895, p. 215). Byron adopts Shelley's belief that the Reviewer, "miserable man," "one of the meanest," had "wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God." See Preface to *Adonais*, and stanzas xxxvi., xxxvii.]

1. "Divinæ particulam auræ" [Hor., *Sat.* ii. 2. 79].

2. [For "the crowd of usurpers" who started up in the reign of Gallienus, and were dignified with the honoured appellation of "the thirty tyrants," see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, 1825, i. 164.]

3. [*King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6, line 15.]

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And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy,
And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

LXIV.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril
Amongst live poets and *blue* ladies, passed
With some small profit through that field so sterile,
Being tired in time—and, neither least nor last,
Left it before he had been treated very ill;
And henceforth found himself more gaily classed
Amongst the higher spirits of the day,
The Sun's true son, no vapour, but a ray.

LXV.

His morns he passed in business—which dissected,
Was, like all business, a laborious nothing
That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,[1]
And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 't is time it should.

LXVI.

His afternoons he passed in visits, luncheons,
Lounging and boxing; and the twilight hour
In riding round those vegetable puncheons
Called "Parks," where there is neither fruit nor flower
Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
But after all it is the only "bower"[2]
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

LXVII.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!
Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then roar

1. ["Illita Nesseo misi tibi texta veneno."
Ovid., *Heroid. Epist.* ix. 163.]

2. [A "bower," in Moore's phrase, signifies a solitude *à deux*; *e.g.* "Here's the Bower she lov'd so much."

"Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower."
Moore.]

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Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurled
Like harnessed meteors; then along the floor
Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirled;
Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of *Or Molu*.

LXVIII.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curtsy; there the waltz,
The only dance which teaches girls to think,[1]
Makes one in love even with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

LXIX.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey
Of the good company, can win a corner,
A door that 's *in* or boudoir *out* of the way,
Where he may fix himself like small "Jack Horner,"
And let the Babel round run as it may,
And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
Yawning a little as the night grows later.

LXX.

But this won't do, save by and by; and he
Who, like Don Juan, takes an active share,
Must steer with care through all that glittering sea
Of gems and plumes and pearls and silks, to where
He deems it is his proper place to be;
Dissolving in the waltz to some soft air,
Or proudlier prancing with mercurial skill,
Where Science marshals forth her own quadrille.

LXXI.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views
Upon an heiress or his neighbour's bride,

1. [Compare *The Waltz*, lines 220–229, *et passim*, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 501.]

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Let him take care that that which he pursues
Is not at once too palpably descried:
Full many an eager gentleman oft rues
His haste; Impatience is a blundering guide
Amongst a people famous for reflection,
Who like to play the fool with circumspection.

LXXII.

But, if you can contrive, get next at supper;
Or, if forestalled, get opposite and ogle:—
Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper
In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,[1]
Which sits for ever upon Memory's crupper,
The ghost of vanished pleasures once in vogue! Ill
Can tender souls relate the rise and fall
Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball.

LXXIII.

But these precautionary hints can touch
Only the common run, who must pursue,
And watch and ward; whose plans a word too much
Or little overturns; and not the few
Or many (for the number 's sometimes such)
Whom a good mien, especially if new,
Or fame—or name—for Wit, War, Sense, or Nonsense,
Permits whate'er they please,—or *did* not long since.

LXXIV.

Our Hero—as a hero—young and handsome,
Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom,
Before he can escape from so much danger
As will environ a conspicuous man. Some
Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger,"
And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble;—
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

LXXV.

They are young, but know not Youth—it is anticipated;
Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;[i]

i. *Handsome but* blasé ——.—[*MS.*]

1. Scotch for goblin.

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Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a Jew;
Both senates see their nightly votes participated
Between the Tyrant's and the Tribunes' crew;
And having voted, dined, drunk, gamed, and whored,
The family vault receives another Lord.

LXXVI.

"Where is the World?" cries Young, "at *eighty*"—[1]
"Where
The World in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of *eight* years past? *'T was there*—
I look for it— 't is gone, a globe of glass!
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on, ere[i]
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, Chiefs, Orators, Queens, Patriots, Kings,
And Dandies—all are gone on the Wind's wings.

LXXVII.

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows!
Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell!
Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan—all those
Who bound the Bar or Senate in their spell?
Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
And where the Daughter, whom the Isles loved well?
Where are those martyred saints the Five per Cents?[ii. 2]
And where—oh, where the devil are the Rents?

i. *And fresher, since without a breath of air.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Where are the thousand lovely innocents?*—[*MS.*]

1. [The sentiment is reiterated in *The Night Thoughts*, and is the theme of *Resignation*, which was written and published when Young was more than eighty years old.]

2. ["I have . . . written . . . to express my willingness to accept the, or almost any mortgage, any thing to get out of the tremulous Funds of these oscillating times. There will be a war somewhere, no doubt—and whatever it may be, the Funds will be affected more or less; so pray get us out of them with all proper expedition. It has been the burthen of my song to you three years and better, and about as useful as better counsels."—Letter of Byron to Kinnaird, January 18, 1823, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 162, 163.]

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LXXVIII.

Where 's Brummell? Dished. Where 's Long Pole Wellesley?[1] Diddled.
Where 's Whitbread? Romilly? Where 's George the Third?
Where is his will?[2] (That 's not so soon unriddled.)
And where is "Fum" the Fourth, our "royal bird?"[3]
Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be fiddled
Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard:
"Caw me, caw thee"—for six months hath been hatching
This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching.

LXXIX.

Where is Lord This? And where my Lady That?
The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
Some laid aside like an old Opera hat,
Married, unmarried, and remarried: (this is
An evolution oft performed of late).
Where are the Dublin shouts—and London hisses?
Where are the Grenvilles? Turned as usual. Where
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

LXXX.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Francescs?[4]
Divorced or doing thereanent. Ye annals

1. [For William Pole Tylney Long Wellesley (1788–1857), see *The Waltz*, line 21, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 484, *note* 1. He was only on the way to being "diddled" in 1822, but the prophecy (suggested, no doubt, by the announcement of the sale of furniture, etc., at Wanstead House, in the *Morning Chronicle*, July 8, 1822) was ultimately fulfilled. Samuel Whitbread, born 1758, committed suicide July 6, 1815. Sir Samuel Romilly, born 1758, committed suicide November 2, 1818.]

2. [According to Charles Greville, George the Third made two wills —the first in 1770, the second, which he never signed, in 1810. By the first will he left "all he had to the Queen for her life, Buckingham House to the Duke of Clarence," etc., and as Buckingham House had been twice sold, and the other legatees were dead, a question arose between the King and the Duke of York as to the right of inheritance of their father's personal property. George IV. conceived that it devolved upon him personally, and not on the Crown, and "consequently appropriated to himself the whole of the money and the jewels." It is possible that this difference between the brothers was noised abroad, and that old stories of the destruction of royal wills were revived to the new king's discredit. (See *The Greville Memoirs*, 1875, i. 64, 65.)]

3. [See Moore's *Fum and Hum, the Two Birds of Royalty*, appended to his *Fudge Family*.]

4. [Lady Caroline Lamb and Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster.]

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So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances is,—
Thou Morning Post, sole record of the panels
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies
Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those channels?
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
Because the times have hardly left them *one* tenant.

LXXXI.

Some who once set their caps at cautious dukes,[i]
Have taken up at length with younger brothers:
Some heiresses have bit at sharpers' hooks:
Some maids have been made wives, some merely mothers:
Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks:
In short, the list of alterations bothers.
There 's little strange in this, but something strange is
The unusual quickness of these common changes.

LXXXII.

Talk not of seventy years as age; in seven
I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
The humblest individuals under Heaven,
Than might suffice a moderate century through.
I knew that nought was lasting, but now even
Change grows too changeable, without being new:
Nought 's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

LXXXIII.

I have seen Napoleon, who seemed quite a Jupiter,
Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a Duke
(No matter which) turn politician stupider,
If that can well be, than his wooden look.
But it is time that I should hoist my "blue Peter,"
And sail for a new theme:—I have seen—and shook
To see it—the King hissed, and then caressed;
But don't pretend to settle which was best.

LXXXIV.

I have seen the Landholders without a rap—
I have seen Joanna Southcote—I have seen

i. —— *their caps and curls at Dukes.*—[*MS.*]

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The House of Commons turned to a tax-trap—
I have seen that sad affair of the late Queen—
I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's cap—
I have seen a Congress [1] doing all that 's mean—
I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,
Kick off their burthens—meaning the high classes.

LXXXV.

I have seen small poets, and great prosers, and
Interminable—*not eternal*—speakers—
I have seen the funds at war with house and land—
I have seen the country gentlemen turn squeakers—
I have seen the people ridden o'er like sand
By slaves on horseback—I have seen malt liquors
Exchanged for "thin potations" [2] by John Bull—
I have seen John half detect himself a fool.—

LXXXVI.

But "*carpe diem*," Juan, "*carpe, carpe!*" [3]
To-morrow sees another race as gay
And transient, and devoured by the same harpy.
"Life 's a poor player," [4]—then "play out the play,[5]
Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye
Much less on what you do than what you say:
Be hypocritical, be cautious, be
Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

LXXXVII.

But how shall I relate in other cantos
Of what befell our hero in the land,
Which 't is the common cry and lie to vaunt as
A moral country? But I hold my hand—
For I disdain to write an Atalantis; [6]
But 't is as well at once to understand,

1. [The Congress at Verona, in 1822. See the Introduction to *The Age of Bronze, Poetical Works*, 1891, v. 537–540.]
2. [*2 Henry IV.*, act iv. sc. 3, line 117.]
3. [Hor., *Od.* I. xi. line 8.]
4. [*Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5, line 24.]
5. [*1 Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 4, line 463.]
6. [See the *Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality, of Both Sexes, from the New Atalantis*, 1709, a work in which the authoress, Mrs. Manley, satirizes the distinguished characters of her day. Warburton (*Works of Pope*, ed. 1751, i. 244) calls it "a famous

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You are *not* a moral people, and you know it,
Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

LXXXVIII.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be
My topic, with of course the due restriction
Which is required by proper courtesy;
And recollect the work is only fiction,
And that I sing of neither mine nor me,
Though every scribe, in some slight turn of diction,
Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt
This—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

LXXXIX.

Whether he married with the third or fourth
Offspring of some sage husband-hunting countess,
Or whether with some virgin of more worth
(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bounties),
He took to regularly peopling Earth,
Of which your lawful, awful wedlock fount is,—
Or whether he was taken in for damages,
For being too excursive in his homages,—

XC.

Is yet within the unread events of Time.
Thus far, go forth, thou Lay, which I will back
Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
For being as much the subject of attack
As ever yet was any work sublime,
By those who love to say that white is black.
So much the better!—I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.[1]

book, . . . full of court and party scandal, and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar." Pope also alludes to it in the *Rape of the Lock*, iii. 165, 166—

"As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed."

And Swift, in his ballad on "Corinna" (stanza 8)—

"Her common-place book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a cornucopia,
She pours it out in *Atalantis*,
Or memoirs of the New Utopia."
Works, 1824, xii. 302.]

1. [Oct. 17, 1822.—*MS.*]

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CANTO THE TWELFTH.

I.

Of all the barbarous middle ages, that
Which is most barbarous is the middle age
Of man! it is—I really scarce know what;
But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at—
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were;—

II.

Too old for Youth,—too young, at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore,—
I wonder people should be left alive;
But since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 't were late to wive:
And as for other love, the illusion 's o'er;
And Money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.[1]

III.

O Gold! Why call we misers miserable?[2]
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;

1. [See letter to Douglas Kinnaird, dated Genoa, January 18, 1823.]

2. [Johnson would not believe that "a complete miser is a happy man." "That," he said, "is flying in the face of all the world, who have called an avaricious man a *miser*, because he is miserable. No, sir; a man who both spends and saves money is the happiest man, because he has both enjoyments."—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 1876, p. 605.]

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Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain cable
Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
Ye who but see the saving man at table,
And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring.

IV.

Love or lust makes Man sick, and wine much sicker;
Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;
But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
And adding still a little through each cross
(Which *will* come over things), beats Love or liquor,
The gamester's counter, or the statesman's *dross*.
O Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,
Which makes bank credit like a bank of *vapour*.

V.

Who hold the balance of the World? Who reign
O'er congress, whether royalist or liberal?
Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?[1]
(That make old Europe's journals "squeak and gibber"[2] all)
Who keep the World, both old and new, in pain
Or pleasure? Who make politics run glibber all?
The shade of Buonaparte's noble daring?—
Jew Rothschild,[3] and his fellow-Christian, Baring.

VI.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,[4]
Are the true Lords of Europe. Every loan
Is not a merely speculative hit,
But seats a Nation or upsets a Throne.
Republics also get involved a bit;
Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown

1. [The *Descamisados*, or Sansculottes of the Spanish Revolution of 1820–1823. For Spanish "Liberals," see *Quarterly Review*, April, 1823, vol. xxix. pp. 270–276.]
2. [*Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1, line 116.]
3. [See *The Age of Bronze*, line 678, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 573, *note* 3.]
4. [Jacques Laffitte (1767–1844), as Governor of the Bank of France, advanced sums to Parisians to meet their enforced contributions to the allies, and, in 1817, advocated liberal measures as a Deputy.]

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On 'Change; and even thy silver soil, Peru,
Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII.

Why call the miser miserable? as
I said before: the frugal life is his,
Which in a saint or cynic ever was
The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
Canonization for the self-same cause,
And wherefore blame gaunt Wealth's austerities?
Because, you 'll say, nought calls for such a trial;—
Then there 's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII.

He is your only poet;—Passion, pure
And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
Possessed, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure:
On him the Diamond pours its brilliant blaze,
While the mild Emerald's beam shades down the dies
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.

The lands on either side are his; the ship
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;
His very cellars might be Kings' abodes;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands—the intellectual Lord of *all*.

X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
A hospital, a church,—and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face:
Perhaps he fain would liberate Mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

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XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
May be the hoarder's principle of action,
The fool will call such mania a disease:—
What is his *own?* Go—look at each transaction,
Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more ease
Than the mere plodding through each "vulgar fraction?"
Or do they benefit Mankind? Lean Miser!
Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who 's wiser?

XII.

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
(Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,[1]
But) of fine unclipped gold, where dully rests
Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp!—
Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp.[1]

XIII.

"Love rules the Camp, the Court, the Grove,—for Love
Is Heaven, and Heaven is Love:"[2]—so sings the bard;
Which it were rather difficult to prove
(A thing with poetry in general hard).
Perhaps there may be something in "the Grove,"
At least it rhymes to "Love:" but I 'm prepared
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If "Courts" and "Camps" be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and Cash alone:
Cash rules the Grove, and fells it too besides;

1. *Were not worth one whereon their profile shines.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["They say that 'Knowledge is Power';—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant Money . . . every guinea is a philosopher's stone, or at least his *touch*-stone. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my pious belief—that *Cash is Virtue.*"—Letter to Kinnaird, February 6, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 11.]

2. [*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto III. stanza ii. lines 4–6.]

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Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were none;
Without cash, Malthus tells you—"take no brides." [1]
So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
High ground, as virgin Cynthia sways the tides:
And as for "Heaven being Love," why not say honey
Is wax? Heaven is not Love, 't is Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all Love prohibited whatever,
Excepting Marriage? which is Love, no doubt,
After a sort; but somehow people never
With the same thought the two words have helped out.
Love may exist *with* Marriage, and *should* ever,
And Marriage also may exist without;
But Love *sans* banns is both a sin and shame,
And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the "Court," and "Camp," and "Grove," be not
Recruited all with constant married men,
Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
I say *that* line 's a lapsus of the pen;—
Strange too in my *buon camerado* Scott,
So celebrated for his morals, when
My Jeffrey held him up as an example [2]
To me;—of whom these morals are a sample.[i]

XVII.

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
And that 's enough; succeeded in my youth,

i. —— *for his moral pen*
Held up to me by Jeffrey as example.
Of which with profit—as you'll soon see by a sample.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [See Godwin's Essay *Of Population*, 1820 (pp. 18, 19, *et passim*), in which he renews his attack on Malthus's *Essay on the Principles of Population.*]

2. ["We have no notion that Lord B[yron] had any mischievous intention in these publications—and readily acquit him of any wish to corrupt the morals, or impair the happiness of his readers . . . but it is our duty . . . to say, that much of what he has published appears to us to have this tendency. . . . How opposite to this is the system, or the temper, of the great author of Waverley!"—*Edinburgh Review*, February, 1822, vol. 36, p. 451.]

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The only time when much success is needed:
And my success produced what I, in sooth,
Cared most about; it need not now be pleaded—
Whate'er it was, 'twas mine; I 've paid, in truth,
Of late, the penalty of such success,
But have not learned to wish it any less.

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery,[1]—which some persons plead
In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,
In the faith of their procreative creed,
Baptize Posterity, or future clay,—
To me seems but a dubious kind of reed
To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that Posterity will know
No more of them, than they of her, I trow.

XIX.[i.]

Why, I 'm Posterity—and so are you;
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred.
Were every memory written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would be but blundered;
Even Plutarch's Lives have but picked out a few,
And 'gainst those few your annalists have thundered;
And Mitford[2] in the nineteenth century
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.

i. *That suit in Chancery—I have a Chancery suit—*
In right good earnest—also an appeal
Before the Lords, whose Chancellor 's more acute
In Law than Equity—as I can feel
Because my Cases put his Lordship to 't
And—though no doubt 't is for the Public weal,
His Lordship's Justice is not that of Solomon—
Not that I deem our Chief Judge is a hollow man.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [In the case of Murray *v.* Benbow (February 9, 1822), the Lord Chancellor (Lord Eldon) refused the motion for an injunction to restrain the defendant from publishing a pirated edition of Lord Byron's poem of Cain (Jacob's *Reports*, p. 474, *note*). Hence (see *var.* i.) the allusion to "Law" and "Equity." The "suit" and the "appeal" (*vide ibid.*) refer to legal proceedings taken, or intended to be taken, with regard to certain questions arising out of the disposition of property under Lady Noel's will. (See letters to Charles Hanson, September 21, November 30, 1822, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 115, 146.)]

2. See [William] Mitford's Greece (1829, v. 314, 315). "Græcia *Verax*." His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing

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XX.

Good people all, of every degree,
Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,
In this twelfth Canto 't is my wish to be
As serious as if I had for inditers
Malthus and Wilberforce :—the last set free
The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters ;
While Wellington has but enslaved the Whites,
And Malthus [1] does the thing 'gainst which he writes.

XXI.

I 'm serious—so are all men upon paper ;
And why should I not form my speculation,
And hold up to the Sun my little taper ? [2]
Mankind just now seem wrapped in meditation
On constitutions and steam-boats of vapour ;
While sages write against all procreation,
Unless a man can calculate his means
Of feeding brats the moment his wife weans.

Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly ; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.

[Byron consulted Mitford when he was at' work on *Sardanapalus*. (See Extracts from a Diary, January 5, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 152, *note* 1.)]

1. [Thomas Robert Malthus (1766–1834) married, in 1804, Harriet, daughter of John Eckersall of Claverton House, near Bath. There were three children of the marriage, of whom two survived him. Byron may be alluding to the apocryphal story of "his eleven daughters," related by J. L. A. Cherbuliez, in the *Journal des Économistes* (1850, vol. xxv. p. 135) : "Un soir . . . il y avait cercle chez M. de Sismondi, à sa maison de campagne près de Genève. . . . Enfin, on annonce le *révérend Malthus et sa famille*. Sa famille ! . . . Alors on voit entrer une charmante jeune fille, puis une seconde, puis une troisième, puis une quatrième, puis . . . Il n'y en avait, ma foi, pas moins de onze !" See *Malthus and his Work*, by James Bonar, 1885, pp. 412, 413. See, too, *Nouveau Dictionnaire de L'Économie Politique*, 1892, art. "Malthus."]

2. [Compare—

"How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun."
Love of Fame, the Universal Passion, by Edward Young, *Sat.* vii. lines 97, 98.]

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XXII.

That 's noble! That 's romantic! For my part,
I think that "Philo-genitiveness" is—
(Now here 's a word quite after my own heart,
Though there 's a shorter a good deal than this,
If that politeness set it not apart;
But I 'm resolved to say nought that 's amiss)—
I say, methinks that "Philo-genitiveness" [1]
Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.

XXIII.

And now to business.—O my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
Where every kind of mischief 's daily brewing,
Which can await warm Youth in its wild race.
'T is true, that thy career is not a new one;
Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
Of early life; but this is a new land,
Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,
Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,
I could send forth my mandate like a Primate
Upon the rest of Europe's social state;
But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,
Great Britain, which the Muse may penetrate.
All countries have their "Lions," but in thee
There is but one superb menagerie.

XXV.

But I am sick of politics. Begin—
"*Paulo Majora.*" Juan, undecided
Amongst the paths of being "taken in,"
Above the ice had like a skater glided: [i.]
When tired of play, he flirted without sin
With some of those fair creatures who have prided

i. *He played and paid, made love without much sin.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Philo-*pro*genitiveness. Spurzheim and Gall discover the organ of this name in a bump behind the ears, and say it is remarkably developed in the bull.]

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Themselves on innocent tantalisation,[i]
And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make
Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows
That even the purest people may mistake
Their way through Virtue's primrose paths of snows;
And then men stare, as if a new ass spake
To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'erflows
Quicksilver small talk, ending (if you note it)
With the kind World's Amen—"Who would have thought it?"

XXVII.

The little Leila, with her Orient eyes,
And taciturn Asiatic disposition,
(Which saw all Western things with small surprise,
To the surprise of people of condition,
Who think that novelties are butterflies
To be pursued as food for inanition,)
Her charming figure and romantic history
Became a kind of fashionable mystery.

XXVIII.

The women much divided—as is usual
Amongst the sex in little things or great—
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to abuse you all,
I have always liked you better than I state—
Since I 've grown moral, still I must accuse you all
Of being apt to talk at a great rate;
And now there was a general sensation
Amongst you, about Leila's education.

XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and
You had reason; 't was that a young child of grace,
As beautiful as her own native land,
And far away, the last bud of her race,
Howe'er our friend Don Juan might command
Himself for five, four, three, or two years' space,

i. *Themselves on seldom yielding to temptation.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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Would be much better taught beneath the eye
Of peeresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,
And then there was a general competition,
To undertake the orphan's education:
As Juan was a person of condition,
It had been an affront on this occasion
To talk of a subscription or petition;
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages
Whose tale belongs to "Hallam's Middle Ages,"[1]

XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without
A fruit to bloom upon their withering bough—
Begged to bring *up* the little girl, and "*out*,"—
For that 's the phrase that settles all things now,
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
And all her points as thorough-bred to show:
And I assure you, that like virgin honey
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money).

XXXII.

How all the needy honourable misters,
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
The watchful mothers, and the careful sisters,
(Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
At making matches, where "'t is gold that glisters,"
Than their *he* relatives), like flies o'er candy
Buzz round "the Fortune" with their busy battery,
To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!

XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin, hath her speculation;
Nay, married dames will now and then discover
Such pure disinterestedness of passion,
I 've known them court an heiress for their lover.
"*Tantæne!*" Such the virtues of high station,
Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet 's "Dover!"
While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,
Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

1. [Henry Hallam (1778–1859) published his *View of the State of Europe in the Middle Ages* in 1818.]

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XXXIV.

Some are soon bagged, and some reject three dozen:
'T is fine to see them scattering refusals
And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
(Friends of the party), who begin accusals,
Such as—"Unless Miss Blank meant to have chosen
Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals
To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? Why, I pray,
Look '*Yes*' last night, and yet say '*No*' to-day?

XXXV.

"Why?—Why?—Besides, Fred really was *attached;*
'T was not her fortune—he has enough without;
The time will come she 'll wish that she had snatched
So good an opportunity, no doubt:—
But the old Marchioness some plan had hatched,
As I 'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:
And after all poor Frederick may do better—
Pray did you see her answer to his letter?"

XXXVI.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
Are spurned in turn, until her turn arrives,
After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets
Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives;
And when at last the pretty creature gets
Some gentleman, who fights, or writes, or drives,
It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected
To find how very badly she selected.

XXXVII.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,
Worn out with importunity; or fall
(But here perhaps the instances are fewer)
To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.
A hazy widower turned of forty 's sure [i. 1]
(If 't is not vain examples to recall) [ii.]

i. *A drunken Gentleman of forty 's sure.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *If he can hiccup nonsense at a ball.*
or, *If he goes after dinner to a ball.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation.

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To draw a high prize: now, howe'er he got her, I
See nought more strange in this than t' other lottery.

XXXVIII.

I, for my part—(one "modern instance" more,
"True, 't is a pity—pity 't is, 't is true")—[1]
Was chosen from out an amatory score,
Albeit my years were less discreet than few;
But though I also had reformed before
Those became one who soon were to be two,
I 'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

XXXIX.

Oh, pardon my digression—or at least
Peruse! 'T is always with a moral end
That I dissert, like grace before a feast:
For like an agéd aunt, or tiresome friend,
A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people, at all times, and in most places,
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

XL.

But now I 'm going to be immoral; now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be: for I avow,
That till we see what 's what in fact, we 're far
From much improvement with that virtuous plough
Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
Upon the black loam long manured by Vice,
Only to keep its corn at the old price.

XLI.

But first of little Leila we 'll dispose,[1]
For like a day-dawn she was young and pure—
Or like the old comparison of snows,[2]
(Which are more pure than pleasant, to be sure,

1. *But first of little Leilah* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [*As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7, line 156; and *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, lines, 97, 98.]
2. [For the allusion to "unsunned snows," *vide ante*, p. 275, *note* 1.]

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Like many people everybody knows),—
Don Juan was delighted to secure
A goodly guardian for his infant charge,
Who might not profit much by being at large.

XLII.

Besides, he had found out he was no tutor
(I wish that others would find out the same),[1]
And rather wished in such things to stand neuter,
For silly wards will bring their guardians blame:
So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
To make his little wild Asiatic tame,
Consulting "the Society for Vice
Suppression," Lady Pinchbeck was his choice.

XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young;
Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe;
Although the World has such an evil tongue
That——but my chaster ear will not receive
An echo of a syllable that 's wrong:[1]
In fact, there 's nothing makes me so much grieve,
As that abominable tittle-tattle,
Which is the cud eschewed[2] by human cattle.

XLIV.

Moreover I 've remarked (and I was once
A slight observer in a modest way),
And so may every one except a dunce,
That ladies in their youth a little gay,
Besides their knowledge of the World, and sense
Of the sad consequence of going astray,
Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe
Which the mere passionless can never know.

1. *That—but I will not listen, by your leave,*
Unto a single syllable ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [The reference may be to Hobhouse and the "Zoili of Albemarle Street," who did their best to "tutor" him with regard to "blazing indiscretions" in *Don Juan*.]

2. [For another instance of this curious mistake, see letter to Hodgson, December 8, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 85; *et ibid.*, p. 31, *note* 1.]

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XLV.

While the harsh prude indemnifies her virtue
By railing at the unknown and envied passion,
Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,
Or, what 's still worse, to put you out of fashion,—
The kinder veteran with calm words will court you,
Entreating you to pause before you dash on;
Expounding and illustrating the riddle
Of epic Love's beginning—end—and middle.

XLVI.

Now whether it be thus, or that they are stricter,
As better knowing why they should be so,
I think you 'll find from many a family picture,
That daughters of such mothers as may know
The World by experience rather than by lecture,
Turn out much better for the Smithfield Show
Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,
Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talked about—
As who has not, if female, young, and pretty?
But now no more the ghost of Scandal stalked about;
She merely was deemed amiable and witty,
And several of her best *bons-mots* were hawked about:
Then she was given to charity and pity,
And passed (at least the latter years of life)
For being a most exemplary wife.

XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,
She was the mild reprover of the young,
Whenever—which means every day—they 'd shown
An awkward inclination to go wrong.
The quantity of good she did 's unknown,
Or at the least would lengthen out my song:
In brief, the little orphan of the East
Had raised an interest in her,—which increased.

XLIX.

Juan, too, was a sort of favourite with her,
Because she thought him a good heart at bottom,

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A little spoiled, but not so altogether;
Which was a wonder, if you think who got him,
And how he had been tossed, he scarce knew whither:
Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him,
At least entirely—for he had seen too many
Changes in Youth, to be surprised at any.

L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;
For when they happen at a riper age,
People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
And wonder Providence is not more sage.
Adversity is the first path to Truth:
He who hath proved War—Storm—or Woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Hath won the experience which is deemed so weighty.

LI.

How far it profits is another matter.—
Our hero gladly saw his little charge
Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up daughter
Being long married, and thus set at large,
Had left all the accomplishments she taught her
To be transmitted, like the Lord Mayor's barge,
To the next comer; or—as it will tell
More Muse-like—like to Cytherea's shell.[i]

LII.

I call such things transmission; for there is
A floating balance of accomplishment,
Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,
According as their minds or backs are bent.
Some waltz—some draw—some fathom the abyss
Of Metaphysics; others are content
With Music; the most moderate shine as wits;—
While others have a genius turned for fits.

LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords—
Theology—fine arts—or finer stays,

i. *Painted and gilded—or, as it will tell*
More Muse-like—say—like Cytherea's shell.—[*MS.*]

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May be the baits for Gentlemen or Lords
With regular descent, in these our days,
The last year to the new transfers its hoards;
New vestals claim men's eyes with the same praise
Of "elegant" *et cætera*, in fresh batches—
All matchless creatures—and yet bent on matches.

LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis
Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
That from the first of Cantos up to this
I 've not begun what we have to go through.
These first twelve books are merely flourishes,
Preludios, trying just a string or two
Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure;
And when so, you shall have the overture.

LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
About what 's called success, or not succeeding:
Such thoughts are quite below the strain they have chosen;
'T is a "great moral lesson"[1] they are reading.
I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
Cantos would do; but at Apollo's pleading,
If that my Pegasus should not be foundered,
I think to canter gently through a hundred.

LVI.

Don Juan saw that Microcosm on stilts,
Yclept the Great World; for it is the least,
Although the highest: but as swords have hilts
By which their power of mischief is increased,
When Man in battle or in quarrel tilts,
Thus the low world, north, south, or west, or east,
Must still obey the high[2]—which is their handle,
Their Moon, their Sun, their gas, their farthing candle.

1. [*Vide ante*, Preface to Cantos VI., VII., and VIII., p. 266.]
2. ["Enfin partout la bonne société régle tout."—Voltaire.]

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LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives, and was
Well looked upon by both, to that extent
Of friendship which you may accept or pass,
It does nor good nor harm; being merely meant
To keep the wheels going of the higher class,
And draw them nightly when a ticket 's sent;
And what with masquerades, and fêtes, and balls,
For the first season such a life scarce palls.

LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name
And fortune, has an awkward part to play;
For good society is but a game,
"The royal game of Goose," [1] as I may say,
Where everybody has some separate aim,
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
The single ladies wishing to be double,
The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

LIX.

I don't mean this as general, but particular
Examples may be found of such pursuits:
Though several also keep their perpendicular
Like poplars, with good principles for roots;
Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
"Fishers for men," like Sirens with soft lutes:
For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding-dresses ready.

LX.

Perhaps you 'll have a letter from the mother,
To say her daughter's feelings are trepanned;
Perhaps you 'll have a visit from the brother,
All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand

1. ["This game originated, I believe, in Germany, . . . It is called the game of the *goose*, because at every fourth and fifth compartment of the table in succession a *goose* is depicted; and if the cast thrown by the player falls upon a *goose*, he moves forward double the number of his throw" (*Sports and Pastimes, etc.*, by Joseph Strutt, 1801, p. 250).

Goldsmith, in his *Deserted Village*, among other "parlour splendours," mentions "the twelve good rules, the royal game of goose."]

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What "your intentions are?"—One way or other
It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand:
And between pity for her case and yours,
You 'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

LXI.

I 've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
And some of them high names: I have also known
Young men who—though they hated to discuss
Pretensions which they never dreamed to have shown—
Yet neither frightened by a female fuss,
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,
In happier plight than if they formed a pair.

LXII.

There 's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
A peril—not indeed like Love or Marriage,
But not the less for this to be depreciated:
It is—I meant and mean not to disparage
The show of Virtue even in the vitiated—
It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
Couleur de rose, who 's neither white nor scarlet.

LXIII.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and off-ing
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow—
Then sees your heart wrecked, with an inward scoffing.
This works a world of sentimental woe,[i.]
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin;
But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.

"Ye gods, I grow a talker!"[1] Let us prate.
The next of perils, though I place it *sternest*,

i. *Most young beginners may be taken so,*
But those who have been a little used to roughing
Know how to end this half-and-half flirtation.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["I'll grow a talker for this gear."
Merchant of Venice, act i. sc. 1, line 110.]

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Is when, without regard to Church or State,
A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.
Abroad, such things decide few women's fate—
(Such, early Traveller! is the truth thou learnest)—
But in old England, when a young bride errs,
Poor thing! Eve's was a trifling case to hers.

LXV.

For 't is a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit
Country, where a young couple of the same ages[i]
Can't form a friendship, but the world o'erawes it.
Then there 's the vulgar trick of those d—d damages!
A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it!—
Forms a sad climax to romantic homages;
Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders,
And evidences which regale all readers.

LXVI.

But they who blunder thus are raw beginners;
A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy
Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,
The loveliest oligarchs of our Gynocracy;[1]
You may see such at all the balls and dinners,
Among the proudest of our aristocracy,
So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—
And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament
Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more;
For he was sick——no, 't was not the word *sick* I meant—
But he had seen so much good love before,
That he was not in heart so very weak;—I meant
But thus much, and no sneer against the shore
Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, bluer stockings—
Tithes, taxes, duns—and doors with double knockings.[ii]

i. *Country where warm young people* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Of white cliffs—and white bosoms—and blue eyes—*
And stockings—virtues, loves and Chastities.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Pope and Scott use the quasi-contracted "gynocracy" for "gynæcocracy." (See *N. Engl. Dict.*)]

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LXVIII.

But coming young from lands and scenes romantic,
Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risked for Passion
And Passion's self must have a spice of frantic,
Into a country where 't is half a fashion,
Seemed to him half commercial, half pedantic,
Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation:
Besides (alas! his taste—forgive and pity!)
At *first* he did not think the women pretty.

LXIX.

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,
But by degrees, that they were fairer far
Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast
Beneath the influence of the Eastern Star.
A further proof we should not judge in haste;
Yet inexperience could not be his bar
To taste:—the truth is, if men would confess,
That novelties *please* less than they *impress*.

LXX.

Though travelled, I have never had the luck to
Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or Niger,
To that impracticable place Timbuctoo,
Where Geography finds no one to oblige her
With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—
For Europe ploughs in Afric like "*bos piger*:" [1]
But if I *had been* at Timbuctoo, there
No doubt I should be told that black is fair.[i]

i. *Though many thousands both of birth and pluck too,*
*Have ventured past the jaws of Moor and Tiger.**

* *Note. By particular licence, "positively for the last time, by desire," etc., to be pronounced "tydger." Such is what Gifford calls "the necessity of rhyming."*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Hor., *Epist.*, lib. 1, ep. xiv. line 43. The meaning is that Europe makes but little progress in the discovery and settlement of Africa, and, as it were, "ploughs the sands."]

2. ["Though many degrees nearer our own fair and blue-eyed beauties in complexion . . . yet no people ever lost more by comparison than did the white ladies of Moorzuk [capital of Fezzan] with the black ones of Bornou and Soudan."—*Narrative of Travels . . . in Northern and Central Africa*, 1822–24, by Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, 1828, ii. 133.]

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LXXI.

It is. I will not swear that black is white,
But I suspect in fact that white is black,
And the whole matter rests upon eye-sight:—
Ask a blind man, the best judge. You 'll attack
Perhaps this new position—but I 'm right;
Or if I 'm wrong, I 'll not be ta'en aback:—
He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark
Within—and what seest thou? A dubious spark!

LXXII.

But I 'm relapsing into Metaphysics,
That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same
Construction as your cures for hectic phthisics,
Those bright moths fluttering round a dying flame:
And this reflection brings me to plain Physics,
And to the beauties of a foreign dame,
Compared with those of our pure pearls of price,
Those polar summers, *all* Sun, and some ice.[i. 1]

LXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose
Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes;—
Not that there 's not a quantity of those
Who have a due respect for their own wishes.
Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows[2]
Are they, at bottom virtuous even when vicious:
They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,
As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

LXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides.
I said that Juan did not think them pretty
At the first blush; for a fair Briton hides
Half her attractions—probably from pity—

i. *Above, all sunshine, and, below, all ice.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare *Prisoner of Chillon*, lines 82–85, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 17.]

2. The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva; a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

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And rather calmly into the heart glides,
Than storms it as a foe would take a city;
But once *there* (if you doubt this, prithee try) [i.]
She keeps it for you like a true ally.

LXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,[1]
Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,
Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,
Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning;
Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warble those *bravuras* (which I still am learning
To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily);—

LXXVI.

She cannot do these things, nor one or two
Others, in that off-hand and dashing style
Which takes so much—to give the Devil his due;
Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,
Nor settles all things in one interview,
(A thing approved as saving time and toil);—
But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
Well cultivated, it will render double.

LXXVII.

And if in fact she takes to a *grande passion*,
It is a very serious thing indeed:
Nine times in ten 't is but caprice or fashion,
Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,
The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,
Or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed:
But the *tenth* instance will be a tornado,
For there 's no saying what they will or may do.

LXXVIII.

The reason 's obvious: if there 's an *éclat*,
They lose their caste at once, as do the Parias;

i. *But once there* (*few have felt this more than I*).—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lviii. line 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 59, *note* 1.]

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And when the delicacies of the Law
Have filled their papers with their comments various,
Society, that china without flaw,
(The Hypocrite!) will banish them like Marius,
To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:[1]
For Fame 's a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

LXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be;—it is
A comment on the Gospel's "Sin no more,
And be thy sins forgiven:"—but upon this
I leave the Saints to settle their own score.
Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,
An erring woman finds an opener door
For her return to Virtue—as they call
That Lady, who should be at home to all.[1]

LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,
Knowing that such uneasy virtue leads
People some ten times less in fact to mind it,
And care but for discoveries, and not deeds.
And as for Chastity, you 'll never bind it
By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,
But aggravate the crime you have not prevented,
By rendering desperate those who had else repented.

LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had pondered
Upon the moral lessons of mankind:
Besides, he had not seen of several hundred
A lady altogether to his mind.
A little *blasé*—'t is not to be wondered
At, that his heart had got a tougher rind:
And though not vainer from his past success,
No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.

He also had been busy seeing sights—
The Parliament and all the other houses;

1. *That Lady who is not at home to all.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [See Plutarch's *Caius Marius*, Langhorne's translation, 1838, pp. 304, 305.]

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Had sat beneath the Gallery at nights,
To hear debates whose thunder *roused* (not *rouses*)
The World to gaze upon those Northern Lights,
Which flashed as far as where the musk-bull browses;[1]
He had also stood at times behind the Throne—
But Grey[2] was not arrived, and Chatham gone.[3]

LXXXIII.

He saw, however, at the closing session,
That noble sight, when *really* free the nation,
A King in constitutional possession
Of such a Throne as is the proudest station,
Though Despots know it not—till the progression
Of Freedom shall complete their education.
'T is not mere Splendour makes the show august
To eye or heart—it is the People's trust.

LXXXIV.

There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be now)
A Prince, the prince of Princes at the time,[4]
With fascination in his very bow,
And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
Though Royalty was written on his brow,
He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finished Gentleman from top to toe.[5]

1. For a description and print of this inhabitant of the polar region and native country of the Auroræ Boreales, see Sir E. Parry's *Voyage In Search of a North-West Passage*, [1821, p. 257. The print of the Musk-Bull is drawn and engraved by W. Westall, A.R.A., from a sketch by Lieut. Beechy. He is a "fearful wild-fowl!"]

2. [Charles, second Earl Grey, born March 13, 1764, succeeded to the peerage in 1807, died July 17, 1847.]

3. [William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, born November 15, 1708, died May 11, 1778.]

4. ["His person was undoubtedly cast by Nature in an elegant and pleasing mould, of a just height, well-proportioned, and with due regard to symmetry. . . . His countenance was handsome and prepossessing. . . . His manners were captivating, noble, and dignified, yet unaffectedly condescending. . . . Homer, as well as Virgil, was familiar to the Prince of Wales; and his memory, which was very tenacious, enabled him to cite with graceful readiness the favourite passages of either poet."—*The Historical . . . Memoirs* of Sir N. W. Wraxall, 1884, v. 353, 354.]

5. ["Waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings

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LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,
Into the best society; and there
Occurred what often happens, I 'm afraid,
However disciplined and debonnaire:—
The talent and good humour he displayed,
Besides the marked distinction of his air,
Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,
Even though himself avoided the occasion.

LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when, and why,
Is not to be put hastily together;
And as my object is Morality
(Whatever people say), I don't know whether
I 'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
But harrow up his feelings till they wither,
And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.[1]

LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth canto of our Introduction
Ends. When the body of the Book 's begun,
You 'll find it of a different construction
From what some people say 't will be when done;

peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every other bard past and present. . . . He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both. . . . [All] this was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners* certainly superior to those of any living *gentleman*."—Letter to Sir Walter Scott, July 6, 1812, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 134.]

1. B. 10bre 7th 1822.—[*MS.*]

A sculptor projected to hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and, I believe, a river in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander 's gone, and Athos remains, I trust ere long to look over a nation of freemen.

[It was an architect named Stasicrates who proposed to execute this imperial monument. But Alexander bade him leave Mount Athos alone. As it was, it might be christened "Xerxes, his Folly," and, for his part, he preferred to regard Mount Caucasus, and the Himalayas, and the river Don as the symbolic memorials of his acts and deeds. —Plutarch's *Moralia*, "De Alexandri Fortuna et Virtute," Orat. II. cap. ii.]

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The plan at present 's simply in concoction.
I can't oblige you, reader, to read on;
That 's your affair, not mine: a real spirit
Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.

LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,
Remember, reader! you have had before,
The worst of tempests and the best of battles,
That e'er were brewed from elements or gore,
Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows what else;
An usurer could scarce expect much more—
But my best canto—save one on astronomy—
Will turn upon "Political Economy."[1]

LXXXIX.

That is your present theme for popularity:
Now that the public hedge hath scarce a stake,
It grows an act of patriotic charity,
To show the people the best way to break.
My plan (but I, if but for singularity,
Reserve it) will be very sure to take.
Meantime, read all the National-Debt sinkers,
And tell me what you think of our great thinkers.[2]

1. [The "Political Economy" Club was founded in April, 1821. James Mill, Thomas Tooke, and David Ricardo were among the original members. See *Political Economy Club*, Revised Report, 1876, p. 60.]
2. [Stanzas lxxxviii. and lxxxix. are not in the MS.]

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CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.[1]

I.

I NOW mean to be serious;—it is time,
Since Laughter now-a-days is deemed too serious;
A jest at Vice by Virtue 's called a crime,
And critically held as deleterious:
Besides, the sad 's a source of the sublime,
Although, when long, a little apt to weary us;
And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn,
As an old temple dwindled to a column.

II.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville
('T is an old Norman name, and to be found
In pedigrees, by those who wander still
Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)
Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
And beauteous, even where beauties most abound,
In Britain—which, of course, true patriots find
The goodliest soil of Body and of Mind.

III.

I 'll not gainsay them; it is not my cue;
I 'll leave them to their taste, no doubt the best;
An eye 's an eye, and whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 't is in request;
'T is nonsense to dispute about a hue—
The kindest may be taken as a test.

1. Fy. 12th 1823.

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The fair sex should be always fair; and no man,
Till thirty, should perceive there 's a plain woman.

IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull
Epoch, that awkward corner turned for days
More quiet, when our moon 's no more at full,
We may presume to criticise or praise;
Because Indifference begins to lull
Our passions, and we walk in Wisdom's ways;
Also because the figure and the face
Hint, that 't is time to give the younger place.

V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,
Reluctant as all placemen to resign
Their post; but theirs is merely a chimera,
For they have passed Life's equinoctial line:
But then they have their claret and Madeira,
To irrigate the dryness of decline;
And County meetings, and the Parliament,
And debt—and what not, for their solace sent.

VI.

And is there not Religion, and Reform,
Peace, War, the taxes, and what 's called the "Nation"?
The struggle to be pilots in a storm? [1]
The landed and the monied speculation?
The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,
Instead of Love, that mere hallucination?
Now Hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, professed,
Right honestly, "he liked an honest hater!" [2]—
The only truth that yet has been confessed
Within these latest thousand years or later.

1. [The allusion is to the refrain of Canning's verses on Pitt, "The Pilot that weathered the storm." Compare, too, "The daring pilot in extremity" (*i.e.* the Earl of Shaftesbury), who "sought the storms" (Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, lines 159–161).]

2. [Johnson loved "dear, dear Bathurst," because he was "a very good hater."—See Boswell's *Johnson*, 1876, p. 78 (Croker's *footnote*).]

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Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest:—
For my part, I am but a mere spectator,
And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel is,
Much in the mode of Goethe's Mephistopheles;

VIII.

But neither love nor hate in much excess;
Though 't was not once so. If I sneer sometimes,
It is because I cannot well do less,
And now and then it also suits my rhymes.
I should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs, and rather check than punish crimes,
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

IX.[1]

Of all tales 't is the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile: his hero 's right,
And still pursues the right;—to curb the bad
His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight
His guerdon: 't is his virtue makes him mad!
But his adventures form a sorry sight;—
A sorrier still is the great moral taught
By that real Epic unto all who have thought.[i]

X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff;
Opposing singly the united strong,
From foreign yoke to free the helpless native:—
Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
Be for mere Fancy's sport a theme creative,
A jest, a riddle, Fame through thin and thick sought!
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
A single laugh demolished the right arm

i. *By that great Epic* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [So, too, Charles Kingsley, in *Westward Ho!* ii. 299, 300, calls *Don Quixote* "the saddest of books in spite of all its wit."—*Notes and Queries*, Second Series, iii. 124.]

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Of his own country;—seldom since that day
Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
The World gave ground before her bright array;
And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
That all their glory, as a composition,
Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

XII.

I 'm "at my old lunes"[1]—digression, and forget
The Lady Adeline Amundeville;
The fair most fatal Juan ever met,
Although she was not evil nor meant ill;
But Destiny and Passion spread the net
(Fate is a good excuse for our own will),
And caught them;—what do they *not* catch, methinks?
But I 'm not Œdipus, and Life 's a Sphinx.

XIII.

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
To venture a solution: "*Davus sum!*"[2]
And now I will proceed upon the pair.
Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay World's hum,
Was the Queen-Bee, the glass of all that 's fair;
Whose charms made all men speak, and women dumb.
The last 's a miracle, and such was reckoned,
And since that time there has not been a second.

XIV.

Chaste was she, to Detraction's desperation,
And wedded unto one she had loved well—
A man known in the councils of the Nation,
Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,
Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,
Proud of himself and her: the World could tell
Nought against either, and both seemed secure—
She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

1. ["Your husband is in his old lunes again."
Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. 2, lines 16, 17.]

2. ["Davus sum, non Œdipus."
Terence, *Andria*, act i. sc. 2, line 23.]

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XV.

It chanced some diplomatical relations,
Arising out of business, often brought
Himself and Juan in their mutual stations
Into close contact. Though reserved, nor caught
By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and patience,
And talent, on his haughty spirit wrought,
And formed a basis of esteem, which ends
In making men what Courtesy calls friends.

XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as
Reserve and Pride could make him, and full slow
In judging men—when once his judgment was
Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,
Had all the pertinacity Pride has,
Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow,
And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,
Because its own good pleasure hath decided.

XVII.

His friendships, therefore, and no less aversions,
Though oft well founded, which confirmed but more
His prepossessions, like the laws of Pèrsians
And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went before.
His feelings had not those strange fits, like tertians,
Of common likings, which make some deplore
What they should laugh at—the mere ague still
Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

XVIII.

"'T is not in mortals to command success:" [1]
But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't* deserve it,
And take my word, you won't have any less.
Be wary, watch the time, and always serve it;
Give gently way, when there 's too great a press;
And for your conscience, only learn to nerve it;
For, like a racer, or a boxer training,
'T will make, if proved, vast efforts without paining.

1. ["'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."
Addison's *Cato*, act i. sc. 2, ed. 1777, ii. 77.]

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XIX.

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,
As most men do, the little or the great;
The very lowest find out an inferior,
At least they think so, to exert their state
Upon: for there are very few things wearier
Than solitary Pride's oppressive weight,
Which mortals generously would divide,
By bidding others carry while they ride.

XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,
O'er Juan he could no distinction claim;
In years he had the advantage of Time's sequel;
And, as he thought, in country much the same—
Because bold Britons have a tongue and free quill,
At which all modern nations vainly aim;
And the Lord Henry was a great debater,
So that few Members kept the House up later.

XXI.

These were advantages: and then he thought—
It was his foible, but by no means sinister—
That few or none more than himself had caught
Court mysteries, having been himself a minister:
He liked to teach that which he had been taught,
And greatly shone whenever there had been a stir;
And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
Always a patriot—and, sometimes, a placeman.

XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity;
He almost honoured him for his docility;
Because, though young, he acquiesced with suavity,
Or contradicted but with proud humility.
He knew the World, and would not see depravity
In faults which sometimes show the soil's fertility,
If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop—
For then they are very difficult to stop.

XXIII.

And then he talked with him about Madrid,
Constantinople, and such distant places;

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Where people always did as they were bid,
Or did what they should not with foreign graces.
Of coursers also spake they: Henry rid
Well, like most Englishmen, and loved the races;
And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,
Could back [1] a horse, as Despots ride a Russian.

XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,
And diplomatic dinners, or at other—
For Juan stood well both with Ins and Outs,
As in freemasonry a higher brother.
Upon his talent Henry had no doubts;
His manner showed him sprung from a high mother,
And all men like to show their hospitality
To him whose breeding matches with his quality.

XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will break no squares [2]
By naming streets: since men are so censorious,
And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
Reaping allusions private and inglorious,
Where none were dreamt of, unto Love's affairs,
Which were, or are, or are to be notorious,
That therefore do I previously declare,
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank Square.

XXVI.

Also there bin [3] another pious reason
For making squares and streets anonymous;

1. [Compare—

"The colt that's backed and burthened being young."

Venus and Adonis, lxx. line 5.]

2. [To "break square," or "squares," is to interrupt the regular order, as in the proverbial phrase, "It breaks no squares," *i.e.* does no harm—does not matter. Compare Sterne, *Tristram Shandy* (1802), ii. v. 152, "This fault in Trim *broke no squares* with them" (*N. Engl. Dict.*, art. "Break," No. 46). The origin of the phrase is uncertain, but it may, perhaps, refer to military tactics. Shakespeare (*Henry V.*, act iv. sc. 2, line 28) speaks of "squares of battle."]

3. "With every thing that pretty *bin*,
My lady sweet, arise."

Cymbeline, act ii. sc. 3, lines, 25, 26.

[So Warburton and Hanmer. The folio reads "that pretty is." See Knight's *Shakespeare*, Pictorial Edition, *Tragedies*, i. 203.]

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Which is, that there is scarce a single season
Which doth not shake some very splendid house
With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason—
A topic Scandal doth delight to rouse:
Such I might stumble over unawares,
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

XXVII.

'T is true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,[1]
A place where peccadillos are unknown;
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.
Therefore I name not square, street, place, until I
Find one where nothing naughty can be shown,
A vestal shrine of Innocence of Heart:
Such are——but I have lost the London Chart.

XXVIII.

At Henry's mansion then, in Blank-Blank Square,
Was Juan a *recherché*, welcome guest,
As many other noble scions were;
And some who had but Talent for their crest;
Or Wealth, which is a passport everywhere;
Or even mere Fashion, which indeed 's the best
Recommendation; and to be well dressed
Will very often supersede the rest.

XXIX.

And since "there 's safety in a multitude
Of counsellors," as Solomon has said,
Or some one for him, in some sage, grave mood;—
Indeed we see the daily proof displayed
In Senates, at the Bar, in wordy feud,
Where'er collective wisdom can parade,
Which is the only cause that we can guess
Of Britain's present wealth and happiness;—

XXX.

But as "there 's safety" grafted in the number
"Of counsellors," for men,—thus for the sex

1. [The house which Byron occupied, 1815-1816, No. 13, Piccadilly Terrace, was the property of Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire.]

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A large acquaintance lets not Virtue slumber;
Or should it shake, the choice will more perplex—
Variety itself will more encumber.[i]
'Midst many rocks we guard more against wrecks—
And thus with women: howsoe'er it shocks some's
Self-love, there 's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

XXXI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion
For such a shield, which leaves but little merit
To Virtue proper, or good education.
Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,
Which judged Mankind at their due estimation;
And for coquetry, she disdained to wear it—
Secure of admiration: its impression
Was faint—as of an every-day possession.

XXXII.

To all she was polite without parade;
To some she showed attention of that kind
Which flatters, but is flattery conveyed
In such a sort as cannot leave behind
A trace unworthy either wife or maid;—
A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,[ii]
To those who were, or passed for meritorious,
Just to console sad Glory for being glorious;

XXXIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,
A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze
Upon the shades of those distinguished men
Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise,
The praise of persecution. Gaze again
On the most favoured; and amidst the blaze
Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-browed,
What can ye recognise?—a gilded cloud.

XXXIV.

There also was of course in Adeline
That calm patrician polish in the address,

i. *The slightest obstacle which may encumber*
The path downhill is something grand.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Not even in fools who howsoever blind.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
Of anything which Nature would express;
Just as a Mandarin finds nothing fine,—
At least his manner suffers not to guess,
That anything he views can greatly please:
Perhaps we have borrowed this from the Chinese—[1]

XXXV.

Perhaps from Horace: his "*Nil admirari*"
Was what he called the "Art of Happiness"—
An art on which the artists greatly vary,
And have not yet attained to much success.
However, 't is expedient to be wary:
Indifference, certes, don't produce distress;
And rash Enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

XXXVI.

But Adeline was not indifferent: for
(*Now* for a common-place!) beneath the snow,
As a Volcano holds the lava more
Within—*et cætera*. Shall I go on?—No!
I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor,
So let the often-used Volcano go.
Poor thing! How frequently, by me and others,
It hath been stirred up till its smoke quite smothers!

XXXVII.

I 'll have another figure in a trice:—
What say you to a bottle of champagne?
Frozen into a very vinous ice,
Which leaves few drops of that immortal rain,
Yet in the very centre, past all price,
About a liquid glassful will remain;
And this is stronger than the strongest grape
Could e'er express in its expanded shape:

XXXVIII.

'T is the whole spirit brought to a quintessence;
And thus the chilliest aspects may concentre

1. *That anything is new to a Chinese;*
And such is Europe's fashionable ease.—[*MS. erased.*]

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A hidden nectar under a cold presence.[i]
And such are many—though I only meant her
From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,
On which the Muse has always sought to enter.
And your cold people are beyond all price,
When once you've broken their confounded ice.

XXXIX.

But after all they are a North-West Passage
Unto the glowing India of the soul;
And as the good ships sent upon that message
Have not exactly ascertained the Pole
(Though Parry's efforts look a lucky presage),[ii]
Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal;
For if the Pole 's not open, but all frost
(A chance still), 't is a voyage or vessel lost.

XL.

And young beginners may as well commence
With quiet cruising o'er the ocean, Woman;
While those who are not beginners should have sense
Enough to make for port, ere Time shall summon
With his grey signal-flag; and the past tense,
The dreary *Fuimus* of all things human,
Must be declined, while Life's thin thread 's spun out
Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout.

XLI.

But Heaven must be diverted; its diversion
Is sometimes truculent—but never mind:
The World upon the whole is worth the assertion
(If but for comfort) that all things are kind:
And that same devilish doctrine of the Persian,[1]
Of the "Two Principles," but leaves behind
As many doubts as any other doctrine
Has ever puzzled Faith withal, or yoked her in.

i. *A hidden wine beneath an icy presence.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Though this we hope has been reserved for this age.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["For the creed of Zoroaster," see Sir Walter Scott, *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, 1830, pp. 87, 88. (See, too, *Cain*, act ii. sc. 2, line 404, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 254, *note* 2.)]

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XLII.

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August—now was done.
'T is the postilion's paradise: wheels fly;
On roads, East, South, North, West, there is a run.
But for post-horses who finds sympathy?
Man's pity 's for himself, or for his son,
Always premising that said son at college
Has not contracted much more debt than knowledge.

XLIII.

The London winter 's ended in July—
Sometimes a little later. I don't err
In this: whatever other blunders lie
Upon my shoulders, here I must aver
My Muse a glass of *Weatherology;*
For Parliament is our barometer:
Let Radicals its other acts attack,
Its sessions form our only almanack.

XLIV.

When its quicksilver 's down at zero,—lo!
Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!
Wheels whirl from Carlton Palace to Soho,
And happiest they who horses can engage;
The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten Row
Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;
And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
Sigh—as the postboys fasten on the traces.

XLV.

They and their bills, "Arcadians both," [1] are left
To the Greek Kalends of another session.
Alas! to them of ready cash bereft,
What hope remains? Of *hope* the full possession,
Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,
At a long date—till they can get a fresh one—
Hawked about at a discount, small or large;
Also the solace of an overcharge.

1. "Arcades ambo." [Virgil, *Bucol.*, Ecl. vii. 4.]

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XLVI.

But these are trifles. Downward flies my Lord,
Nodding beside my Lady in his carriage.
Away! away! "Fresh horses!" are the word,
And changed as quickly as hearts after marriage;
The obsequious landlord hath the change restored;
The postboys have no reason to disparage
Their fee; but ere the watered wheels may hiss hence,
The ostler pleads too for a reminiscence.

XLVII.

'T is granted; and the valet mounts the dickey—
That gentleman of Lords and Gentlemen;
Also my Lady's gentlewoman, tricky,
Tricked out, but modest more than poet's pen
Can paint,—"*Cosi viaggino i Ricchi!*"[1]
(Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,
If but to show I 've travelled: and what 's Travel,
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer
Were well nigh over. 'T is perhaps a pity,
When Nature wears the gown that doth become her,
To lose those best months in a sweaty city,
And wait until the nightingale grows dumber,
Listening debates not very wise or witty,
Ere patriots their true *country* can remember;—
But there 's no shooting (save grouse) till September.

XLIX.

I 've done with my tirade. The World was gone;
The twice two thousand, for whom Earth was made,
Were vanished to be what they call alone—
That is, with thirty servants for parade,
As many guests, or more; before whom groan
As many covers, duly, daily laid.
Let none accuse old England's hospitality—
Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

1. [So travel the rich.]

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L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
Departed like the rest of their compeers,
The peerage, to a mansion very fine;
The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
None than themselves could boast a longer line,
Where Time through heroes and through beauties steers;
And oaks as olden as their pedigree
Told of their Sires—a tomb in every tree.

LI.

A paragraph in every paper told
Of their departure—such is modern fame:
'T is pity that it takes no further hold
Than an advertisement, or much the same;
When, ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.
The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—
"Departure, for his country seat, to-day,
Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

LII.

"We understand the splendid host intends[i.]
To entertain, this autumn, a select
And numerous party of his noble friends;
'Midst whom we have heard, from sources quite correct,
The Duke of D—— the shooting season spends,
With many more by rank and fashion decked;
Also a foreigner of high condition,
The envoy of the secret Russian mission."

LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the Morning Post?
(Whose articles are like the "Thirty-nine,"
Which those most swear to who believe them most)—
Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordained to shine,
Decked by the rays reflected from his host,
With those who, Pope says, "greatly daring dine."—[1]
'T is odd, but true,—last war the News abounded
More with these dinners than the killed or wounded;—

i. —— *the noble host intends.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Judicious drank, and greatly-daring dined."
Pope, *Dunciad*, iv. 318.]

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LIV.

As thus: "On Thursday there was a grand dinner;
Present, Lords A. B. C."—Earls, dukes, by name
Announced with no less pomp than Victory's winner:
Then underneath, and in the very same
Column: date, "Falmouth. There has lately been here
The Slap-dash regiment, so well known to Fame,
Whose loss in the late action we regret:
The vacancies are filled up—see Gazette."

LV.

To Norman Abbey[1] whirled the noble pair,—
An old, old Monastery once, and now

1. [Byron's description of the place of his inheritance, which was to know him no more, is sketched from memory, but it unites the charm of a picture with the accuracy of a ground-plan. Eight years had gone by since he had looked his last on "venerable arch" and "lucid lake" (see "Epistle to Augusta," stanza viii. lines 7, 8), but he had not forgotten, he could not forget, that enchanted and enchanting scene.

Newstead Abbey or Priory was founded by Henry II., by way of deodand or expiation for the murder of Thomas Becket. Lands which bordered the valley of the Leen, and which had formed part of Sherwood Forest, were assigned for the use and endowment of a chapter of "black canons regular of the order of St. Augustine," and on a site, by the river-side to the south of the forest uplands (stanza lv. lines 5–8) the new stede, or place, or station, arose. It was a "Norman Abbey" (stanza lv. line 1) which the Black Canons dedicated to Our Lady, and, here and there, in the cloisters, traces of Norman architecture remain, but the enlargement and completion of the monastery was carried out in successive stages and "transition periods," in a style or styles which, perhaps, more by hap than by cunning, Byron rightly named "mixed Gothic" (stanza lv. line 4). To work their mills, and perhaps to drain the marshy valley, the monks dammed the Leen and excavated a chain of lakes—the largest to the north-west, Byron's "lucid lake;" a second to the south of the Abbey; and a third, now surrounded with woods, and overlooked by the "wicked lord's" "ragged rock" below the Abbey, half a mile to the south-east. The "cascade," which flows over and through a stone-work sluice, and forms a rocky water-fall, issues from the upper lake, and is in full view of the west front of the Abbey. Almost at right angles to these lakes are three ponds: the Forest Pond to the north of the stone wall, which divides the garden from the forest; the square "Eagle" Pond in the Monks' Garden; and the narrow stew-pond, bordered on either side with overhanging yews, which drains into the second or Garden Lake. Byron does not enlarge on this double chain of lakes and ponds, and, perhaps for the sake of pictorial unity, converts the second (if a second then existed) and third lakes into a river.

The Abbey, which, at the dissolution of monasteries in 1539, was handed over by Henry VIII. to Sir John Byron, "steward and warden of the forest of Shirewood," was converted, here and there, more or less,

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Still older mansion—of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow

into a baronial "mansion" (stanza lxvi.). It is, roughly speaking, a square block of buildings, flanking the sides of a grassy quadrangle. Surrounding the quadrangle are two-storied cloisters, and in the centre a "Gothic fountain" (stanza lxv. line 1) of composite workmanship. The upper portion of the stonework is hexagonal, and is ornamented with a double row of gargoyles (all "monsters" and no "saints," recalling, perhaps identical with, the "seven deadly sins" gargoyles, still *in situ* in the quadrangle of Magdalen College, Oxford); the lower half, which belongs to the seventeenth or eighteenth century, is hollowed into niches of a Roman or classical design. (In Byron's time the fountain stood in a courtyard in front of the Abbey, but before he composed this canto it had been restored by Colonel Wildman to its original place within the quadrangle. Byron was acquainted with the change, and writes accordingly.) When the Byrons took possession of the Abbey the upper stories of the cloisters were converted, on three sides of the quadrangle, into galleries, and on the fourth, the north side, into a library. Abutting on the cloisters are the monastic buildings proper, in part transformed, but with "much of the monastic" preserved. On the west, the front of the Abbey, the ground floor consists of the entrance hall and Monks' Parlour, and, above, the Guests' Refectory or Banqueting-hall, and the Prior's Parlour. On the south, the Xenodochium or Guesten Hall, and, above, the Monks' Refectory, or Grand Drawing-room; on the south and east, on the ground floor, the Prior's Lodgings, the Chapter House ("the exquisite small chapel," stanza lxvi. line 5), the "slype" or passage between church and Chapter House; and in the upper story, the state bedrooms, named after the kings, Edward III., Henry VII., etc., who, by the terms of the grant of land to the Prior and Canons, were entitled to free quarters in the Abbey. During Byron's brief tenure of Newstead, and for long years before, these "huge halls, long galleries, and spacious chambers" (stanza lxxvii. line 1) were half dismantled, and in a more or less ruinous condition. A few pictures remained on the walls of the Great Drawing-room, of the Prior's Parlour, and in the apartments of the south-east wing or annexe, which dates from the seventeenth century (see the account of a visit to Newstead in 1812, in *Beauties of England and Wales*, 1813, xii. 401–405). There are and were portraits, by Lely (stanza lxviii. line 7), of a Lady Byron, of Fanny Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel, "loveliness personified," of Mrs. Hughes, and of Nell Gwynne; by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of William and Mary; by unnamed artists, of George I. and George II.; and by Ramsay, of George III. There are portraits of a fat Prior, William Sandall, with a jewelled reliquary; of "Sir John the Little with the Great Beard," who ruled in the Prior's stead; and there is the portrait, a votive tablet of penitence and remorse, "of that Lord Arundel Who struck in heat the child he loved so well" (see "A Picture at Newstead," by Matthew Arnold, *Poetical Works*, 1890, p. 177); but of portraits of judges or bishops, or of pictures by old masters, there is neither trace nor record.

But the characteristic feature of Newstead Abbey, so familiar that description seems unnecessary, and, yet, never quite accurately described, is the west front of the Priory Church, which is in line with the west front of the Abbey. "Half apart," the southern portion of

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Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies, perhaps, a little low,
Because the monks preferred a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

LVI.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak [1]
Stood like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;

this front, which abuts on the windows of the Prior's Parlour, and the room above, where Byron slept, flanks and conceals the west end of the north cloisters and library; but, with this exception, it is a screen, and nothing more. In the centre is the "mighty window" (stanza lxii. line 1), shorn of glass and tracery; above are six lancet windows (which Byron seems to have regarded as niches), and, above again, in a "higher niche" (stanza lxi. line 1), is the crowned Virgin with the Babe in her arms, which escaped, as by a miracle, the "fiery darts"—the shot and cannon-balls of the Cromwellian troopers. On either side of the central window are "two blank windows containing tracery ['geometrical decorated'] . . . carved [in relief] on the solid ashlar;" on either side of the window, and at the northern and southern extremities of the front, are buttresses with canopied niches, in each of which a saint or apostle must once have stood. Over the west door there is the mutilated figure of (?) the Saviour, but of twelve saints or twelve niches there is no trace. The "grand arch" is an ivy-clad screen, and nothing more. Behind and beyond, in place of vanished nave, of aisle and transept, is the smooth green turf; and at the east end, on the site of the high altar, stands the urn-crowned masonry of Boatswain's tomb.

Newstead Abbey was sold by Lord Byron to his old schoolfellow, Colonel Thomas Wildman, in November, 1817. The house and property were resold in 1861, by his widow, to William Frederick Webb, Esq., a traveller in many lands, the friend and host of David Livingstone. At his death the estate was inherited by his daughter, Miss Geraldine Webb, who was married to General Sir Herbert Charles Chermside, G.C.M.G., etc., Governor of Queensland, in 1899.

For Newstead Abbey, see *Beauties of England and Wales*, 1813, xii. Part I. 401-405 (often reprinted without acknowledgment); *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*, by Washington Irving, 1835; *Journal of the Archæological Association* (papers by T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., and Arthur Ashpitel, F.S.A.), 1854, vol. ix. pp. 14-39; and *A Souvenir of Newstead Abbey* (illustrated by a series of admirable photographs), by Richard Allen, Nottingham, 1874, etc., etc.]

1. [The woodlands were sacrificed to the needs or fancies of Byron's great-uncle, the "wicked Lord." One splendid oak, known as the "Pilgrim's Oak," which stood and stands near the north lodge of the park, near the "Hut," was bought in by the neighbouring gentry, and made over to the estate. Perhaps by the Druid oak Byron meant to celebrate this "last of the clan," which, in his day, before the woods were replanted, must have stood out in solitary grandeur.]

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And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters; as Day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid Lake,[1]
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods[2] sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made[i]
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allayed,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the Church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand Arch, which once screened many an aisle.
These last had disappeared—a loss to Art:
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of Time's or Tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable Arch.[ii]

i. *Its shriller echo* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Which sympathized with Time's and Tempest's march,*
In gazing on that high and haughty Arch.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare "Epistle to Augusta," stanza x. line 1, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 68.]
2. [The little wood which Byron planted at the south-east corner of the upper or "Stable" Lake, known as "Poet's Corner," still slopes to the water's brink. Nor have the wild-fowl diminished. The lower of the three lakes is specially reserved as a breeding-place.]

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LX.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve Saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant Cavaliers,[1] who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blesséd arms, looked round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled:
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild;
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the Sun like Seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their Hallelujahs quenched like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when[i]
The wind is wingéd from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge Arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall:

i. *But in the stillness of the moon* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [See lines "On Leaving Newstead Abbey," stanza 5, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 3, *note* 1.]

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LXIV.

Others, that some original shape, or form
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue,[1] warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
To this grey ruin: with a voice to charm,
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower;
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.[2]

LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain Glory, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The Mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and Refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,

1. [*Vide ante, The Deformed Transformed*, Part I. line 532, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 497.]

2. This is not a frolic invention: it is useless to specify the spot, or in what county, but I have heard it both alone and in company with those who will never hear it more. It can, of course, be accounted for by some natural or accidental cause, but it was a strange sound, and unlike any other I have ever heard (and I have heard many above and below the surface of the earth produced in ruins, etc., etc., or caverns).—[*MS.*]

["The unearthly sound" may still be heard at rare intervals, but it is difficult to believe that the "huge arch" can act as an Æolian harp. Perhaps the smaller lancet windows may vocalize the wind.]

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The Fountain at Newstead Abbey.

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Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined,
Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts:
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

LXVIII.

Steel Barons, molten the next generation
To silken rows of gay and gartered Earls,
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation:
And Lady Marys blooming into girls,
With fair long locks, had also kept their station:
And Countesses mature in robes and pearls:
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.

LXIX.

Judges in very formidable ermine
Were there, with brows that did not much invite
The accused to think their lordships would determine
His cause by leaning much from might to right:
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;
Attorneys-general, awful to the sight,
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas Corpus."

LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead;
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed:[i]
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold:
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contained the steed;
And, here and there, some stern high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

LXXI.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,

i. *Prouder of such a toy than of their breed.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's :[1]
Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—
But, lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
His bell-mouthed goblet makes me feel quite Danish[2]
Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho! a flask of Rhenish.[1]

LXXIII.

Oh, reader! if that thou canst read,—and know,
'T is not enough to spell, or even to read,
To constitute a reader—there must go
Virtues of which both you and I have need;—
Firstly, begin with the beginning—(though
That clause is hard); and secondly, proceed:
Thirdly, commence not with the end—or, sinning
In this sort, end at last with the beginning.

LXXIV.

But, reader, thou hast patient been of late,
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,

i. *His bell-mouthed goblet—and his laughing group*
Provoke my thirst—what ho! a flask of Rhenish.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. Salvator Rosa. The wicked necessity of rhyming obliges me to adapt the name to the verse.—[*MS.*]
[Compare—
"Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with softening hue,
Or *savage* Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew."
Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, Canto I. stanza xxxviii. lines 8, 9.]

2. If I err not, "your Dane" is one of Iago's catalogue of nations "exquisite in their drinking."
["Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—drink hoa! are nothing to your English.
"Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?" (So Collier and Knight. The Quarto reads "expert").—*Othello*, act ii. sc. 3, lines 71–74.]

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Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.
That Poets were so from their earliest date,
By Homer's "Catalogue of ships" is clear;
But a mere modern must be moderate—
I spare you then the furniture and plate.

LXXV.

The mellow Autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket:—lynx-like in his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonder*ful* his feats.
Ah, nutbrown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'T is no sport for peasants.

LXXVI.

An English Autumn, though it hath no vines,
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The paths o'er which the far festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines;[1]
The Claret light, and the Madeira strong.
If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
Which makes the southern Autumn's day appear
As if 't would to a second Spring resign
The season, rather than to Winter drear,—
Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine,—
The sea-coal fires,[1] the "earliest of the year;"[2]

1. *Hath yet at night the very best of wines.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Sea-coal" (*i.e.* Newcastle coal), as distinguished from "charcoal" and "earth-coal." But the qualification must have been unusual and old-fashioned in 1822. "Earth-coal" is found in large quantities on the Newstead estate, and the Abbey, far below its foundations, is tunnelled by a coal-drift.]

2. [See Gray's *omitted* stanza—

"'Here scatter'd oft, *the earliest* of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;

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Without doors, too, she may compete in mellow,
As what is lost in green is gained in yellow.

LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *villeggiatura*—
Rife with more horns than hounds—she hath the chase,
So animated that it might allure a
Saint from his beads to join the jocund race:
Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura,[1]
And wear the Melton jacket for a space:
If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame
Preserve of bores, who ought to be made game.[i.]

LXXIX.

The noble guests,[2] assembled at the Abbey,
Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess Crabby;[ii. 3]
The Ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclat,
Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,
And Mrs. Rabbi,[4] the rich banker's squaw;
Also the honourable Mrs. Sleep,
Who looked a white lamb, yet was a black sheep:

i. —— *she hath the tame*
Preserved within doors—why not make them Game?—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *the Countess Squabby.*—[*MS.*]

The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'

As fine . . . as any in his Elegy. I wonder that he could have the heart to omit it."—"Extracts from a Diary," February 27, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 210. The stanza originally preceded the Epitaph.]

1. In Assyria. [See *Daniel* iii. 1.]

2. [It is difficult, if not impossible, to furnish a clue to the names of all the guests at Norman Abbey. Some who are included in this ghostly "house-party" seem to be, and, perhaps, were meant to be, *nomina umbrarum*; and others are, undoubtedly, contemporary celebrities, under a more or less transparent disguise. A few of these shadows have been substantiated (*vide infra, et post*), but the greater part decline to be materialized or verified.]

3. [Perhaps Mary, widow of the eighth Earl of Cork and Orrery: "Dowager Cork," "Old Corky," of Joseph Jekyll's *Correspondence*, 1894, pp. 83, 275.]

4. [Mrs. Rabbi may be Mrs. Coutts, the Mrs. Million of *Vivian Grey* (1826, i. 183), who arrived at "Château Desir in a crimson silk pelisse, hat and feathers, with diamond ear-rings, and a rope of gold round her neck."]

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LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank;
At once the "lie"[1] and the *élite* of crowds;
Who pass like water filtered in a tank,
All purged and pious from their native clouds;
Or paper turned to money by the Bank:
No matter how or why, the passport shrouds
The *passée* and the past; for good society
Is no less famed for tolerance than piety,—

LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point; which point
Forms the most difficult in punctuation.
Appearances appear to form the joint
On which it hinges in a higher station;
And so that no explosion cry "Aroint
Thee, witch!"[2] or each Medea has her Jason;
Or (to the point with Horace and with Pulci)[i.]
"*Omne tulit punctum*, quæ *miscuit utile dulci*."[3]

LXXXII.

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.
I 've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
By the mere combination of a coterie;
Also a so-so matron boldly fight
Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,[ii.]
And shine the very *Siria*[4] of the spheres,
Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I 'll say:—but we will see[iii.]
How *our* "*villeggiatura*" will get on.

i. *Or (to come to the point, like my friend Pulci).*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *by fear or flattery.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *I have seen—no matter what—we now shall see.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [*Lie*, *lye*, or *ley*, is a solution of potassium salts obtained by bleaching wood-ashes. Byron seems to have confused "lie" with "lee," *i.e.* dregs, sediment.]
2. ["*Aroint thee, witch!* the rump-fed ronyon cries." *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 3, line 6.]
3. [Hor., *Epist. Ad Pisones*, line 343.]
4. Siria, *i.e.* bitch-star.

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The party might consist of thirty-three
Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the *ton*.
I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
By way of sprinkling, scattered amongst these,
There also were some Irish absentees.

LXXXIV.

There was Parolles,[1] too, the legal bully,[i]
Who limits all his battles to the Bar
And Senate: when invited elsewhere, truly,
He shows more appetite for words than war.
There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who had newly
Come out and glimmered as a six weeks' star.
There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great freethinker;
And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dash,[2] who was a—duke,
"Aye, every inch a" duke; there were twelve peers

i. *There was, too, Henry B——.—[MS. erased.]*

1. [Parolles [see *All's Well that Ends Well*, *passim*] is Brougham (*vide ante*, the suppressed stanzas, Canto I. pp. 67–69). It is possible that this stanza was written after the Canto as a whole was finished. But, if not, an incident which took place in the House of Commons, April 17, 1823, during a debate on Catholic Emancipation, may be quoted in corroboration of Brougham's unreadiness with regard to the point of honour. In the course of his speech he accused Canning of "monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining office," and Canning, without waiting for Brougham to finish, gave him the lie: "I rise to say that that is false" (*Parl. Deb.*, N.S. vol. 8, p. 1091).

There was a "scene," which ended in an exchange of explanations and quasi-apologies, and henceforth, as a rule, parliamentary insults were given and received without recourse to duelling. Byron was not aware that the "old order" had passed or was passing. Compare Hazlitt, in *The Spirit of the Age*, 1825, pp. 302, 303: "He [Brougham] is adventurous, but easily panic-struck, and sacrifices the vanity of self-opinion to the necessity of self-preservation . . . himself the first to get out of harm's way and escape from the danger;" and Mr. Parthenopex Puff (W. Stewart Rose), in *Vivian Grey* (1826, i. 186, 187), "Oh! he's a prodigious fellow! What do you think Booby says? he says, that Foaming Fudge [Brougham] can do more than any man in Great Britain; that he had one day to plead in the King's Bench, spout at a tavern, speak in the House, and fight a duel—and that he found time for everything but the *last*."]

2. [In his Journal for December 5, 1813, Byron writes: "The Duke of —— called. . . . His Grace is a good, noble, ducal person" (*Letters*,

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Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in *look*
And *intellect*, that neither eyes nor ears
For commoners had ever them mistook.
There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears!
All song and sentiment; whose hearts were set
Less on a convent than a coronet.

LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
Honour was more before their names than after;
There was the *preux Chevalier de la Ruse*,[1]
Whom France and Fortune lately deigned to waft here,
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
Because—such was his magic power to please—
The dice seemed charmed, too, with his repartees.

LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dubious,[2] the metaphysician,
Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;
Angle, the *soi-disant* mathematician;
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.

1898, ii. 361). Possibly the earlier "Duke of Dash" was William Spencer, sixth Duke of Devonshire, an old schoolfellow of Byron's, who was eager to renew the acquaintance (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 98, *note* 2); and, if so, he may be reckoned as one of the guests of "Norman Abbey."]

1. [Gronow (*Reminiscences*, 1889, i. 234–240) identifies the *Chevalier de la Ruse* with Casimir Comte de Montrond (1768–1843), back-stairs diplomatist, wit, gambler, and man of fashion. He was the lifelong companion, if not friend, of Talleyrand, who pleaded for him: "Qui est-ce qui ne l'aimerait pas, il est si vicieux!" At one time in the pay of Napoleon, he fell under his displeasure, and, to avoid arrest, spent two years of exile (1812–14) in England. "He was not," says Gronow, "a great talker, nor did he swagger . . . or laugh at his own *bons-mots*. He was demure, sleek, sly, and dangerous. . . . In the London clubs he went by the name of Old French." He was a constant guest of the Duke of York's at Oatlands, "and won much at his whist-table" (*English Whist*, by W. P. Courtney, 1894, p. 181). For his second residence in England, and for a sketch by D'Orsay, see *A Portion of the Journal, etc.*, by Thomas Raikes, 1857, frontispiece to vol. iv., *et* vols. i.–iv. *passim*. See, for biographical notice, *L'Ami de M. de Talleyrand*, par Henri Welschinger, *La Revue de Paris*, 1895, Fev., tom. i. pp. 640–654.]

2. [Perhaps Sir James Mackintosh—a frequent guest at Holland House.]

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There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisian,
Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner:
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet.

LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guardsman;[1]
And General Fireface,[2] famous in the field,
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he killed.
There was the waggish Welsh Judge, Jefferies Hardsman,
In his grave office so completely skilled,
That when a culprit came for condemnation,
He had his Judge's joke for consolation.

LXXXIX.

Good company 's a chess-board—there are kings,
Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns; the World 's a game;

1. [Possibly Colonel (afterwards Sir James) Macdonell [d. 1857], "a man of colossal stature," who occupied and defended the Château of Hougoumont on the night before the battle of Waterloo. (See Gronow, *Reminiscences*, 1889, i. 76, 77.)]

2. [Sir George Prevost (1767–1816), the Governor-General of British North America, and nominally Commander-in-chief of the Army in the second American War, contributed, by his excess of caution, supineness, and delay, to the humiliation of the British forces. The particular allusion is to his alleged inaction at a critical moment in the engagement of September 11, 1814, between Commodore Macdonough and Captain Downie in Plattsburg Bay. "A letter was sent to Capt. Downie, strongly urging him to come on, as the army had long been waiting for his co-operation. . . . The brave Downie replied that he required no urging to do his duty. . . . He was as good as his word. The guns were scaled when he got under way, upon hearing which Sir George issued an *order* for the troops to *cook*, instead of *that of instant co-operation*."—To Editor of the *Montreal Herald*, May 23, 1815, *Letters of Veritas*, 1815, pp. 116, 117. See, too, *The Quarterly Review*, July, 1822, vol. xxvii. p. 446.]

3. [George Hardinge (1744–1816), who was returned M.P. for Old Sarum in 1784, was appointed, in 1787, Senior Justice of the Counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, and Radnor. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1816 (vol. lxxxvi. p. 563), "In conversation he had few equals. . . . He delighted in pleasantries, and always afforded to his auditors abundance of mirth and entertainment as well as information." Byron seems to have supposed that these "pleasantries" found their way into his addresses to condemned prisoners, but if the charges printed in his *Miscellaneous Works*, edited by John Nichols in 1818, are reported in full, he was entirely mistaken. They are tedious, but the "waggery" is conspicuous by its absence.]

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Save that the puppets pull at their own strings,
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.
My Muse, the butterfly hath but her wings,
Not stings, and flits through ether without aim,
Alighting rarely :—were she but a hornet,
Perhaps there might be vices which would mourn it.

XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
An orator, the latest of the session,
Who had delivered well a very set
Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression
Upon debate : the papers echoed yet
With his *début*, which made a strong impression,
And ranked with what is every day displayed—
"The best first speech that ever yet was made."

XCI.

Proud of his "Hear hims!" proud, too, of his vote,
And lost virginity of oratory,
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),
He revelled in his Ciceronian glory :
With memory excellent to get by rote,
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
Graced with some merit, and with more effrontery,[i]
"His country's pride," he came down to the country.

XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,
Longbow from Ireland,[1] Strongbow from the Tweed[2]—

i. *With all his laurels growing upon one tree.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [John Philpot Curran (1750–1817). "Did you know Curran?" asked Byron of Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, 1834, p. 176); "he was the most wonderful person I ever saw. In him was combined an imagination the most brilliant and profound, with a flexibility and wit that would have justified the observation applied to —— that his heart was in his head." (See, too, *Detached Thoughts*, No. 24, *Letters*, 1901, v. 421.)]

2. [For Thomas Lord Erskine (1750–1823), see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 390, *note* 5. See, too, *Detached Thoughts*, No. 93, *Letters*, 1901, v. 455, 456. In his *Spirit of the Age*, 1825, pp. 297, 298, Hazlitt contrasts "the impassioned appeals and flashes of wit of a Curran . . . the golden tide of wisdom, eloquence, and fancy of a Burke," with the "dashing and graceful manner" which concealed the poverty and "deadness" of the matter of Erskine's speeches.]

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Both lawyers and both men of education—
But Strongbow's wit was of more polished breed;
Longbow was rich in an imagination
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
But sometimes stumbling over a potato,—
While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.

XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord;
But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,
With which the Winds of heaven can claim accord,
And make a music, whether flat or sharp.
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word:
At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes carp:
Both wits—one born so, and the other bred—
This by his heart—his rival by his head.

XCIV.

If all these seem an heterogeneous mass
To be assembled at a country seat,
Yet think, a specimen of every class
Is better than a humdrum tête-à-tête.
The days of Comedy are gone, alas!
When Congreve's fool could vie with Molière's *bête*:
Society is smoothed to that excess,
That manners hardly differ more than dress.

XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the back-ground—
Ridiculous enough, but also dull;
Professions, too, are no more to be found
Professional; and there is nought to cull[1]
Of Folly's fruit; for though your fools abound,
They 're barren, and not worth the pains to pull.
Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

XCVI.

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners, gleaning
The scanty but right-well threshed ears of Truth;

1. —— *all classes mostly pull*
At the same oar ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

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And, gentle reader! when you gather meaning,
You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.
Further I 'd quote, but Scripture intervening
Forbids. A great impression in my youth
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries,
"That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies." [1]

XCVII.

But what we can we glean in this vile age [i.]
Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist.
I must not quite omit the talking sage,
Kit-Cat, the famous Conversationist,[2]
Who, in his common-place book, had a page
Prepared each morn for evenings. "List, oh list!"
"Alas, poor ghost!" [3]—What unexpected woes
Await those who have studied their *bons-mots!*

XCVIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation,
By many windings to their clever clinch;
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,[ii.]
But take an ell—and make a great sensation,
If possible; and thirdly, never flinch
When some smart talker puts them to the test,
But seize the last word, which no doubt 's the best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;
The party we have touched on were the guests.
Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.

i. —— *in the ripe age.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Nor bate* (*read bait*) ——.—[*MS.*]

1. ["Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blasphemous to talk of Scripture out of church." This dogma was broached to her husband—the best Christian in any book.—See *The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, Bk. IV. chap. xi. ed. 1876, p. 324.]

2. [Probably Richard Sharp (1759–1835), known as "Conversation Sharp." Byron frequently met him in society in 1813–14, and in "Extracts from a Diary," January 9, 1821, *Letters*, 1901, v. 161, describes him as "the Conversationist." He visited Byron at the Villa Diodati in the autumn of 1816 (*Life*, p. 323).]

3. [*Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5, line 22.]

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I will not dwell upon *ragoûts* or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for Man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

C.

Witness the lands which "flowed with milk and honey,"
Held out unto the hungry Israelites:
To this we have added since, the love of money,
The only sort of pleasure which requites.
Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer sunny;
We tire of mistresses and parasites;
But oh, ambrosial cash! Ah! who would lose thee?
When we no more can use, or even abuse thee!

CI.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt: the young, because they liked the sport—
The first thing boys like after play and fruit;
The middle-aged, to make the day more short;
For *ennui*[1] is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep can not abate.

CII.

The elderly walked through the library,
And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
Or sauntered through the gardens piteously,
And made upon the hot-house several strictures,
Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

CIII.

But none were *gêné*: the great hour of union
Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion,
Or solitary, as they chose to bear

1. [See letters to the Earl of Blessington, April 5, 1823, *Letters*, 1891, vi. 187.]

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The hours, which how to pass is but to few known.
Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast
When, where, and how he chose for that repast.

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
Or walked; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;
Discussed the fashion which might next prevail,
And settled bonnets by the newest code,
Or crammed twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspondent a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends;
The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly Heaven—because it never ends—
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,[i]
When he allured poor Dolon:[1]—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards, too, but *no* dice;—
Save in the clubs no man of honour plays;—
Boats when 't was water, skating when 't was ice,
And the hard frost destroyed the scenting days:
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.[2]

i. *But full of wisdom* ——.—[*MS.*]
A sort of rose entwining with a thistle.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [*Iliad*, x. 341, *sq.*]

2. It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling,—the cruelest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the

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CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine;
The conversazione—the duet
Attuned by voices more or less divine
(My heart or head aches with the memory yet).
The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp—because to Music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
Displayed some sylph-like figures in its maze;
Then there was small-talk ready when required;
Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise
Of charms that should or should not be admired.
The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
And then retreated soberly—at ten.

CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discussed the World, and settled all the spheres:
The wits watched every loophole for their art,
To introduce a *bon-mot* head and ears;
Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
A moment's good thing may have cost them years
Before they find an hour to introduce it;
And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, etc., are more humane and useful. But angling!—no angler can be a good man.

"One of the best men I ever knew,—as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world,—was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagancies of I. Walton."

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.—"Audi alteram partem."—I leave it to counter-balance my own observation.

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CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
In this our party; polished, smooth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
There now are no Squire Westerns, as of old;
And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
But fair as then, or fairer to behold:
We have no accomplished blackguards, like Tom Jones,
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

CXI.

They separated at an early hour;
That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon:
But in the country ladies seek their bower
A little earlier than the waning moon.
Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
May the rose call back its true colour soon!
Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinters,
And lower the price of rouge—at least some winters.[1]

1. B. Fy. 19th 1823.—[*MS.*]

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CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

If from great Nature's or our own abyss [1]
Of Thought we could but snatch a certainty,
Perhaps Mankind might find the path they miss—
But then 't would spoil much good philosophy.
One system eats another up, and this [2]
Much as old Saturn ate his progeny;
For when his pious consort gave him stones
In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
After due search, your faith to any question?
Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some mode the best one.
Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses;
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit—reject—contemn: and what know *you*,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.

1. Fry. 23, 1814 (*sic*).—[*MS.*]
2. [Compare—

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be."
Tennyson's *In Memoriam.*]

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An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so called, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of Life is passed in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay!
The very Suicide that pays his debt
At once without instalments (an old way
Of paying debts, which creditors regret),
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
Less from disgust of Life than dread of Death.

V.

'T is round him—near him—here—there—everywhere—
And there 's a courage which grows out of fear,
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to *know* it:—when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a minute,
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'T is true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
Retire: but look into your past impression!
And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-confession,
The lurking bias,[1] be it truth or error,
To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,
To plunge with all your fears—but where? You know not,
And that 's the reason why you do—or do not.

VII.

But what 's this to the purpose? you will say.
Gent. reader, nothing; a mere speculation,

1. [With this open mind with regard to the future, compare Charles Kingsley's "reverent curiosity" (*Letters and Memoirs, etc.*, 1883, p. 349).]

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For which my sole excuse is—'t is my way;
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion,
I write what 's uppermost, without delay;
This narrative is not meant for narration,
But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
To build up common things with common places.

VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon saith,
"Fling up a straw, 't will show the way the wind blows;" [1]
And such a straw, borne on by human breath,
Is Poesy, according as the Mind glows;
A paper kite which flies 'twixt Life and Death,
A shadow which the onward Soul behind throws:
And mine 's a bubble, not blown up for praise,
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The World is all before me [2]—or behind;
For I have seen a portion of that same,
And quite enough for me to keep in mind;—
Of passions, too, I have proved enough to blame,
To the great pleasure of our friends, Mankind,
Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame;
For I was rather famous in my time,
Until I fairly knocked it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
The other; that 's to say, the Clergy—who
Upon my head have bid their thunders break
In pious libels by no means a few.
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
In Youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And *now* because I feel it growing dull.

1. ["We usually try which way the wind bloweth, by casting up grass or chaff, or such light things into the air."—Bacon's *Natural History*, No. 820, *Works*, 1740, iii. 168.]

2. ["The World was all before them."
Paradise Lost, bk. xii. line 646.]

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XI.

But "why then publish?"[1]—There are no rewards
Of fame or profit when the World grows weary.
I ask in turn,—Why do you play at cards?
Why drink? Why read?—To make some hour less dreary.
It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I 've seen or pondered, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,
I hardly could compose another line:
So long I 've battled either more or less,
That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
This feeling 't is not easy to express,
And yet 't is not affected, I opine.
In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly sings of human things and acts—
And that 's one cause she meets with contradiction;
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts;
And were her object only what 's called Glory,
With more ease too she 'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love—War—a tempest—surely there 's variety;
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;
A bird's-eye view, too, of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have nought else, here 's at least satiety,
Both in performance and in preparation;

1. ["But why then publish?—Granville, the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write."
Pope, *Prologue to Satires*, lines 135, 136.]

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And though these lines should only line portmanteaus,
Trade will be all the better for these Cantos.

XV.

The portion of this World which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
Is one of which there 's no description recent:
The reason why is easy to determine:
Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
A dull and family likeness through all ages,
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI.

With much to excite, there 's little to exalt;
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times;
A sort of varnish over every fault;
A kind of common-place, even in their crimes;
Factitious passions—Wit without much salt—
A want of that true nature which sublimes
Whate'er it shows with Truth; a smooth monotony
Of character, in those at least who have got any.

XVII.

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they *were:* still
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade:
But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
It palls—at least it did so upon me,
This paradise of Pleasure and *Ennui*.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed our gaming,
Dressed, voted, shone, and, may be, something more—
With dandies dined—heard senators declaiming—
Seen beauties brought to market by the score,
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming—
There 's little left but to be bored or bore.
Witness those *ci-devant jeunes hommes* who stem
The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

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XIX.

'T is said—indeed a general complaint—
That no one has succeeded in describing
The *monde*, exactly as they ought to paint:
Some say, that authors only snatch, by bribing
The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
To furnish matter for their moral gibing;
And that their books have but one style in common—
My Lady's prattle, filtered through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true, just now; for writers
Are grown of the *beau monde* a part potential:
I 've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,
Especially when young, for that 's essential.
Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
Of what they deem themselves most consequential,
The *real* portrait of the highest tribe?
'T is that—in fact—there's little to describe.

XXI.

"*Haud ignara loquor;*" [1] these are *Nugæ*, "*quarum Pars* parva *fui*," but still art and part.
Now I could much more easily sketch a harem,
A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,
Than these things; and besides, I wish to spare 'em,
For reasons which I choose to keep apart.
"*Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgarit*"—[2]
Which means, that vulgar people must not share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—
Lowered, leavened, like a history of Freemasons,
Which bears the same relation to the real,
As Captain Parry's Voyage may do to Jason's.
The grand *Arcanum* 's not for men to see all;
My music has some mystic diapasons;
And there is much which could not be appreciated
In any manner by the uninitiated.

1. [Virg., *Æn.*, ii. 91 "(Haud ignota);" et *ibid.*, line 6.]
2. [Hor., *Od.* iii. 2. 26.]

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XXIII.

Alas! worlds fall—and Woman, since she felled
The World (as, since that history, less polite
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held),
Has not yet given up the practice quite.
Poor Thing of Usages! coerced, compelled,
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,
Condemned to child-bed, as men for their sins
Have shaving too entailed upon their chins,—

XXIV.

A daily plague, which in the aggregate
May average on the whole with parturition.—
But as to women—who can penetrate
The real sufferings of their she condition?
Man's very sympathy with their estate
Has much of selfishness, and more suspicion.
Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,
But form good housekeepers—to breed a nation.

XXV.

All this were very well, and can't be better;
But even this is difficult, Heaven knows,
So many troubles from her birth beset her,
Such small distinction between friends and foes;
The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,
That——but ask any woman if she 'd choose
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
Female or male? a schoolboy or a Queen?

XXVI.

"Petticoat Influence" is a great reproach,
Which even those who obey would fain be thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
But since beneath it upon earth we are brought,
By various joltings of Life's hackney coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.[i]

i. *And though by no means overpowered with riches,*
Would gladly place beneath it my last rag of breeches.—[*MS. erased.*]

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XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
Which holds a treasure, like a miser's hoard,
And more attracts by all it doth conceal—
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal,
A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle
Before a petticoat and peeping ankle?

XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,
With a Sirocco, for example, blowing,
When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
And sulkily the river's ripple 's flowing,
And the sky shows that very ancient gray,
The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—
'T is pleasant, if *then* anything is pleasant,
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines
In that fair clime which don't depend on climate,
Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
Because the Sun, and stars, and aught that shines,
Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,
Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—
Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

XXX.

An in-door life is less poetical;
And out-of-door hath showers, and mists, and sleet
With which I could not brew a pastoral:
But be it as it may, a bard must meet
All difficulties, whether great or small,
To spoil his undertaking, or complete—
And work away—like Spirit upon Matter—
Embarrassed somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.

Juan—in this respect, at least, like saints—
Was all things unto people of all sorts,

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And lived contentedly, without complaints,
In camps, in ships, in cottages, or courts—
Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
And mingling modestly in toils or sports.
He likewise could be most things to all women,
Without the coxcombry of certain *she* men.

XXXII.

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange;
'T is also subject to the double danger
Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
Some pleasant jesting at the awkward stranger:
But Juan had been early taught to range
The wilds, as doth an Arab turned avenger,
So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause,
He cleared hedge, ditch, and double post, and rail,
And never *craned*,[1] and made but few "*faux pas*,"
And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.
He broke, 't is true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several Country Gentlemen.

XXXIV.

But on the whole, to general admiration,
He acquitted both himself and horse: the Squires
Marvelled at merit of another nation;
The boors cried "Dang it! who 'd have thought it?"—Sires,
The Nestors of the sporting generation,
Swore praises, and recalled their former fires;

1. *Craning.*—"To *crane*" is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman's stretching out his neck over a hedge, "to look before he leaped;"—a pause in his "vaulting ambition," which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. "Sir, if you don't choose to take the leap, let me!"—was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good purpose: for though "the horse and rider" might fall, they made a gap through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.

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The Huntsman's self relented to a grin,
And rated him almost a whipper-in.[i]

XXXV.

Such were his trophies—not of spear and shield,
But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes' brushes;
Yet I must own,—although in this I yield
To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—
He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Asked next day, "If men ever hunted *twice*?"[ii. 1]

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon
To early risers after a long chase,
Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
December's drowsy day to his dull race,—
A quality agreeable to Woman,
When her soft, liquid words run on apace,
Who likes a listener, whether Saint or Sinner,—
He did not fall asleep just after dinner;

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
And shone in the best part of dialogue,
By humouring always what they might assert,
And listening to the topics most in vogue,
Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!
He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer;—
In short, there never was a better hearer.

i. *The sulky Huntsman grimly said "The Frenchman Was almost worthy to become his henchman."*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *And what not—though he had ridden like a Centaur When called next day declined the same adventure.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Mr. W. Ernst, in his *Memoirs of the Life of Lord Chesterfield*, 1893 (p. 425, *note* 2), quotes these lines in connection with a comparison between French and English sport, contained in a letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son, dated June 30, 1751: "The French manner of hunting is gentlemanlike; ours is only for bumpkins and boobies." Elsewhere, however (*The World*, No. 92, October 3, 1754), commenting on a remark of Pascal's, he admits "that the jolly sportsman . . . improves his health, at least, by his exercise."]

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XXXVIII.

And then he danced;—all foreigners excel
The serious Angles in the eloquence
Of pantomime!—he danced, I say, right well,
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable;
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not like a ballet-master in the van
Of his drilled nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,
And Elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimmed the ground,[1]
And rather held in than put forth his vigour;
And then he had an ear for Music's sound,
Which might defy a crotchet critic's rigour.
Such classic *pas*—sans flaws—set off our hero,
He glanced like a personified Bolero;[2]

XL.

Or like a flying Hour before Aurora,
In Guido's famous fresco[3] (which alone
Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
Remnant were there of the old World's sole throne):
The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a
Grace of the soft Ideal, seldom shown,
And ne'er to be described; for to the dolour
Of bards and prosers, words are void of colour.

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite;
A full-grown Cupid,[4] very much admired;

1. ["... as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung."
Dryden's *Virgil* (*Æn.*, vii. 1101, 1102).]

2. [See *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 492, *note* 1.]

3. [Guido's fresco of the Aurora, "scattering flowers before the chariot of the sun" is on a ceiling of the Casino in the Palazzo Rospigliosi, in Rome.]

4. [Byron described Count Alfred D'Orsay as having "all the airs of a *Cupidon déchaîné*." See letters to Moore and the Earl of Blessington, April 2, 1823, *Letters*, 1901, vi. 180, 185.]

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A little spoilt, but by no means so quite;
At least he kept his vanity retired.
Such was his tact, he could alike delight
The chaste, and those who are not so much inspired.
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved *tracasserie*,
Began to treat him with some small *agacerie*.

XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
Desirable, distinguished, celebrated
For several winters in the grand, *grand Monde:*
I 'd rather not say what might be related
Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;
Besides there might be falsehood in what 's stated:
Her late performance had been a dead set
At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.

This noble personage began to look
A little black upon this new flirtation;
But such small licences must lovers brook,
Mere freedoms of the female corporation.
Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!
'T will but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators when they count on Woman.

XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whispered, and then sneered;
The misses bridled, and the matrons frowned;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they feared;
Some would not deem such women could be found;
Some ne'er believed one half of what they heard;
Some looked perplexed, and others looked profound:
And several pitied with sincere regret
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the Duke,
Who, one might think, was something in the affair:
True, he was absent, and, 't was rumoured, took
But small concern about the when, or where,

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Or what his consort did: if he could brook
Her gaieties, none had a right to stare:
Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt,
Which never meets, and therefore can't fall out.

XLVI.

But, oh! that I should ever pen so sad a line!
Fired with an abstract love of Virtue, she,
My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
Began to think the Duchess' conduct free;
Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
Looked grave and pale to see her friend's fragility,
For which most friends reserve their sensibility.

XLVII.

There 's nought in this bad world like sympathy:
'T is so becoming to the soul and face,
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet Friendship in a Brussels lace.
Without a friend, what were Humanity,
To hunt our errors up with a good grace?
Consoling us with—"Would you had thought twice!
Ah! if you had but followed my advice!"

XLVIII.

O Job! you had two friends: one 's quite enough,
Especially when we are ill at ease;
They 're but bad pilots when the weather 's rough,
Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.
Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
As they will do like leaves at the first breeze:
When your affairs come round, one way or t 'other,
Go to the coffee-house, and take another.[1]

1. In Swift's or Horace Walpole's letters I think it is mentioned that somebody, regretting the loss of a friend, was answered by an universal Pylades: "When I lose one, I go to the Saint James's Coffee-house, and take another." I recollect having heard an anecdote of the same kind.—Sir W. D. was a great gamester. Coming in one day to the Club of which he was a member, he was observed to look melancholy.—"What is the matter, Sir William?" cried Hare, of facetious memory.—"Ah!" replied Sir W., "I have just *lost* poor Lady D."—"*Lost!* What at? *Quinze* or *Hazard?*" was the consolatory rejoinder of the querist.

[The *dramatis personæ* are probably Sir William Drummond (1770-

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XLIX.

But this is not my maxim: had it been,
Some heart-aches had been spared me: yet I care not—
I would not be a tortoise in his screen
Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not:
'T is better on the whole to have felt and seen
That which Humanity may bear, or bear not:
'T will teach discernment to the sensitive,
And not to pour their Ocean in a sieve.

L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so,"
Uttered by friends, those prophets of the *past*,
Who, 'stead of saying what you *now* should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,[i]
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst *bonos mores*,
With a long memorandum of old stories.

LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
Unless her habits should begin to mend:
But Juan also shared in her austerity,
But mixed with pity, pure as e'er was penned.
His Inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
And (as her junior by six weeks) his Youth.

LII.

These forty days' advantage of her years—
And hers were those which can face calculation,
Boldly referring to the list of Peers
And noble births, nor dread the enumeration—
Gave her a right to have maternal fears
For a young gentleman's fit education,

i. *They own that you are fairly dished at last.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1828), author of the *Academical Questions, etc.*, and Francis Hare, the wit, known as the "'Silent Hare,' from his extreme loquacity."—Gronow's *Reminiscences*, 1889, ii. 98–101.]

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Though she was far from that leap year, whose leap,
In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

LIII.

This may be fixed at somewhere before thirty—
Say seven-and-twenty; for I never knew
The strictest in chronology and virtue
Advance beyond, while they could pass for new.
O Time! why dost not pause? Thy scythe, so dirty
With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew:
Reset it—shave more smoothly, also slower,
If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

LIV.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,
Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best:
'T was rather her Experience made her sage,
For she had seen the World and stood its test,
As I have said in—I forget what page;
My Muse despises reference, as you have guessed
By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-twenty,
And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

LV.

At sixteen she came out; presented, vaunted,
She put all coronets into commotion:
At seventeen, too, the World was still enchanted
With the new Venus of their brilliant Ocean:
At eighteen, though below her feet still panted
A Hecatomb of suitors with devotion,
She had consented to create again
That Adam, called "The happiest of Men."

LVI.

Since then she had sparkled through three glowing winters,
Admired, adored; but also so correct,
That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,
Without the apparel of being circumspect:
They could not even glean the slightest splinters
From off the marble, which had no defect.
She had also snatched a moment since her marriage
To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

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LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,
Those little glitterers of the London night;
But none of these possessed a sting to wound her—
She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.
Perhaps she wished an aspirant profounder;
But whatsoe'er she wished, she acted right;
And whether Coldness, Pride, or Virtue dignify
A Woman—so she 's good—what *does* it signify?

LVIII.

I hate a motive, like a lingering bottle
Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
Leaving all-claretless the unmoistened throttle,
Especially with politics on hand;
I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,
Who whirl the dust as Simooms whirl the sand;
I hate it as I hate an argument,
A Laureate's Ode, or servile Peer's "Content."

LIX.

'T is sad to hack into the roots of things,
They are so much intertwisted with the earth;
So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,
I reck not if an acorn gave it birth.
To trace all actions to their secret springs
Would make indeed some melancholy mirth:
But this is not at present my concern,
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.[1]

LX.

With the kind view of saving an *éclat*,
Both to the Duchess and Diplomatist,

1. The famous Chancellor [Axel Oxenstiern (1583-1654)] said to his son, on the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of politics: "You see by this, my son, with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed."

[The story is that his son John, who had been sent to represent him at the Congress of Westphalia, 1648, wrote home to complain that the task was beyond him, and that he could not cope with the difficulties which he was encountering, and that the Chancellor replied, "Nescis, mi fili, quantillâ prudentiâ homines regantur."—*Biographie Universelle*, art. "Oxenstierna."]

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The Lady Adeline, as soon 's she saw
That Juan was unlikely to resist—
(For foreigners don't know that a *faux pas*
In England ranks quite on a different list
From those of other lands unblest with juries,
Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is ;—) [l]

LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take
Such measures as she thought might best impede
The farther progress of this sad mistake.
She thought with some simplicity indeed ;
But Innocence is bold even at the stake,
And simple in the World, and doth not need
Nor use those palisades by dames erected,
Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.

It was not that she feared the very worst :
His Grace was an enduring, married man,
And was not likely all at once to burst
Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan
Of Doctors' Commons ; but she dreaded first
The magic of her Grace's talisman,
And next a quarrel (as he seemed to fret)
With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.

Her Grace, too, passed for being an *intrigante*,
And somewhat *méchante* in her amorous sphere ;
One of those pretty, precious plagues, which haunt
A lover with caprices soft and dear,
That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can't
Find one, each day of the delightful year :
Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow,
And—what is worst of all—won't let you go :

LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,
Or make a Werter of him in the end.

l. *Who are our sureties that our moral pure is.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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No wonder then a purer soul should dread
This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend;
It were much better to be wed or dead,
Than wear a heart a Woman loves to rend.
'T is best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,
If that a *bonne fortune* be really *bonne*.

LXV.

And first, in the overflowing of her heart,
Which really knew or thought it knew no guile,
She called her husband now and then apart,
And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile
Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art
To wean Don Juan from the Siren's wile;
And answered, like a statesman or a prophet,
In such guise that she could make nothing of it.

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, "he never interfered
In anybody's business but the King's:"
Next, that "he never judged from what appeared,
Without strong reason, of those sort of things:"
Thirdly, that "Juan had more brain than beard,
And was not to be held in leading strings;"
And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
"That good but rarely came from good advice."

LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth—
At least as far as *bienséance* allows:[1]
That time would temper Juan's faults of youth;
That young men rarely made monastic vows;
That Opposition only more attaches—
But here a messenger brought in despatches:

LXVIII.

And being of the council called "the Privy,"
Lord Henry walked into his cabinet,

1. *And not to encourage whispering in the house.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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To furnish matter for some future Livy
To tell how he reduced the Nation's debt;
And if their full contents I do not give ye,
It is because I do not know them yet;
But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
To come between mine Epic and its index.

LXIX.

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,
Another gentle common-place or two,
Such as are coined in Conversation's mint,
And pass, for want of better, though not new:
Then broke his packet, to see what was in 't,
And having casually glanced it through,
Retired: and, as he went out, calmly kissed her,
Less like a young wife than an agéd sister.

LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
Proud of his birth, and proud of everything;
A goodly spirit for a state Divan,
A figure fit to walk before a King;
Tall, stately, formed to lead the courtly van
On birthdays, glorious with a star and string;
The very model of a chamberlain—
And such I mean to make him when I reign.

LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the whole—
I don't know what, and therefore cannot tell—
Which pretty women—the sweet souls!—call *soul.*
Certes it was not body; he was well
Proportioned, as a poplar or a pole,
A handsome man, that human miracle;
And in each circumstance of Love or War
Had still preserved his perpendicular.

LXXII.

Still there was something wanting, as I 've said—
That undefinable "*Je ne sçais quoi*,"
Which, for what I know, may of yore have led
To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy

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The Greek Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's bed;
Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardan boy
Was much inferior to King Menelaüs:—
But thus it is some women will betray us.

LXXIII.

There is an awkward thing which much perplexes,
Unless like wise Tiresias [1] we had proved
By turns the difference of the several sexes;
Neither can show quite *how* they would be loved.
The Sensual for a short time but connects us—
The Sentimental boasts to be unmoved;
But both together form a kind of Centaur,
Upon whose back 't is better not to venture.

LXXIV.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*
Is that for which the sex are always seeking:
But how to fill up that same vacant part?
There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in.
Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
They run before the wind through high seas breaking;
And when they have made the shore through every shock,
'T is odd—or odds—it may turn out a rock.

LXXV.

There is a flower called "Love in Idleness," [2]
For which see Shakespeare's ever-blooming garden;—
I will not make his great description less,
And beg his British godship's humble pardon,

1. [Once upon a time, Tiresias, who was shepherding on Mount Cyllene, wantonly stamped with his heel on a pair of snakes, and was straightway turned into a woman. Seven years later he was led to treat another pair of snakes in like fashion, and, happily or otherwise, was turned back into a man. Hence, when Jupiter and Juno fell to wrangling on the comparative enjoyments of men and women, the question was referred to Tiresias, as a person of unusual experience and authority. He gave it in favour of the woman, and Juno, who was displeased at his answer, struck him with blindness. But Jupiter, to make amends, gave him the "liberty of prophesying" for seven, some say nine, generations. (See Ovid, *Metam.*, iii. 320; and Thomas Muncker's notes on the *Fabulæ* of Hyginus, No. lxxv. ed. 1681, pp. 126–128.)]

2. [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1, line 168.]

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If, in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
I touch a single leaf where he is warden;—
But, though the flower is different, with the French
Or Swiss Rousseau—cry "*Voilà la Pervenche!*"[1]

LXXVI.

Eureka! I have found it! What I mean
To say is, not that Love is Idleness,
But that in Love such idleness has been
An accessory, as I have cause to guess.
Hard Labour 's an indifferent go-between;
Your men of business are not apt to express
Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the Argo,
Conveyed Medea as her supercargo.

LXXVII.

"*Beatus ille procul!*" from "*negotiis*,"[2]
Saith Horace; the great little poet 's wrong;
His other maxim, "*Noscitur à sociis*,"[3]
Is much more to the purpose of his song;
Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,
Unless good company be kept too long;
But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or station,
Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation!

LXXVIII.

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing,
Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—
The earliest knowledge from the Tree so knowing,
As far as I know, that the Church receives:
And since that time it need not cost much showing,
That many of the ills o'er which Man grieves,
And still more Women, spring from not employing
Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

LXXIX.

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
A rack of pleasures, where we must invent

1. See *La Nouvelle Héloïse.*
2. Hor., *Epod.*, II. line 1.
3. [The Latin proverb, *Noscitur ex sociis*, is not an Horatian maxim.]

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A something wherewithal to be annoyed.
Bards may sing what they please about *Content*;
Contented, when translated, means but cloyed;
And hence arise the woes of Sentiment,
Blue-devils—and Blue-stockings—and Romances
Reduced to practice, and performed like dances.

LXXX.

I do declare, upon an affidavit,
Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen;
Nor, if unto the World I ever gave it,
Would some believe that such a tale had been:
But such intent I never had, nor have it;
Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
Especially when they would look like lies;
I therefore deal in generalities.[k]

LXXXI.

"An oyster may be crossed in love"[l]—and why?
Because he mopeth idly in his shell,
And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,
Much as a monk may do within his cell:
And *à-propos* of monks, their Piety
With Sloth hath found it difficult to dwell:
Those vegetables of the Catholic creed
Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.

O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,
Thou moral Washington of Africa!
But there 's another little thing, I own,
Which you should perpetrate some summer's day,
And set the other half of Earth to rights;
You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up the whites.

k. *I, therefore, deal in generals—which is wise.*—[*MS. erased.*]

l. [See Sheridan's *Critic* ("Tilburina" *loq.*), act iii. *s.f.*]

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LXXXIII.

Shut up the bald-coot[1] bully Alexander!
Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal;
Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for gander,"
And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall?
Shut up each high heroic Salamander,
Who eats fire gratis (since the pay 's but small);
Shut up—no, *not* the King, but the Pavilion,[2]
Or else 't will cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.

Shut up the World at large, let Bedlam out;
And you will be perhaps surprised to find
All things pursue exactly the same route,
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
Were there a jot of sense among Mankind;
But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!
Like Archimedes, I leave Earth as 't was.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion;
Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.
A wavering spirit may be easier wrecked,
Because 't is frailer, doubtless, than a staunch one;
But when the latter works its own undoing,
Its inner crash is like an Earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her Lord, or thought so; but *that* love
Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,
The stone of Sisyphus, if once we move
Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.
She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,
No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:
Their union was a model to behold,
Serene and noble,—conjugal, but cold.

1. [For "the coxcomb Czar . . . the somewhat aged youth," see *The Age of Bronze*, lines 434–483, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 563, *note* 1.]
2. [Compare *Sardanapalus*, act i. sc. 2, line 1, *ibid.*, p. 15, *note* 1.]

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LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,
Though much in temper; but they never clashed:
They moved like stars united in their spheres,
Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters washed,
Where mingled and yet separate appears
The River from the Lake, all bluely dashed
Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.[1]

LXXXVIII.

Now when she once had ta'en an interest
In anything, however she might flatter
Herself that her intentions were the best,
Intense intentions are a dangerous matter:
Impressions were much stronger than she guessed,
And gathered as they run like growing water
Upon her mind; the more so, as her breast
Was not at first too readily impressed.

LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking Demon
Of double nature, and thus doubly named—
Firmness yclept in Heroes, Kings, and seamen,
That is, when they succeed; but greatly blamed
As *Obstinacy*, both in Men and Women,
Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is tamed:—
And 't will perplex the casuist in morality
To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

XC.

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo,
It had been firmness; now 't is pertinacity:
Must the event decide between the two?
I leave it to your people of sagacity
To draw the line between the false and true,
If such can e'er be drawn by Man's capacity:
My business is with Lady Adeline,
Who in her way too was a heroine.

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza lxxi. line 3, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 261, 300, *note* 17.]

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XCI.

She knew not her own heart; then how should I?
I think not she was *then* in love with Juan:
If so, she would have had the strength to fly
The wild sensation, unto her a new one:
She merely felt a common sympathy
(I will not say it was a false or true one)
In him, because she thought he was in danger,—
Her husband's friend—her own—young—and a stranger.

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
Without the farce of Friendship, or romance
Of Platonism, which leads so oft amiss
Ladies who have studied Friendship but in France
Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.[i]
To thus much Adeline would not advance;
But of such friendship as Man's may to Man be
She was as capable as Woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the Sex
Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
An innocent predominance annex,
And tune the concord to a finer mood.[ii]
If free from Passion, which all Friendship checks,
And your true feelings fully understood,
No friend like to a woman Earth discovers,
So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
Of Change; and how should this be otherwise?
That violent things more quickly find a term
Is shown through Nature's whole analogies;[1]

i. *Or Germany—she knew nought of all this*
Impracticable, novel-reading trance.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Even there—as in relationship will hold,*
And make the feeling of a finer mood.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die."
Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 6, lines 9, 10.]

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And how should the most fierce of all be firm?
Would you have endless lightning in the skies?
Methinks Love's very title says enough:
How should "the *tender* passion" e'er be *tough*?

XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet
(I merely quote what I have heard from many)
Had lovers not some reason to regret
The passion which made Solomon a zany.[i.]
I 've also seen some wives (not to forget
The marriage state, the best or worst of any)
Who were the very paragons of wives,
Yet made the misery of at least two lives.[ii.]

XCVI.

I 've also seen some female *friends*[1] ('t is odd,[iii.]
But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
That faithful were through thick and thin, abroad,[iv.]
At home, far more than ever yet was Love—
Who did not quit me when Oppression trod
Upon me; whom no scandal could remove;
Who fought, and fight, in absence, too, my battles,
Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
Grew friends in this or any other sense,

i. *Alas! I quote experience—seldom yet*
I had a paramour—and I 've had many—
Whom I had not some reason to regret—
For whom I did not make myself a Zany.—[*MS.*]

ii. *I also had a wife—not to forget*
The marriage state—the best or worst of any,
Who was the very paragon of wives
Yet made the misery of {*many* / *both our* / *several*} *lives.*—[*MS. erased.*]

iii. *I also had some female* friends—*by G—d!*
Or if the oath seem strong—I swear by Jove!—[*MS.*]

iv. *Who stuck to me.*——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Lady Holland, Lady Jersey, Madame de Staël, and before and above all, his sister, Mrs. Leigh.]

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Will be discussed hereafter, I opine:
At present I am glad of a pretence
To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*:
The surest way—for ladies and for books—
To bait their tender—or their tenter—hooks.

XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walked, or studied Spanish,
To read Don Quixote in the original,
A pleasure before which all others vanish;
Whether their talk was of the kind called "small,"
Or serious, are the topics I must banish
To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall
Say something to the purpose, and display
Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
Anticipating aught about the matter:
They 'll only make mistakes about the fair,
And Juan, too, especially the latter.
And I shall take a much more serious air
Than I have yet done, in this Epic Satire.
It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
Will fall; but if they do, 't will be their ruin.

C.

But great things spring from little:—Would you think,
That in our youth, as dangerous a passion
As e'er brought Man and Woman to the brink
Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,
As few would ever dream could form the link
Of such a sentimental situation?
You 'll never guess, I 'll bet you millions, milliards [1]—
It all sprung from a harmless game at billiards.

CI.

'T is strange,—but true; for Truth is always strange—
Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,

1. [Byron must have been among the first to naturalize the French *milliard* (a thousand millions), which was used by Voltaire.]

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How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the World would men behold!
How oft would Vice and Virtue places change!
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their Souls' antipodes.

CII.

What "antres vast and deserts idle,"[1] then,
Would be discovered in the human soul!
What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
With self-love in the centre as their Pole!
What Anthropophagi are nine of ten
Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!
Were things but only called by their right name,
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of Fame.[2]

1. [*Othello*, act i. sc. 3, line 140.]
2. B. March 4th 1823.—[*MS.*]

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CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

Ah!—What should follow slips from my reflection;
Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be
As à-propos of Hope or Retrospection,
As though the lurking thought had followed free.
All present life is but an Interjection,
An "Oh!" or "Ah!" of Joy or Misery,
Or a "Ha! ha!" or "Bah!"—a yawn, or "Pooh!"
Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

II.

But, more or less, the whole 's a Syncopé
Or a *Singultus*—emblems of Emotion,
The grand Antithesis to great *Ennui*,
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the Ocean—
That Watery Outline of Eternity,
Or miniature, at least, as is my notion—
Which ministers unto the Soul's delight,
In seeing matters which are out of sight.[1]

III.

But all are better than the sigh suppressed,
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,

1. [It is impossible to persuade the metaphor to march "on all-fours," but, to drag it home, by a kind of "frog's march," the unfulfilled wants of the soul, the "lurking thoughts" are as it were bubbles, which we would fain "break on the invisible Ocean" of Passion or Emotion the begetter of bubbles—Passion which, like the visible Ocean, images Eternity and portrays, but not to the sensual eye, the beatific vision of the things which are not seen, and, even so, "ministers to the Soul's delight"! But "who can tell"?]

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Making the countenance a masque of rest[1].
And turning Human Nature to an art.
Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best;
Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself; and, therefore, Fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

IV.

Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who can not
Remember, without telling, Passion's errors?
The drainer of Oblivion, even the sot,
Hath got *blue devils* for his morning mirrors:
What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,
He cannot sink his tremours or his terrors;
The ruby glass that shakes within his hand
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

V.

And as for Love—O Love!——We will proceed:—
The Lady Adeline Amundeville,
A pretty name as one would wish to read,
Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.
There 's Music in the sighing of a reed;
There 's Music in the gushing of a rill;
There 's Music in all things, if men had ears:
Their Earth is but an echo of the Spheres.

VI.

The Lady Adeline, Right Honourable,
And honoured, ran a risk of growing less so;
For few of the soft sex are very stable
In their resolves—alas! that I should say so;
They differ as wine differs from its label,
When once decanted;—I presume to guess so,
But will not swear: yet both upon occasion,
Till old, may undergo adulteration.

VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,
The unmingled essence of the grape; and yet

1. *While all without 's indicative of rest.*—[*MS. erased.*]

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Bright as a new napoleon from its mintage,
Or glorious as a diamond richly set;
A page where Time should hesitate to print age,
And for which Nature might forego her debt—[i]
Sole creditor whose process doth involve in 't
The luck of finding everybody solvent.

VIII.

O Death! thou dunnest of all duns! thou daily
Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,
Like a meek tradesman when approaching palely
Some splendid debtor he would take by sap:
But oft denied, as Patience 'gins to fail, he
Advances with exasperated rap,
And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,
On ready money, or "a draft on Ransom."[1]

IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Beauty!
She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.
What though she now and then may slip from duty,
The more 's the reason why you ought to stay;
Gaunt Gourmand! with whole nations for your booty,[ii]
You should be civil in a modest way:
Suppress, then, some slight feminine diseases,
And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases.

X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous
Where she was interested (as was said),
Because she was not apt, like some of us,
To like too readily, or too high bred
To show it—(points we need not now discuss)—
Would give up artlessly both Heart and Head
Unto such feelings as seemed innocent,
For objects worthy of the sentiment.

i. *A thing on which dull Time should never print age,*
For whom stern Nature should forego her debt.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Old Skeleton with ages for your booty.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Ransom and Morland were Byron's bankers. Douglas Kinnaird was a partner in the firm. (See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 85, *note* 2.)]

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XI.

Some parts of Juan's history, which Rumour,
That live Gazette, had scattered to disfigure,
She had heard; but Women hear with more good humour
Such aberrations than we men of rigour:
Besides, his conduct, since in England, grew more
Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier vigour:
Because he had, like Alcibiades,
The art of living in all climes with ease.[1]

XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seemed anxious to seduce;
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
Of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse
Of his attractions marred the fair perspective,
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,[2]
And seem to say, "Resist us if you can"—
Which makes a Dandy while it spoils a Man.

XIII.

They are wrong—that 's not the way to set about it;
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;
In fact, his manner was his own alone:
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,
In listening merely to his voice's tone.
The Devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the Heart like a sweet voice.

XIV.

By nature soft, his whole address held off
Suspicion: though not timid, his regard
Was such as rather seemed to keep aloof,
To shield himself than put *you* on your guard:

1. ["He turned himself into all manner of forms with more ease than the chameleon changes his colour. . . . Thus at Sparta he was all for exercise, frugal in his diet, and severe in his manners. In Asia he was as much for mirth and pleasure, luxury and ease."—Plutarch, *Alcibiades*, Langhorne's translation, 1838, p. 150.]

2. [For the phrase "Cupidon Déchaîné," applied to Count D'Orsay, *vide ante*, p. 526, *note* 4.]

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Perhaps 't was hardly quite assured enough,
But Modesty 's at times its own reward,
Like Virtue; and the absence of pretension
Will go much farther than there 's need to mention.

XV.

Serene, accomplished, cheerful but not loud;
Insinuating without insinuation;
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,
So as to make them feel he knew his station
And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,
He neither brooked nor claimed superiority—

XVI.

That is, with Men: with Women he was what
They pleased to make or take him for; and their
Imagination 's quite enough for that:
So that the outline 's tolerably fair,
They fill the canvas up—and "*verbum sat.*"[1]
If once their phantasies be brought to bear
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.[2]

XVII.

Adeline, no deep judge of character,
Was apt to add a colouring from her own:
'T is thus the Good will amiably err,
And eke the Wise, as has been often shown.
Experience is the chief philosopher,
But saddest when his science is well known:
And persecuted Sages teach the Schools
Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

XVIII.

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater Bacon?
Great Socrates? And thou, Diviner still,[3]

1. [Plautus, *Truculentus*, act ii. sc. 8, line 14.]
2. [Raphael's "Transfiguration" is in the Vatican.]
3. As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean, by "Diviner still," CHRIST. If ever God was man—or man God—he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use—or abuse

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Whose lot it is by Man to be mistaken,[i.]
And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill?
Redeeming Worlds to be by bigots shaken,[ii.]
How was thy toil rewarded? We might fill
Volumes with similar sad illustrations,
But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

XIX.

I perch upon an humbler promontory,
Amidst Life's infinite variety:
With no great care for what is nicknamed Glory,
But speculating as I cast mine eye
On what may suit or may not suit my story,
And never straining hard to versify,
I rattle on exactly as I 'd talk
With anybody in a ride or walk.

XX.

I don't know that there may be much ability
Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme;
But there 's a conversational facility,
Which may round off an hour upon a time.
Of this I 'm sure at least, there 's no servility
In mine irregularity of chime,
Which rings what 's uppermost of new or hoary,[iii.]
Just as I feel the *Improvvisatore*.

i. —— *and One Name Greater still*
Whose lot it was to be the most mistaken.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *To leave the world by bigot fashions shaken.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Which never flatters either Whig or Tory.*—[*MS. erased.*]

—made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction negro slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified, that black men might be scourged? If so, He had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least salvation.

[In a debate in the House of Commons, May 15, 1823 (*Parl. Deb.*, N.S. vol. ix. pp. 278, 279), Canning, replying to Fowell Buxton's motion for the Abolition of Slavery, said, "God forbid that I should contend that the Christian religion is favourable to slavery . . . but if it be meant that in the Christian religion there is a special denunciation against slavery, that slavery and Christianity cannot exist together,—I think that the honourable gentleman himself must admit that the proposition is historically false."]

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XXI.

" *Omnia vult* belle *Matho dicere—dic aliquando*
Et bene, *dic* neutrum, *dic aliquando* male." [1]
The first is rather more than mortal can do;
The second may be sadly done or gaily;
The third is still more difficult to stand to;
The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily:
The whole together is what I could wish
To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

XXII.

A modest hope—but Modesty 's my forte,
And Pride my feeble: [2]—let us ramble on.
I meant to make this poem very short,
But now I can't tell where it may not run.[i]
No doubt, if I had wished to pay my court
To critics, or to hail the *setting* sun
Of Tyranny of all kinds, my concision [3]
Were more;—but I was born for opposition.

XXIII.

But then 't is mostly on the weaker side;
So that I verily believe if they
Who now are basking in their full-blown pride[ii]
Were shaken down, and " dogs had had their day," [4]
Though at the first I might perchance deride
Their tumble, I should turn the other way,
And wax an ultra-royalist in Loyalty,
Because I hate even democratic Royalty.[iii]

i. *But now I can't tell when it will be done.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Who now are weltering* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *I should not be the foremost to deride*
Their fault—but quickly take a sword the other way,
And wax an Ultra-royalist, where Royalty
Had nothing left it but a desperate Loyalty.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Martial, *Epig.*, x. 46.]
2. ["Feeble" for "foible" is found in the writings of Mrs. Behn and Sir R. L'Estrange (*N. Engl. Dict.*).]
3. [The *N. Engl. Dict.* quotes W. Hooper's *Rational Recreations* (1794) as an earlier authority for the use of "concision" in the sense of conciseness.]
4. ["The cat will mew and dog will have his day."
Hamlet, act v. sc. 1, line 280.]

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XXIV.

I think I should have made a decent spouse,
If I had never proved the soft condition;
I think I should have made monastic vows
But for my own peculiar superstition:
'Gainst rhyme I never should have knocked my brows,
Nor broken my own head, nor that of Priscian,[1]
Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,
If some one had not told me to forego it.[2]

XXV.

But *laissez aller*—Knights and Dames I sing,
Such as the times may furnish. 'T is a flight
Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,
Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrite:[i]
The difficulty lies in colouring
(Keeping the due proportions still in sight)
With Nature manners which are artificial,
And rend'ring general that which is especial.

XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old
Men made the Manners; Manners now make men—
Pinned like a flock, and fleeced too in their fold,
At least nine, and a ninth beside of ten.
Now this at all events must render cold
Your writers, who must either draw again

i. *To marshal onwards to the Delphian Height.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["And hold no sin so deeply red
As that of breaking Priscian's head."
Butler's *Hudibras*, Part II. Canto II. lines 223, 224.]

2. [Brougham, in the famous critique of *Hours of Idleness* (*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1808, vol. xi. pp. 285–289), was pleased "to counsel him that he do forthwith abandon poetry and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account." Others, however, gave him encouragement. See, for instance, a review by J. H. Markland, who afterwards made his name as editor of the Roxburgh Club issue of the Chester Mysteries (whence, perhaps, Byron derived his knowledge of "Mysteries and Moralities"), which concludes thus: "Heartily hoping that the 'illness and depression of spirits,' which evidently pervade the greater part of these effusions, are entirely dispelled; confident that 'George Gordon, Lord Byron' will have a conspicuous niche in the future editions of 'Royal and Noble Authors,' etc."—*Gent. Mag.*, 1807, vol. lxxvii. p. 1217.]

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Days better drawn before, or else assume
The present, with their common-place costume.

XXVII.

We 'll do our best to make the best on 't:—March!
March, my Muse! If you cannot fly, yet flutter;
And when you may not be sublime, be arch,
Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.
We surely may find something worth research:
Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,
While yet America was in her non-age.[1]

XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense
Of Juan's merits and his situation,
Felt on the whole an interest intense,—
Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,
Or that he had an air of innocence,
Which is for Innocence a sad temptation,—
As Women hate half measures, on the whole,[i]
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

XXIX.

She had a good opinion of Advice,
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
Even where the article at highest rate is:
She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,
And morally decided—the best state is
For Morals—Marriage; and, this question carried,
She seriously advised him to get married.

i. *As Women seldom think by halves* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Three small vessels were apparently all that Columbus had requested. Two of them were light barques, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days. . . . That such long and perilous expeditions into unknown seas, should be undertaken in vessels without decks, and that they should live through the violent tempests by which they were frequently assailed, remain among the singular circumstances of those daring voyages."—*History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, by Washington Irving, 1831, i. 78.]

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XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,
He had a predilection for that tie;
But that, at present, with immediate reference
To his own circumstances, there might lie
Some difficulties, as in his own preference,
Or that of her to whom he might apply:
That still he 'd wed with such or such a lady,
If that they were not married all already.

XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,
Arranging them like books on the same shelf,
There 's nothing women love to dabble in
More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)
Than match-making in general: 't is no sin
Certes, but a preventative, and therefore
That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.

XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss
Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
Or wed already, who object to this)
Was there chaste dame who had not in her head
Some drama of the marriage Unities,
Observed as strictly both at board and bed,
As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
They turn out Melodrames or Pantomimes.

XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,
Some heir to a large property, some friend
Of an old family, some gay Sir John,
Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end
A line, and leave Posterity undone,
Unless a marriage was applied to mend
The prospect and their morals: and besides,
They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,
For this an heiress, and for that a beauty;

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For one a songstress who hath no defect,
For t' other one who promises much duty;
For this a lady no one can reject,
Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;
A second for her excellent connections;
A third, because there can be no objections.

XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargoed Marriage[1]
In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes
Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes,
Without those sad expenses which disparage
What Nature naturally most encourages)—
Why called he "Harmony" a state sans wedlock?
Now here I 've got the preacher at a dead lock.

XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at Harmony
Or Marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly.
But whether reverend Rapp learned this in Germany
Or no, 't is said his sect is rich and godly,
Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.
My objection 's to his title, not his ritual,
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.[i]

i. *Which last I leave unto the Lords spiritual.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the "Shakers" do; but lays such restrictions upon it as prevents more than a certain quantum of births within a certain number of years; which births (as Mr. Hulme [perhaps Thomas Hulme, whose *Journal* is quoted in *Hints to Emigrants*, 1817, pp. 5–18] observes) generally arrive 'in a little flock like those of a farmer's lambs, all within the same month perhaps." These Harmonists (so called from the name of their settlement) are represented as a remarkably flourishing, pious, and quiet people. See the various recent writers on America.

[The Harmonists were emigrants from Würtemburg, who settled (1803–1805) under the auspices of George Rapp, in a township 120 miles north of Philadelphia. This they sold, and "trekked" westwards to Indiana. One of their customs was to keep watch by nights and to cry the hours to this tune: "Again a day is past and a step made nearer to our end. Our time runs away, and the joys of Heaven are our reward." (See *The Philanthropist*, No. xx., 1815, vol. v. pp. 277–288.)]

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XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
Who favour, *malgré* Malthus, Generation—
Professors of that genial art, and patrons
Of all the modest part of Propagation;
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,
That half its produce tends to Emigration,
That sad result of passions and potatoes—
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell;
I wish she had: his book's the eleventh commandment,
Which says, "Thou shalt not marry," unless *well:*
This he (as far as I can understand) meant.
'T is not my purpose on his views to dwell,
Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant;[1]
But, certes, it conducts to lives ascetic,
Or turning Marriage into Arithmetic.

XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed
That Juan had enough of maintenance,
Or *separate* maintenance, in case 't was doomed—
As on the whole it is an even chance
That bridegrooms, after they are fairly *groomed*,
May retrograde a little in the Dance
Of Marriage—(which might form a painter's fame,
Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"[2]—but 't is the same)—

XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding
In her own mind, and that 's enough for Woman:

1. Jacob Tonson, according to Mr. Pope, was accustomed to call his writers "able pens," "persons of honour," and, especially, "eminent hands." *Vide* Correspondence, etc., etc.

["Perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a 'great genius,' or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors."—*Pope to Steele*, November 29, 1712, *Works of Alexander Pope*, 1871, vi. 396.]

2. [See D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, 1841, pp. 450–452, and the Dissertation prefixed to Francis Douce's edition of Holbein's *Dance of Death*, 1858, pp. 1–218.]

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But then, with whom? There was the sage Miss Reading,
Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and Miss Knowman,[i]
And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding.
She deemed his merits something more than common:
All these were unobjectionable matches,
And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

XLI.

There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,[ii]
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seemed the cream of Equanimity,
Till skimmed—and then there was some milk and water,
With a slight shade of blue too, it might be,
Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?
Love 's riotous, but Marriage should have quiet,
And being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoestring,
A dashing *demoiselle* of good estate,
Whose heart was fixed upon a star or blue string;
But whether English Dukes grew rare of late,
Or that she had not harped upon the true string,
By which such Sirens can attract our great,
She took up with some foreign younger brother,
A Russ or Turk—the one 's as good as t' other.

XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,
Unless the ladies should go off?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er Life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

i. —— *Miss Allman and Miss Noman.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. —— *that smooth placid sea*
Which did not show and yet concealed a storm.—[*MS. erased.*]

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XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan—left an only
Child to the care of guardians good and kind—
But still her aspect had an air so lonely;
Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of Youth like those which overthrown lie
By Death, when we are left, alas! behind,
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

XLV.

Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of Sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as Seraphs' shine.
All Youth—but with an aspect beyond Time;
Radiant and grave—as pitying Man's decline;
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more.

XLVI.

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allowed,
And deemed that fallen worship far more dear
Perhaps because 't was fallen: her Sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had filled the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bowed
To novel power; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

XLVII.

She gazed upon a World she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her Spirit seemed as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young!

XLVIII.

Now it so happened, in the catalogue
Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,

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Although her birth and wealth had given her vogue,
Beyond the charmers we have already cited;
Her beauty also seemed to form no clog
Against her being mentioned as well fitted,
By many virtues, to be worth the trouble
Of single gentlemen who would be double.

XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust
Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,[1]
Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.
This he expressed half smiling and half serious;
When Adeline replied with some disgust,
And with an air, to say the least, imperious,
She marvelled "what he saw in such a baby
As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby?"

L.

Juan rejoined—"She was a Catholic,
And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion;
Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,
And the Pope thunder excommunication,
If——" But here Adeline, who seemed to pique
Herself extremely on the inoculation
Of others with her own opinions, stated—
As usual—the same reason which she late did.

LI.

And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,
If good, is none the worse for repetition;
If bad, the best way 's certainly to tease on,
And amplify: you lose much by concision,
Whereas insisting in or out of season
Convinces all men, even a politician;
Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.
So the end 's gained, what signifies the route?

LII.

Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—
For prejudice it was—against a creature

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza lix. line 3, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 374, *note* 2.]

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As pure, as Sanctity itself, from Vice,—
With all the added charm of form and feature,—
For me appears a question far too nice,
Since Adeline was liberal by nature;
But Nature 's Nature, and has more caprices
Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way
With which Aurora on those baubles looked,
Which charm most people in their earlier day:
For there are few things by Mankind less brooked,
And Womankind too, if we so may say,
Than finding thus their genius stand rebuked,
Like "Antony's by Cæsar," [1] by the few
Who look upon them as they ought to do.

LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none;
Her place was far beyond it, and her mind:
It was not scorn—which could not light on one
Whose greatest *fault* was leaving few to find:
It was not jealousy, I think—but shun
Following the *ignes fatui* of Mankind:
It was not——but 't is easier far, alas!
To say what it was *not* than what it was.

LV.

Little Aurora deemed she was the theme
Of such discussion. She was there a guest;
A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream
Of Rank and Youth, though purer than the rest,
Which flowed on for a moment in the beam
Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling crest.
Had she known this, she would have calmly smiled—
She had so much, or little, of the child.

1. ["... And, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar."
Macbeth, act iii. sc. 1, lines 54-56.]

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LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline
Imposed not upon her: she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine,
Then turned unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being no Sibyl in the new world's ways;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

LVII.

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the deuce with Womankind,
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being combined;
Faults which attract because they are not tame;
Follies tricked out so brightly that they blind:—
These seals upon her wax made no impression,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—
High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée;
Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere:
The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,
More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,
Was Nature's all: Aurora could not be,
Nor would be thus:—the difference in them
Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
Methinks we may proceed upon our narrative,
And, as my friend Scott says, "I sound my warison;" [1]
Scott, the superlative of my comparative—

1. [*Warison*—cri-de-guerre—note of assault:—

"Either receive within these towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their *warrison*,
And storm and spoil this garrison."
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto IV. stanza xxiv. lines 17–20.]

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Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,
Serf—Lord—Man, with such skill as none would share it, if
There had not been one Shakespeare and Voltaire,
Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.[1]

LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed
To play upon the surface of Humanity.
I write the World, nor care if the World read,
At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.
My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may breed
More foes by this same scroll: when I began it, I
Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I *know* it,[1]
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended
As Congresses of late do) of the Lady
Adeline and Don Juan rather blended
Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady;
But, ere the matter could be marred or mended,
The silvery bell rang, not for "dinner ready,"
But for that hour, called *half-hour*, given to dress,
Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table,
With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
For weapons; but what Muse since Homer 's able
(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
To draw up in array a single day-bill
Of modern dinners? where more mystery lurks,
In soups or sauces, or a sole *ragoût*,
Than witches, b—ches, or physicians, brew.

LXIII.

There was a goodly "soupe à la *bonne femme*,"[2]
Though God knows whence it came from; there was, too,

i. *And adds a third to what was late a pair.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare: "Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and *now I know it.*"
Gay's Epitaph.]

2. [For "Potage à la bonne femme," "Dindon à la Périgueux,"

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A turbot for relief of those who cram,
Relieved with "dindon à la Périgeux;"
There also was——the sinner that I am!
How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?—
"Soupe à la Beauveau," whose relief was dory,
Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess
Or mass; for should I stretch into detail,
My Muse would run much more into excess,
Than when some squeamish people deem her frail;
But though a *bonne vivante*, I must confess
Her stomach 's not her peccant part; this tale
However doth require some slight refection,
Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

LXV.

Fowls "à la Condé," slices eke of salmon,
With "sauces Génevoises," and haunch of venison;
Wines too, which might again have slain young Ammon—[1]
A man like whom I hope we sha'n't see many soon;
They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;
And then there was champagne with foaming whirls,
As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

LXVI.

Then there was God knows what "à l'Allemande,"
"A l'Espagnole," "timballe," and "salpicon"—
With things I can't withstand or understand,
Though swallowed with much zest upon the whole;
And "*entremets*" to piddle with at hand,
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;

"Soupe à la Beauveau," "Le dorey garni d'éperlans frits," "Le cuisseau de porc à demi sel, garni de choux," "Le salmi de perdreaux à l'Espagnole," "Les bécasses," see "Bill of Fare for November," *The French Cook*, by Louis Eustache Ude, 1813, p. viii. For "Les poulardes à la Condé," "Le jambon de Westphalie à l'Espagnole," "Les petites timballes d'un salpicon à la Monglas" (? Montglat), "Les filets de perdreaux sautés à la Lucullus," *vide ibid.*, p. ix., and for "Petits puits d'amour garnis de confitures," *vide* Plate of Second Course (to face) p. vi.]

1. [Alexander the Great.]

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While great Lucullus' *Robe triumphal* muffles—
(*There 's fame*)—young partridge fillets, decked with truffles.[1]

LXVII.

What are the *fillets* on the Victor's brow
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch
Which nodded to the nation's spoils below?
Where the triumphal chariots' haughty march?
Gone to where Victories must like dinners go.
Farther I shall not follow the research:
But oh! ye modern Heroes with your cartridges,
When will your names lend lustre e'en to partridges?

LXVIII.

Those truffles too are no bad accessaries,
Followed by "petits puits d'amour"—a dish
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
So every one may dress it to his wish,
According to the best of dictionaries,
Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish;
But even, sans *confitures*, it no less true is,
There 's pretty picking in those *petits puits*.[2]

LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
Of intellect expanded on two courses;
And Indigestion's grand multiplication
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,
That cookery could have called forth such resources,

1. A dish "à la Lucullus." This hero, who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe), and the nomenclature of some very good dishes;—and I am not sure that (barring indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry tree may weigh against a bloody laurel; besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.

[According to Pliny (*Nat. Hist.*, lib. xv. cap. xxv. ed. 1593, ii. 131), there were no cherry trees in Italy until L. Lucullus brought them home with him from Pontus after the Mithridatic War (B.C. 74), and it was not for another hundred and twenty years that the cherry tree crossed the Channel and was introduced into Britain.]

2. "Petits puits d'amour garnis de confitures,"—a classical and well-known dish for part of the flank of a second course [*vide ante*, p. 562].

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As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of Nature?

LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled;
The diners of celebrity dined well;
The ladies with more moderation mingled
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell;
Also the younger men too: for a springald
Can't, like ripe Age, in *gourmandise* excel,
But thinks less of good eating than the whisper
(When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

LXXI.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the *gibier*,
The *salmi*, the *consommé*, the *purée*,
All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber
Than could roast beef in our rough John Bull way:
I must not introduce even a spare rib here,
"Bubble and squeak" would spoil my liquid lay:
But I have dined, and must forego, alas!
The chaste description even of a "bécasse;"

LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that Art refines
From Nature for the service of the *goût*—
Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines
Your stomach! Ere you dine, the French will do;
But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
Which prove plain English truer of the two.
Hast ever *had* the *gout*? I have not had it—
But I may have, and you too, reader, dread it.

LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,
Must I pass over in my bill of fare?
I must, although a favourite *plat* of mine
In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, everywhere:
On them and bread 't was oft my luck to dine—
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.[1]

1. ["To-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house—this day with

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LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,
And vegetables, all in masquerade,
The guests were placed according to their roll,
But various as the various meats displayed:
Don Juan sat next an "à l'Espagnole"—
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said;[1]
But so far like a lady, that 't was drest
Superbly, and contained a world of zest.

LXXV.

By some odd chance too, he was placed between
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
A situation difficult, I ween,
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine.
Also the conference which we have seen
Was not such as to encourage him to shine,
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,
With two transcendent eyes seemed to look through him.

LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears:
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge springs.
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears, so loudly though it rings,
'T is wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues—which passed without a word!

LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a *preux chevalier*—as it ought:
Of all offences that 's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.
Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught;
Like a good ship entangled among ice—
And after so much excellent advice.

1. *No lady but a dish* ——.—[*MS.*]

a Pacha, the next with a shepherd."—Letter to his mother, July 30, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i. 295.]

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LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as Urbanity
Required. Aurora scarcely looked aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The Devil was in the girl! Could it be pride?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?
Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious eyes
Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

LXXIX.

And looked as much as if to say, "I said it;"
A kind of triumph I 'll not recommend,
Because it sometimes, as I have seen or read it,
Both in the case of lover and of friend,
Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
To bring what was a jest to a serious end:
For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,
And hate those who won't let them come to pass.

LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more than less.
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than guess)
So far relaxed her thoughts from their sweet prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

LXXXI.

From answering she began to question: this
With her was rare; and Adeline, who as yet
Thought her predictions went not much amiss,
Began to dread she 'd thaw to a coquette—
So very difficult, they say, it is
To keep extremes from meeting, when once set
In motion; but she here too much refined—
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,

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Which showed such deference to what females say,
As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, tempered him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free:
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference
Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flatterers, though she deemed he had more sense
Than whispering foplings, or than witlings loud—
Commenced[1] (from such slight things will great commence)
To feel that flattery which attracts the proud
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.[1]

LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks;—that point was carried
Nem. con. amongst the women, which I grieve
To say leads oft to *crim. con.* with the married—
A case which to the juries we may leave,
Since with digressions we too long have tarried.
Now though we know of old that looks deceive,
And always have done,—somehow these good looks
Make more impression than the best of books.

LXXXV.

Aurora, who looked more on books than faces,
Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.
But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Owned to a *penchant*, though discreet, for beauty.

i. *Sweet Lord! she was so sagely innocent.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["This construction ('commence' with the infinitive) has been objected to by stylists," says the *New English Dictionary* (see art. "Commence"). Its use is sanctioned by the authority of Pope, Landor, Helps, and Lytton; but even so, it is questionable, if not objectionable.]

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LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,
But innocently so, as Socrates;
And really, if the Sage sublime and Attic
At seventy years had phantasies like these,
Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
Has shown, I know not why they should displease
In virgins—always in a modest way,
Observe,—for that with me 's a *sine quâ*.[1]

LXXXVII.

Also observe, that, like the great Lord Coke
(See Littleton), whene'er I have expressed
Opinions two, which at first sight may look
Twin opposites, the second is the best.
Perhaps I have a third too, in a nook,
Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest:
But if a writer should be quite consistent,
How could he possibly show things existent?

LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I
Help contradicting them, and everybody,
Even my veracious self?—But that 's a lie:
I never did so, never will—how should I?
He who doubts all things nothing can deny:
Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams are muddy,
And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.

Apologue, Fable, Poesy, and Parable,
Are false, but may be rendered also true,
By those who sow them in a land that 's arable:
'T is wonderful what Fable will not do!
'T is said it makes Reality more bearable:
But what 's Reality? Who has its clue?
Philosophy? No; she too much rejects.
Religion? *Yes;* but which of all her sects?

1. Subauditur "*non;*" omitted for the sake of euphony.

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XC.

Some millions must be wrong, that 's pretty clear;
Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
God help us! Since we have need on our career
To keep our holy beacons always bright,
'T is time that some new prophet should appear,
Or *old* indulge man with a second sight.
Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

XCI.

But here again, why will I thus entangle
Myself with Metaphysics? None can hate
So much as I do any kind of wrangle;
And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,
I always knock my head against some angle
About the present, past, or future state:
Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

XCII.

But though I am a temperate theologian,
And also meek as a metaphysician,
Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan,
As Eldon[1] on a lunatic commission,—
In politics my duty is to show John
Bull something of the lower world's condition.
It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla,[2]
To see men let these scoundrel Sovereigns break law.

XCIII.

But Politics, and Policy, and Piety,
Are topics which I sometimes introduce,

1. [John Scott, Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor, 1801 to 1827, sat as judge (November 7, 1822) to hear the petition of Henry Wallop Fellowes, that a commission of inquiry should be issued to ascertain whether his uncle, Lord Portsmouth (who married Mary Anne Hanson, the daughter of Byron's solicitor), was of sound mind, "and capable of managing his own person and property." The Chancellor gave judgment that a commission be issued, and the jury, February, 1823, returned a verdict that Lord Portsmouth had been a lunatic since 1809. (See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 393, *note* 3, *et ibid.*, 1901, vi. 170, *note* 1.)]

2. Hecla is a famous hot-spring in Iceland. [Byron seems to mistake the volcano for the Geysers.]

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Not only for the sake of their variety,
But as subservient to a moral use;
Because my business is to *dress* society,
And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.
And now, that we may furnish with some matter all
Tastes, we are going to try the Supernatural.

XCIV.

And now I will give up all argument;
And positively, henceforth, no temptation
Shall "fool me to the top up of my bent:"— [1]
Yes, I 'll begin a thorough reformation.
Indeed, I never knew what people meant
By deeming that my Muse's conversation
Was dangerous;—I think she is as harmless
As some who labour more and yet may charm less.

XCV.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?
No; but you have heard—I understand—be dumb!
And don't regret the time you may have lost,
For you have got that pleasure still to come:
And do not think I mean to sneer at most
Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
That source of the Sublime and the Mysterious:—
For certain reasons my belief is serious.

XCVI.

Serious? You laugh;—you may: that will I not;
My smiles must be sincere or not at all.
I say I do believe a haunted spot
Exists—and where? That shall I not recall,
Because I 'd rather it should be forgot,
"Shadows the soul of Richard" [2] may appal.
In short, upon that subject I 've some qualms very
Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.[3]

1. [*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2, line 367.]

2. ["By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers," etc.
Richard III., act v. sc. 3, lines 216–218.]

3. Hobbes: who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to

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XCVII.

The night—(I sing by night—sometimes an owl,
And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,
And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl
Rattles around me her discordant hymn:
Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
I wish to Heaven they would not look so grim;
The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
I think too that I have sat up too late:

XCVIII.

And therefore, though 't is by no means my way
To rhyme at noon—when I have other things
To think of, if I ever think—I say
I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,
And prudently postpone, until mid-day,
Treating a topic which, alas! but brings
Shadows;—but you must be in my condition,
Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.

Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,
'Twixt Night and Morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be![1] The eternal surge
Of Time and Tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of Empires heave but like some passing waves.[2]

the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

[Bayle (see art. "Hobbes" [*Dict. Crit. and Hist.*, 1736, iii. 471, *note* N.]) quotes from *Vita Hobb.*, p. 106: "He was as falsely accused by some of being unwilling to be alone, because he was afraid of spectres and apparitions, vain bugbears of fools, which he had chased away by the light of his Philosophy," and proceeds to argue that, perhaps, after all, Hobbes *was* afraid of the dark. "He was timorous to the last degree, and consequently he had reason to distrust his imagination when he was alone in a chamber in the night; for in spite of him the memory of what he had read and heard concerning apparitions would revive, though he was not persuaded of the reality of these things." See, however, for his own testimony that he was "not afrayd of *sprights*," *Letters and Lives of Eminent Persons*, by John Aubrey, 1813, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 624.]

1. [*Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5, lines 41, 42.]

2. End of Canto 15th Mch 25, 1823. B.—[*MS.*]

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CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.[1]

I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful things,
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.[2]
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—
A mode adopted since by modern youth.
Bows have they, generally with two strings;
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth;
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—
"For this effect defective comes by cause,"—[3]
Is what I have not leisure to inspect;
But this I must say in my own applause,
Of all the Muses that I recollect,
Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws
In some things, mine 's beyond all contradiction
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats
From anything, this Epic will contain
A wilderness of the most rare conceits,
Which you might elsewhere hope to find in vain.
'T is true there be some bitters with the sweets,
Yet mixed so slightly, that you can't complain,

1. March 29, 1823.
2. [Herodotus, *Hist.*, i. 136.]
3. [*Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, line 103.]

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But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
"*De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis.*" [1]

IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most
True is that which she is about to tell.
I said it was a story of a ghost—
What then? I only know it so befell.
Have you explored the limits of the coast,
Where all the dwellers of the earth must dwell?
'T is time to strike such puny doubters dumb as
The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

V.

Some people would impose now with authority,
Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle;
Men whose historical superiority
Is always greatest at a miracle.
But Saint Augustine has the great priority,
Who bids all men believe the impossible,
Because 't is so. Who nibble, scribble, quibble, he
Quiets at once with "quia *impossibile.*" [2]

VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all;
Believe:—if 't is improbable, you *must*,
And if it is impossible, you *shall*:
'T is always best to take things upon trust.
I do not speak profanely to recall
Those holier Mysteries which the wise and just
Receive as Gospel, and which grow more rooted,
As all truths must, the more they are disputed:

VII.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years,

1. [The story is told of St. Thomas Aquinas, that he wrote a work *De Omnibus Rebus*, which was followed by a second treatise, *De Quibusdam Aliis.*]

2. [Not St. Augustine, but Tertullian. See his treatise, *De Carne Christi*, cap. V. c. (*Opera*, 1744, p. 310): "Crucifixus est Dei filius: non pudet, quia pudendum est: et mortuus est Dei filius: prorsus credibile est, quia ineptum est: et sepultus resurrexit: certum est quia impossibile est."]

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All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears: [1]
And what is strangest upon this strange head,
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there 's something stronger still
In its behalf—let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the *soirée* too were done,
The supper too discussed, the dames admired,
The banqueteers had dropped off one by one—
The song was silent, and the dance expired:
The last thin petticoats were vanished, gone
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,
And nothing brighter gleamed through the saloon
Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
Or like a soda bottle when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
Or like a billow left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind;

X.

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest,
Or none; or like—like nothing that I know
Except itself;—such is the human breast;
A thing, of which similitudes can show
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest
Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,

1. ["That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some, who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears."—*Rasselas*, chap. xxx., *Works*, ed. 1806, iii. 372, 373.]

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If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.[1]
So perish every Tyrant's robe piece-meal!

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
Undressing is a woe; our *robe de chambre*
May sit like that of Nessus,[2] and recall
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear than amber.
Titus exclaimed, "I 've lost a day!"[3] Of all
The nights and days most people can remember,
(I have had of both, some not to be disdained,)
I wish they 'd state how many they have gained.

XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,
Felt restless, and perplexed, and compromised:
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright
Than Adeline (such is advice) advised;
If he had known exactly his own plight,
He probably would have philosophised:
A great resource to all, and ne'er denied
Till wanted; therefore Juan only sighed.

XIII.

He sighed;—the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happened luckily, the chaste orb shone
As clear as such a climate will allow;
And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
To hail her with the apostrophe—"O thou!"
Of amatory egotism the *Tuism*,[4]
Which further to explain would be a truism.

1. The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish, or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute; and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say nothing.

[Kermes is cochineal, the Greek *κόκκινον*. The shell-fish (*murex*) is the *Purpura patula*. Both substances were used as dyes.]

2. [See Ovid, *Heroid*, Epist. ix. line 161.]

3. [Titus used to promise to "bear in mind," "to keep on his list," the petitions of all his supplicants, and once, at dinner-time, his conscience smote him, that he had let a day go by without a single grant, or pardon, or promotion. Hence his confession. "Amici, diem perdidi!" *Vide* Suetonius, *De XII. Cæs.*, "Titus," lib. viii. cap. 8.]

4. [*Tuism* is not in Johnson's *Dictionary*. Coleridge has a note

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XIV.

But Lover, Poet, or Astronomer—
Shepherd, or swain—whoever may behold,
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her;
Great thoughts we catch from thence (besides a cold
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err);
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told;
The Ocean's tides and mortals' brains she sways,
And also hearts—if there be truth in lays.

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
For contemplation rather than his pillow:
The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,
With all the mystery by midnight caused:
Below his window waved (of course) a willow;
And he stood gazing out on the cascade
That flashed and after darkened in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,[1]—*which*
Of these is not exactly ascertained,—
(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch
Of nicety, where a fact is to be gained,)
A lamp burned high, while he leant from a niche,
Where many a Gothic ornament remained,
In chiselled stone and painted glass, and all
That Time has left our fathers of their Hall.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he threw
His chamber door wide open[2]—and went forth

dated 1800 (*Literary Remains*, i. 292), on "egotizing in *tuism*," but it was not included in Southey's *Omniana* of 1812, and must have been unknown to Byron.]

1. [Sc. *toilette*, a Gallicism.]

2. [Byron loved to make fact and fancy walk together, but, here, his memory played him false, or his art kept him true. The Black Friar walked and walks in the Guests' Refectory (or Banqueting Hall, or "Gallery" of this stanza), which adjoins the Prior's Parlour, but the room where Byron slept (in a four-post bed—a coronet, at each corner, atop) is on the floor above the Prior's Parlour, and can only be approached by a spiral staircase. Both rooms look west, and command

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Into a gallery of a sombre hue,
Long, furnished with old pictures of great worth,
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
As doubtless should be people of high birth;
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

XVIII.

The forms of the grim Knight and pictured Saint
Look living in the moon; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes faint
Of your own footsteps—voices from the Urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,
As if to ask how you can dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but Death should sleep.

XIX.

And the pale smile of Beauties in the grave,
The charms of other days, in starlight gleams,
Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave
Along the canvas; their eyes glance like dreams
On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,[1]
But Death is imaged in their shadowy beams.
A picture is the past; even ere its frame
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

XX.

As Juan mused on Mutability,
Or on his Mistress—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
Or step ran sadly through that antique house;
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,
A supernatural agent—or a mouse,

a view of the "lake's billow" and the "cascade." Moreover, the Guests' Refectory was never hung with "old pictures." It would seem that Don Juan (perhaps Byron on an emergency) slept in the Prior's Parlour, and that in the visionary Newstead the pictures forsook the Grand Drawing-Room for the Hall. Hence the scene! *El Libertado* steps out of the Gothic Chamber "forth" into the "gallery," and lo! "a monk in cowl and beads." But, *Quien sabe?* The Psalmist's caution with regard to princes is not inapplicable to poets.]

1. [Compare Mariner's description of the cave in Hoonga Island (*Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 629, *note* 1).]

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Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people as it plays along the arras.

XXI.

It was no mouse—but lo! a monk, arrayed [1]
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, appeared,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;
His garments only a slight murmur made;
He moved as shadowy as the Sisters weird,[2]
But slowly; and as he passed Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

XXII.

Juan was petrified; he had heard a hint
Of such a Spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, that there was nothing in 't
Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,
Coined from surviving Superstition's mint,
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.
And did he see this? or was it a vapour?

1. ["The place," wrote Byron to Moore, August 13, 1814, "is worth seeing as a ruin, and I can assure you there *was* some fun there, even in my time; but that is past. The ghosts, however, and the Gothics, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still." "It was," comments Moore (*Life*, p. 262, *note* 1), "if I mistake not, during his recent visit to Newstead, that he himself actually fancied he saw the ghost of the Black Friar, which was supposed to have haunted the Abbey from the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and which he thus describes from the recollection, perhaps, of his own fantasy, in *Don Juan*. . . . It is said that the Newstead ghost appeared, also, to Lord Byron's cousin, Miss Fanny Parkins, and that she made a sketch of him from memory." The legend of the Black Friar may, it is believed at Newstead (*et vide post*, "Song," stanza ii. line 5, p. 583), be traced to the alarm and suspicion of the country-folk, who, on visiting the Abbey, would now and then catch sight of an aged lay-brother, or monkish domestic, who had been retained in the service of the Byrons long after the Canons had been "turned adrift." He would naturally keep out of sight of a generation who knew not monks, and, when surprised in the cloisters or ruins of the church, would glide back to his own quarters in the dormitories.]

2. ["Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart."
Macbeth, act iv. sc. 1, lines 110, 111.]

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XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice passed, repassed—the thing of air,
Or earth beneath, or Heaven, or t' other place;
And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,
Yet could not speak or move; but, on its base
As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair
Twine like a knot of snakes around his face;
He taxed his tongue for words, which were not granted,
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow passed away—but where? the hall
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause
To think his vanishing unnatural:
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws
Of physics, bodies whether short or tall
Might come or go; but Juan could not state
Through which the Spectre seemed to evaporate.

XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it seemed
An age—expectant, powerless, with his eyes
Strained on the spot where first the figure gleamed
Then by degrees recalled his energies,
And would have passed the whole off as a dream,
But could not wake; he was, he did surmise,
Waking already, and returned at length
Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it: still his taper
Burned, and not *blue*, as modest tapers use,
Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour;
He rubbed his eyes, and they did not refuse
Their office: he took up an old newspaper;
The paper was right easy to peruse;
He read an article the King attacking,
And a long eulogy of "Patent Blacking."

XXVII.

This savoured of this world; but his hand shook:
He shut his door, and after having read

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A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,
Undressed, and rather slowly went to bed.
There, couched all snugly on his pillow's nook,
With what he had seen his phantasy he fed;
And though it was no opiate, slumber crept
Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

XXVIII.

He woke betimes; and, as may be supposed,
Pondered upon his visitant or vision,
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,
At risk of being quizzed for superstition.
The more he thought, the more his mind was posed:
In the mean time, his valet, whose precision
Was great, because his master brooked no less,
Knocked to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dressed; and like young people he was wont
To take some trouble with his toilet, but
This morning rather spent less time upon 't;
Aside his very mirror soon was put;
His curls fell negligently o'er his front,
His clothes were not curbed to their usual cut,
His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied
Almost an hair's breadth too much on one side.

XXX.

And when he walked down into the Saloon,
He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea,
Which he perhaps had not discovered soon,
Had it not happened scalding hot to be,
Which made him have recourse unto his spoon;
So much *distrait* he was, that all could see
That something was the matter—Adeline
The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She looked, and saw him pale, and turned as pale
Herself; then hastily looked down, and muttered
Something, but what 's not stated in my tale.
Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill buttered;

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The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke played with her veil,
And looked at Juan hard, but nothing uttered.
Aurora Raby with her large dark eyes
Surveyed him with a kind of calm surprise.

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,
And everybody wondering more or less,
Fair Adeline inquired, "If he were ill?"
He started, and said, "Yes—no—rather—yes."
The family physician had great skill,
And being present, now began to express
His readiness to feel his pulse and tell
The cause, but Juan said, he was "quite well."

XXXIII.

"Quite well; yes, — no." — These answers were mysterious,
And yet his looks appeared to sanction both,
However they might savour of delirious;
Something like illness of a sudden growth
Weighed on his spirit, though by no means serious:
But for the rest, as he himself seemed loth
To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted
It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discussed his chocolate,
Also the muffin whereof he complained,
Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,
At which he marvelled, since it had not rained;
Then asked her Grace what news were of the Duke of late?
Her Grace replied, *his* Grace was rather pained
With some slight, light, hereditary twinges
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turned to Juan, and addressed
A few words of condolence on his state:
"You look," quoth he, "as if you had had your rest
Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."

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"What Friar?" said Juan; and he did his best
To put the question with an air sedate,
Or careless; but the effort was not valid
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

"Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar?
The Spirit of these walls?"—"In truth not I."
"Why Fame—but Fame you know 's sometimes a liar—
Tells an odd story, of which by and by:
Whether with time the Spectre has grown shyer,
Or that our Sires had a more gifted eye
For such sights, though the tale is half believed,
The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.

"The last time was——"—"I pray," said Adeline—
(Who watched the changes of Don Juan's brow,
And from its context thought she could divine
Connections stronger than he chose to avow
With this same legend)—"if you but design
To jest, you 'll choose some other theme just now,
Because the present tale has oft been told,
And is not much improved by growing old."

XXXVIII.

"Jest!" quoth Milor; "why, Adeline, you know
That we ourselves—'t was in the honey moon—
Saw——"—"Well, no matter, 't was so long ago;
But, come, I 'll set your story to a tune."
Graceful as Dian when she draws her bow,
She seized her harp, whose strings were kindled soon
As touched, and plaintively began to play
The air of "'T was a Friar of Orders Gray."[i]

XXXIX.

"But add the words," cried Henry, "which you made;
For Adeline is half a poetess,"

i. *With that she rose as graceful as a Roe*
Slips from the mountain in the month of June,
And opening her Piano 'gan to play
Forthwith—"It was a Friar of Orders Gray."—[*MS. erased.*]

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Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.
Of course the others could not but express
In courtesy their wish to see displayed
By one *three* talents, for there were no less—
The voice, the words, the harper's skill, at once,
Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fixed on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with much simplicity,—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

1.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman Church his prey,
And expelled the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church lands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay;
A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
And he did not seem formed of clay,
For he 's seen in the porch, and he 's seen in the church,
Though he is not seen by day.

3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still with the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.

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By the marriage-bed of their lords, 't is said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 't is held as faith, to their bed of Death[i]
He comes—but not to grieve.

4.

When an heir is born, he 's heard to mourn,
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'T is shadowed by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

5.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the Church's heir,
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is Lord by day,
But the monk is Lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that Friar's right.

6.

Say nought to him as he walks the Hall,
And he 'll say nought to you;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.
Then grammercy! for the Black Friar;
Heaven sain him! fair or foul,—
And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
Died from the touch that kindled them to sound;
And the pause followed, which when song expires
Pervades a moment those who listen round;

i. *By their bed of death he receives their* [*breath*].—[*MS. erased.*]

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And then of course the circle much admires,
Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
The tones, the feeling, and the execution,
To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
As if she rated such accomplishment
As the mere pastime of an idle day,
Pursued an instant for her own content,
Would now and then as 't were *without* display,
Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent
To such performances with haughty smile,
To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride,
As did the Cynic on some like occasion;
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
For a spoilt carpet—but the "Attic Bee"
Was much consoled by his own repartee.[1]

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
(By doing easily, whene'er she chose,
What dilettanti do with vast parade)
Their sort of *half profession;* for it grows
To something like this when too oft displayed;
And that it is so, everybody knows,

1. I think that it *was* a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod, with—"Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," as the other replied. But as *carpets* are *meant* to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a table-cloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

[It was Plato's couch or lounge which Diogenes stamped upon. "So much for Plato's pride!" "And how much for yours, Diogenes?" "Calco Platonis fastum!" "Ast fastu alio?" (*Vide* Diogenis Laertii *De Vita et Sententiis*, lib. vi. ed. 1595, p. 321.)

For "Attic Bee," *vide* Cic. I. *De Div.*, xxxvi. § 78, "At Platoni cum in cunis parvulo dormienti apes in labellis consedissent, responsum est, singulari illum suavitate orationis fore."]

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Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady T'other,
Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!
The admirations and the speculations;
The "Mamma Mia's!" and the "Amor Mio's!"
The "Tanti palpiti's" on such occasions:
The "Lasciami's," and quavering "Addio's,"
Amongst our own most musical of nations!
With "Tu mi chamas's" from Portingale,[1]
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.[2]

XLVI.

In Babylon's *bravuras*—as the Home-
Heart-Ballads of Green Erin or Grey Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
The calentures[3] of music which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands,
No more to be beheld but in such visions—
Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of "*Blue*,"
Could write rhymes, and compose more than she wrote,

1. [For two translations of this Portuguese song, see *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii. 71.]

2. I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music—for the words, besides being in recondite languages (it was some years before the peace, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian), were sorely disguised by the performers:—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, "Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!" Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion some day. Who would imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart? However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini's; but we may say, as the connoisseur did of painting in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that "the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains."

[A little while, and Rossini is being lauded at the expense of a degenerate modern rival. Compare Browning's *Bishop Blougram's Apology*. "Where sits Rossini patient in his stall."—*Poetical Works*, ed. 1868, v. 276.]

3. [Compare *The Two Foscari*, act iii. sc. 1, line 172, *Poetical Works*, 1901, v. 159, *note* 1.]

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Made epigrams occasionally too
Upon her friends, as everybody ought.
But still from that sublimer azure hue,[1]
So much the present dye, she was remote;
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
And what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
Which now-a-days in the thermometer
By whose degrees all characters are classed—
Was more Shakespearian, if I do not err.
The worlds beyond this World's perplexing waste
Had more of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as Space.

XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace,
The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose mind,
If she had any, was upon her face,
And that was of a fascinating kind.
A little turn for mischief you might trace
Also thereon,—but that 's not much; we find
Few females without some such gentle leaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in Heaven.

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
Though once she was seen reading the *Bath Guide*,[2]
And Hayley's *Triumphs*,[3] which she deemed pathetic,
Because she said *her temper* had been tried
So much, the bard had really been prophetic
Of what she had gone through with—since a bride.
But of all verse, what most ensured her praise
Were sonnets to herself, or *bouts rimés*.

1. [Of Lady Beaumont, who was "weak enough" to admire Wordsworth, see *The Blues*, Ecl. II. line 47, *sq.*, *Poetical Works*, 1901, iv. 582.]

2. [Christopher Anstey (1724–1802) published his *New Bath Guide* in 1766.]

3. [Compare *English Bards, etc.*, lines 309–318, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 321, *note* 1.]

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LI.

'T were difficult to say what was the object
Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
To bear on what appeared to her the subject
Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
To laugh him out of his supposed dismay;
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
Who wish to take the tone of their society:
In which you cannot be too circumspect,
Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy.[1]

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
His spirits, and without more explanation
To jest upon such themes in many a sally.
Her Grace, too, also seized the same occasion,
With various similar remarks to tally,
But wished for a still more detailed narration
Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
About the present family's deaths and wooings.

LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been said;
They passed as such things do, for superstition
With some, while others, who had more in dread
The theme, half credited the strange tradition;
And much was talked on all sides on that head:
But Juan, when cross-questioned on the vision,
Which some supposed (though he had not avowed it)
Had stirred him, answered in a way to cloud it.

1. [For "Gynocracy," *vide ante*, p. 473, *note* 1.]

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LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
The company prepared to separate;
Some to their several pastimes, or to none,
Some wondering 't was so early, some so late.
There was a goodly match too, to be run
Between some greyhounds on my Lord's estate,
And a young race-horse of old pedigree,
Matched for the spring, whom several went to see.

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought
A special Titian, warranted original,
So precious that it was not to be bought,
Though Princes the possessor were besieging all—
The King himself had cheapened it, but thought
The civil list he deigns to accept (obliging all
His subjects by his gracious acceptation)—
Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—
The friend of Artists, if not Arts,—the owner,
With motives the most classical and pure,
So that he would have been the very donor,
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
So much he deemed his patronage an honour,
Had brought the *capo d'opera*, not for sale,
But for his judgment—never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Bricklayer of Babel, called an architect,[i]
Brought to survey these grey walls which, though so thick,
Might have from Time acquired some slight defect;
Who, after rummaging the Abbey through thick
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old—which he called *restoration*.[1]

i. *Thrower down of buildings* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Byron had, no doubt, inspected the plan of Colonel Wildman's

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LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an "old song,"
Set to some thousands ('t is the usual burden
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.[1]

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wished to raise for a new purchase;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,[2]
And one on tithes, which sure as Discord's torches,
Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,
"Untying" squires "to fight against the churches;"[3]

elaborate restoration of the Abbey, which was carried out at a cost of one hundred thousand pounds (see stanza lix. lines 1, 2). The kitchen and domestic offices, which extended at right angles to the west front of the Abbey (see "Newstead from a Picture by Peter Tilleman, *circ.* 1720" (*Letters*, 1898, i. (to face p.) 216), were pulled down and rebuilt, the massive Sussex Tower (so named in honour of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex) was erected at the south-west corner of the Abbey, and the south front was, in part, rebuilt and redecorated. Byron had been ready to "leave everything" with regard to his beloved Newstead to Wildman's "own feelings, present or future" (see his letter, November 18, 1818, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 270); but when the time came, the necessary and, on the whole, judicious alterations of his successor, must have cost the "banished Lord" many a pang.]

1. "Ausu Romano, ære Veneto" is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, Imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon the *First*. It is time to continue to him that title—there will be a second by and by, "Spes altera mundi," *if he live;* let him not defeat it like his father. But in any case, he will be preferable to "*Imbéciles*." There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it.

[Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt, died at Vienna, July 22, 1832. But, none the less, Byron's prophecy was fulfilled.]

2. [Burgage, or tenure in burgage, is where the king or some other person is lord of an ancient borough, in which the tenements are held by a yearly rent certain.]

3. ["I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you *untie* the winds, and let them fight
Against the *churches*."
Macbeth, act iv. sc. 1, lines 50–53.]

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There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap,
Ready for gaol, their place of convalescence;
There was a country girl in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since—
Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—
But luckily I have paid few parish fees since):[1]
That scarlet cloak, alas! unclosed with rigour,
Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
One can't tell how it e'er got in or out;
Therefore the present piece of natural history
I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt;
And merely state, though not for the Consistory,
Lord Henry was a Justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bagged this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII.

Now Justices of Peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who have not a licence for the same;
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
Are puzzles to the most precautious benches.

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hale
'T is white, at least when they just rise from bed.
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
Poor soul! for she was country born and bred,

1. [See the lines "To my Son," *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 260, *note* 1.]

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And knew no better in her immorality
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet *espiègle* eye,
Had gathered a large tear into its corner,
Which the poor thing at times essayed to dry,
For she was not a sentimental mourner
Parading all her sensibility,
Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
To be called up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scattered here and there,
Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.[1]
The lawyers in the study; and in air
The prize pig, ploughman, poachers: the men sent
From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
Both busy (as a General in his tent
Writing despatches) in their several stations,
Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,
Discussed (he hated beer yclept the "small")
A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.
She waited until Justice could recall
Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
To name a thing in nomenclature rather
Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
For the Lord Henry, linked with dogs and horses.
There was much bustle too, and preparation
Below stairs on the score of second courses;

i. *To name what passes for a puzzle rather,*
Although there must be such a thing—a father.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [See Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book I. Canto IX. stanza 6, line 1.]

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Because, as suits their rank and situation,
Those who in counties have great land resources
Have "public days," when all men may carouse,
Though not exactly what 's called "open house."

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *un*invited
(Thus we translate a *general invitation*)
All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,
May drop in without cards, and take their station
At the full board, and sit alike delighted
With fashionable wines and conversation;
And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,
Talk o'er themselves the past and next election.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit.
But county contests cost him rather dearer,
Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Giftgabbit
Had English influence, in the self-same sphere here;
His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbit,
Was member for the "other interest" (meaning
The same self-interest, with a different leaning).

LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,
He was all things to all men, and dispensed
To some civility, to others bounty,
And promises to all—which last commenced
To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
Not calculating how much they condensed;
But what with keeping some, and breaking others,
His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend to Freedom and freeholders—yet
No less a friend to Government—he held,
That he exactly the just medium hit
'Twixt Place and Patriotism—albeit compelled,
Such was his Sovereign's pleasure, (though unfit,
He added modestly, when rebels railed,)

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To hold some sinecures he wished abolished,
But that with them all Law would be demolished.

LXXIII.

He was "free to confess"—(whence comes this phrase?
Is 't English? No—'tis only parliamentary)
That Innovation's spirit now-a-days
Had made more progress than for the last century.
He would not tread a factious path to praise,
Though for the public weal disposed to venture high;
As for his place, he could but say this of it,
That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private life
Had ever been his sole and whole ambition;
But could he quit his King in times of strife,
Which threatened the whole country with perdition?
When demagogues would with a butcher's knife
Cut through and through (oh! damnable incision!)
The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot, whose strings
Have tied together Commons, Lords, and Kings.

LXXV.

Sooner "come Place into the Civil List
And champion him to the utmost[1]—" he would keep it,
Till duly disappointed or dismissed:
Profit he cared not for, let others reap it;
But should the day come when Place ceased to exist,
The country would have far more cause to weep it:
For how could it go on? Explain who can!
He gloried in the name of Englishman.

LXXVI.

He was as independent—aye, much more—
Than those who were not paid for independence,
As common soldiers, or a common——shore,
Have in their several arts or parts ascendance

1. ["Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance."
Macbeth, act iii. sc. 1, lines 70, 71.]

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O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
And thought. I say no more—I 've said too much;
For all of us have either heard or read—
Off—or *upon* the hustings—some slight such
Hints from the independent heart or head
Of the official candidate. I 'll touch
No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rung,
And grace is said; the grace I *should* have *sung*—

LXXVIII.

But I 'm too late, and therefore must make play.
'T was a great banquet, such as Albion old
Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray
Were something very glorious to behold.
But 't was a public feast and public day,—
Quite full—right dull—guests hot, and dishes cold,—
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,—
And everybody out of their own sphere.

LXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and
My Lords and Ladies proudly condescending;
The very servants puzzling how to hand
Their plates—without it might be too much bending
From their high places by the sideboard's stand—
Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending;
For any deviation from the graces
Might cost both man and master too—their *places*.

LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers keen,
Whose hounds ne'er erred, nor greyhounds deigned to lurch;
Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers,[1] seen
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search

1. [For "Septemberers (*Septembriseurs*)," see Carlyle's *French Revolution*, 1839, iii. 50.]

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Of the poor partridge through his stubble screen.
There were some massy members of the church,
Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,
And several who sung fewer psalms than catches.

LXXXI.

There were some country wags too—and, alas!
Some exiles from the Town, who had been driven
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.
And lo! upon that day it came to pass,
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of Heaven,
The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,[1]
The loudest wit I e'er was deafened with.

LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,
A brilliant diner-out, though but a curate,
And not a joke he cut but earned its praise,
Until Preferment, coming at a sure rate,
(O Providence! how wondrous are thy ways!
Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate?)
Gave him, to lay the Devil who looks o'er Lincoln,[2]
A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

1. ["Query, *Sydney Smith*, author of *Peter* Plymley's Letters?—Printer's Devil."—Ed. 1833. Byron must have met Sydney Smith (1771-1845) at Holland House. The "fat fen vicarage" (*vide infra*, stanza lxxxii. line 8) was Foston-le-Clay (Foston, All Saints), near Barton Hill, Yorkshire, which Lord Chancellor Erskine presented to Sydney Smith in 1806. The "living" consisted of "three hundred acres of glebe-land of the stiffest clay," and there was no parsonage house.—See *A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, by Lady Holland, 1855, i. 100-107.]

2. ["Observe, also, three grotesque figures in the blank arches of the gable which forms the eastern end of St. Hugh's Chapel," and of these, "one is popularly said to represent the 'Devil looking over Lincoln.'" —*Handbook to the Cathedrals of England*, by R. J. King, *Eastern Division*, p. 394, note x.

The devil looked over Lincoln because the unexampled height of the central tower of the cathedral excited his envy and alarm; or, as Fuller (*Worthies: Lincolnshire*) has it, "overlooked this church, when first finished, with a torve and tetrick countenance, as maligning men's costly devotions." So, at least, the vanity of later ages interpreted the saying; but a time was when the devil "looked over" Lincoln to some purpose, for in A.D. 1185 an earthquake clave the Church of Remigius in twain, and in 1235 a great part of the central tower, which had been erected by Bishop Hugh de Wells, fell and injured the rest of the building.]

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LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes;
But both were thrown away amongst the fens;
For Wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.[i]
No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
Imbibed the gay *bon-mot*, or happy hoax:[ii]
The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.[iii]

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, "between
A beggar and a Queen,"[1] or *was* (of late
The latter worse used of the two we 've seen—
But we 'll say nothing of affairs of state);
A difference "'twixt a Bishop and a Dean,"
A difference between crockery ware and plate,
As between English beef and Spartan broth—
And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

LXXXV.

But of all Nature's discrepancies, none
Upon the whole is greater than the difference
Beheld between the Country and the Town,
Of which the latter merits every preference
From those who have few resources of their own,
And only think, or act, or feel, with reference
To some small plan of interest or ambition—
Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.

But *En avant!* The light loves languish o'er
Long banquets and too many guests, although

i. *For laughter rarely shakes these aguish folks.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Took down the gay* bon-mot ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *To hammer half a laugh* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["There 's a difference to be seen between a beggar and a Queen;
And I 'll tell you the reason why;
A Queen does not swagger, nor get drunk like a beggar,
Nor be half so merry as I," etc.

"There's a difference to be seen, 'twixt a Bishop and a Dean,
And I'll tell you the reason why;
A Dean can not dish up a dinner like a Bishop,
And that's the reason why!"]

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A slight repast makes people love much more,
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yore
With vivifying Venus,[1] who doth owe
To these the invention of champagne and truffles:
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.

LXXXVII.

Dully passed o'er the dinner of the day;
And Juan took his place, he knew not where,
Confused, in the confusion, and *distrait*,
And sitting as if nailed upon his chair:
Though knives and forks clanked round as in a fray,
He seemed unconscious of all passing there,
Till some one, with a groan, expressed a wish
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the banns,
He started; and perceiving smiles around
Broadening to grins, he coloured more than once,
And hastily—as nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
And with such hurry, that, ere he could curb it,
He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occurred,
The supplicator being an amateur;
But others, who were left with scarce a third,
Were angry—as they well might, to be sure,
They wondered how a young man so absurd
Lord Henry at his table should endure;
And this, and his not knowing how much oats
Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathized,
That he the night before had seen a ghost,

1. ["Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus."
Terentius, *Eun.*, act iv. sc. 5, line 6.]

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A prologue which but slightly harmonized
With the substantial company engrossed
By matter, and so much materialised,
That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
Of two things—*how* (the question rather odd is)
Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies!

XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare
From all the 'squires and 'squiresses around,
Who wondered at the abstraction of his air,
Especially as he had been renowned
For some vivacity among the fair,
Even in the country circle's narrow bound—
(For little things upon my Lord's estate
Were good small talk for others still less great)—

XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really rather took amiss;
In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks
A strong external motive; and in this
Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique,
Or Hope, or Love—with any of the wiles
Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'T was a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
Indicative of some surprise and pity;
And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
Which was not very wise, and still less witty,
Since he had gained at least her observation,
A most important outwork of the city—
As Juan should have known, had not his senses
By last night's Ghost been driven from their defences.

XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
Nor seem embarrassed—quite the contrary;
Her aspect was as usual, still—*not* stern—
And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,

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Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—
Though sometimes faintly flushed—and always clear,
As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
This day; and watching, witching, condescending
To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
And dignity with courtesy so blending,
As all must blend whose part it is to aim
(Especially as the sixth year is ending)
At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's
Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole
And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance
On Adeline while playing her grand *rôle*,
Which she went through as though it were a dance,
Betraying only now and then her soul
By a look scarce perceptibly askance
(Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real*;

XCVII.

So well she acted all and every part
By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err—'t is merely what is called mobility,[1]

1. In French "*mobilité*." I am not sure that mobility is English; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past: and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.

["That he was fully aware not only of the abundance of this quality in his own nature, but of the danger in which it placed consistency and singleness of character, did not require the note on this passage to assure us. The consciousness, indeed, of his own natural tendency to yield thus to every chance impression, and change with every passing impulse, was not only for ever present in his mind, but . . . had the effect of keeping him in that general line of consistency, on certain great subjects, which . . . he continued to preserve throughout life."

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A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
And false—though true; for, surely, they 're sincerest
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never:
But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
Little that 's great, but much of what is clever;
Most orators, but very few financiers,
Though all Exchequer Chancellors endeavour,
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,[1]
And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.

The poets of Arithmetic are they
Who, though they prove not two and two to be
Five, as they might do in a modest way,
Have plainly made it out that four are three,
Judging by what they take, and what they pay:
The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
The fair Fitz-Fulke seemed very much at ease;
Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize
The ridicules of people in all places—
That honey of your fashionable bees—
And store it up for mischievous enjoyment;
And this at present was her kind employment.

—*Life*, p. 646. "Mobility" is not the tendency to yield to *every* impression, to change with *every* impulse, but the capability of being moved by many and various impressions, of responding to an ever-renewed succession of impulses. Byron is defending the enthusiastic temperament from the charge of inconstancy and insincerity.]

1. [The first edition of Cocker's *Arithmetic* was published in 1677. There are many allusions to Cocker in Arthur Murphy's *Apprentice* (1756), whence, perhaps, the saying, "according to Cocker."]

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CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close;
The evening also waned—and coffee came.
Each carriage was announced, and ladies rose,
And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,
Retired: with most unfashionable bows
Their docile Esquires also did the same,
Delighted with their dinner and their Host,
But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty: others her great grace;
The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
Was obvious in each feature of her face,
Whose traits were radiant with the rays of verity.
Yes; *she* was truly worthy *her* high place!
No one could envy her deserved prosperity.
And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Draperied her form with curious felicity![1]

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
By an impartial indemnification
For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
In a most edifying conversation,
Which turned upon their late guests' miens and faces,
Their families, even to the last relation;
Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and dresses,
And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little—'t was the rest that broke
Forth into universal epigram;
But then 't was to the purpose what she spoke:
Like Addison's "faint praise,"[2] so wont to damn,
Her own but served to set off every joke,
As music chimes in with a melodrame.

1. "[Et Horatii] Curiosa felicitas."—Petronius Arbiter, *Satyricôn*, cap. cxviii.

2. ["Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."
Pope *on Addison*, *Prologue to the Satires*, lines 201, 202.]

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How sweet the task to shield an absent friend!
I ask but this of mine, to —— *not* defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
Skirmish of wits o'er the departed; one,
Aurora, with her pure and placid mien;
And Juan, too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he had heard or seen,
Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone:
In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'T is true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence; she perhaps mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe
But seldom pay the absent, nor would look
Farther—it might or it might not be so.
But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
Observing little in his reverie,
Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

CVII.

The Ghost at least had done him this much good,
In making him as silent as a ghost,
If in the circumstances which ensued
He gained esteem where it was worth the most;
And, certainly, Aurora had renewed
In him some feelings he had lately lost,
Or hardened; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine, that I must deem them real:—

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the World, and the World's ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The Heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

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CIX.

Who would not sigh Αἴ αἴ τὰν Κυθέρειαν [1]
That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart?
Alas! *her* star must fade like that of Dian:
Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.
Anacreon only had the soul to tie an
Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
Of Eros: but though thou hast played us many tricks,
Still we respect thee, "*Alma Venus Genetrix!*" [2]

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows
Heaving between this World and Worlds beyond,
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his; but to despond
Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows
Waved o'er his couch; he meditated, fond
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

CXI.

The night was as before: he was undrest,
Saving his night-gown, which is an undress;
Completely *sans culotte*, and without vest;
In short, he hardly could be clothed with less:
But apprehensive of his spectral guest,
He sate with feelings awkward to express
(By those who have not had such visitations),
Expectant of the Ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listened;—Hush! what 's that?
I see—I see—Ah, no!—'t is not—yet 't is—
Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! the cat!
The Devil may take that stealthy pace of his!
So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,

1. [Bion, *Epitaphium Adonidis*, line 28.]

2. ["... genetrix hominum, divômque voluptas,
Alma Venus!"
Lucret., *De Rerum Nat.*, lib. i. lines 1, 2.]

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Gliding the first time to a *rendezvous*,
And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again—what is 't? The wind? No, no,—this time
It is the sable Friar as before,
With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.
Again through shadows of the night sublime,
When deep sleep fell on men,[1] and the World wore
The starry darkness round her like a girdle
Spangled with gems—the Monk made his blood curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,[2]
Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight clatter,
Like showers which on the midnight gusts will pass,
Sounding like very supernatural water,
Came over Juan's ear, which throbbed, alas!
For Immaterialism 's a serious matter;
So that even those whose faith is the most great
In Souls immortal, shun them *tête-à-tête*.

CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth too.
Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
Yet leave the gate which Eloquence slips through
As wide as if a long speech were to come.
Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:
His eyes were open, and (as was before
Stated) his mouth. What opened next?—the door.

CXVI.

It opened with a most infernal creak,
Like that of Hell. "Lasciate ogni speranza,

1. [*Job* iv. 13.]
2. See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroepfer—"Karl—Karl—was willst du mit mir?"
[For Johann Georg Schrepfer (1730 (?)–1774), see J. S. B. Schlegel's *Tagebuch, etc.*, 1806, and *Schwärmer und Schwindler*, von Dr. Eugen Sierke, 1874, pp. 298–332.]

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Voi, ch' entrate!"[1] The hinge seemed to speak,
Dreadful as Dante's *rima*, or this stanza;
Or—but all words upon such themes are weak:
A single shade 's sufficient to entrance a
Hero—for what is Substance to a Spirit?
Or how is 't *Matter* trembles to come near it?[i]

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly,—but, as fly
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
And then swung back; nor close—but stood awry,
Half letting in long shadows on the light,
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burned high,
For he had two, both tolerably bright,
And in the doorway, darkening darkness, stood
The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
The night before; but being sick of shaking,
He first inclined to think he had been mistaken;
And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;
His own internal ghost began to awaken
Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking—
Hinting that Soul and Body on the whole
Were odds against a disembodied Soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce,
And he arose, advanced—the Shade retreated;
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
Followed, his veins no longer cold, but heated,
Resolved to thrust the mystery *carte* and *tierce*,
At whatsoever risk of being defeated:
The Ghost stopped, menaced, then retired, until
He reached the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal powers!
It touched no soul, nor body, but the wall,

i. *When once discovered it don't like to come near it.*—[*MS.*]

1. [*Inferno*, Canto III. line 9.]

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On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers,
Chequered with all the tracery of the Hall;
He shuddered, as no doubt the bravest cowers
When he can't tell what 't is that doth appal.
How odd, a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!

CXXI.

But still the Shade remained: the blue eyes glared,
And rather variably for stony death;
Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,
The Ghost had a remarkably sweet breath:
A straggling curl showed he had been fair-haired;
A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
Gleamed forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud
The Moon peeped, just escaped from a grey cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder!
It pressed upon a hard but glowing bust,
Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.
He found, as people on most trials must,
That he had made at first a silly blunder,
And that in his confusion he had caught
Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The Ghost, if Ghost it were, seemed a sweet soul
As ever lurked beneath a holy hood:
A dimpled chin,[1] a neck of ivory, stole
Forth into something much like flesh and blood;
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they revealed—alas! that e'er they should!
In full, voluptuous, but *not o'er*grown bulk,
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke![1]

1. *A beardless chin* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [End of Canto 16. B. My. 6, 1823.—*MS.*]

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CANTO THE SEVENTEENTH.[1]

I.

THE world is full of orphans: firstly, those
Who are so in the strict sense of the phrase;
But many a lonely tree the loftier grows
Than others crowded in the Forest's maze—
The next are such as are not doomed to lose
Their tender parents, in their budding days,
But, merely, their parental tenderness,
Which leaves them orphans of the heart no less.

II.

The next are "*only* Children," as they are styled,
Who grow up *Children* only, since th' old saw
Pronounces that an "only's" a spoilt child—
But not to go too far, I hold it law,
That where their education, harsh or mild,
Transgresses the great bounds of love or awe,

1. [May 8, 1823.—*MS.* More than one "Seventeenth Canto," or so-called continuation of *Don Juan*, has been published. Some of these "Sequels" pretend to be genuine, while others are undisguisedly imitations or parodies. For an account of these spurious and altogether worthless continuations, see "Bibliography," vol. vii. There was, however, a foundation for the myth. Before Byron left Italy he had begun (May 8, 1823) a seventeenth canto, and when he sailed for Greece he took the new stanzas with him. Trelawny found "fifteen stanzas of the seventeenth canto of *Don Juan*" in Byron's room at Missolonghi (*Recollections, etc.*, 1858, p. 237). The MS., together with other papers, was handed over to John Cam Hobhouse, and is now in the possession of his daughter, the Lady Dorchester. The copyright was purchased by the late John Murray. The fourteen (not fifteen) stanzas are now printed and published for the first time.]

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The sufferers—be 't in heart or intellect—
Whate'er the *cause*, are orphans in *effect*.

III.

But to return unto the stricter rule—
As far as words make rules—our common notion
Of orphan paints at once a parish school,
A half-starved babe, a wreck upon Life's ocean,
A human (what the Italians nickname) "Mule!"[1]
A theme for Pity or some worse emotion;
Yet, if examined, it might be admitted
The wealthiest orphans are to be more pitied.

IV.

Too soon they are Parents to themselves: for what
Are Tutors, Guardians, and so forth, compared
With Nature's genial Genitors? so that
A child of Chancery, that Star-Chamber ward,
(I'll take the likeness I can first come at,)
Is like—a duckling by Dame Partlett reared,
And frights—especially if 't is a daughter,
Th' old Hen—by running headlong to the water.

V.

There is a common-place book argument,
Which glibly glides from every tongue;
When any dare a new light to present,
"If you are right, then everybody 's wrong"!
Suppose the converse of this precedent
So often urged, so loudly and so long;
"If you are wrong, then everybody 's right"!
Was ever everybody yet so quite?

VI.

Therefore I would solicit free discussion
Upon all points—no matter what, or whose—
Because as Ages upon Ages push on,
The last is apt the former to accuse

1. The Italians, at least in some parts of Italy, call bastards and foundlings the *mules—why*, I cannot see, unless they mean to infer that the offspring of matrimony are asses.

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Of pillowing its head on a pin-cushion,
Heedless of pricks because it was obtuse:
What was a paradox becomes a truth or
A something like it—witness Luther!

VII.

The Sacraments have been reduced to two,
And Witches unto none, though somewhat late
Since burning agéd women (save a few—
Not witches only b—ches—who create
Mischief in families, as some know or knew,
Should still be singed, but lightly, let me state,)
Has been declared an act of inurbanity,
Malgré Sir Matthew Hales's great humanity.

VIII.

Great Galileo was debarred the Sun,
Because he fixed it; and, to stop his talking,
How Earth could round the solar orbit run,
Found his own legs embargoed from mere walking:
The man was well-nigh dead, ere men begun
To think his skull had not some need of caulking;
But now, it seems, he 's right—his notion just:
No doubt a consolation to his dust.

IX.

Pythagoras, Locke, Socrates—but pages
Might be filled up, as vainly as before,
With the sad usage of all sorts of sages,
Who in his life-time, each, was deemed a Bore!
The loftiest minds outrun their tardy ages:
This they must bear with and, perhaps, much more;
The wise man 's sure when he no more can share it, he
Will have a firm Post Obit on posterity.

X.

If such doom waits each intellectual Giant,
We little people in our lesser way,
In Life's small rubs should surely be more pliant,
And so for one will I—as well I may—

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Would that I were less bilious—but, oh, fie on 't!
Just as I make my mind up every day,
To be a "*totus, teres*," Stoic, Sage,
The wind shifts and I fly into a rage.

XI.

Temperate I am—yet never had a temper;
Modest I am—yet with some slight assurance;
Changeable too—yet somehow "*Idem semper:*"
Patient—but not enamoured of endurance;
Cheerful—but, sometimes, rather apt to whimper:
Mild—but at times a sort of "*Hercules furens:*"
So that I almost think that the same skin
For one without—has two or three within.

XII.

Our Hero was, in Canto the Sixteenth,
Left in a tender moonlight situation,
Such as enables Man to show his strength
Moral or physical: on this occasion
Whether his virtue triumphed—or, at length,
His vice—for he was of a kindling nation—
Is more than I shall venture to describe;—
Unless some Beauty with a kiss should bribe.

XIII.

I leave the thing a problem, like all things:—
The morning came—and breakfast, tea and toast,
Of which most men partake, but no one sings.
The company whose birth, wealth, worth, has cost
My trembling Lyre already several strings,
Assembled with our hostess, and mine host;
The guests dropped in—the last but one, Her Grace,
The latest, Juan, with his virgin face.

XIV.

Which best it is to encounter—Ghost, or none,
'Twere difficult to say—but Juan looked
As if he had combated with more than one,
Being wan and worn, with eyes that hardly brooked

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The light, that through the Gothic window shone :
Her Grace, too, had a sort of air rebuked—
Seemed pale and shivered, as if she had kept
A vigil, or dreamt rather more than slept.

THE END.

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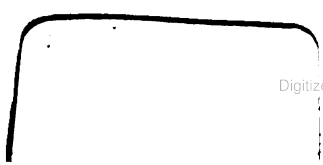

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